

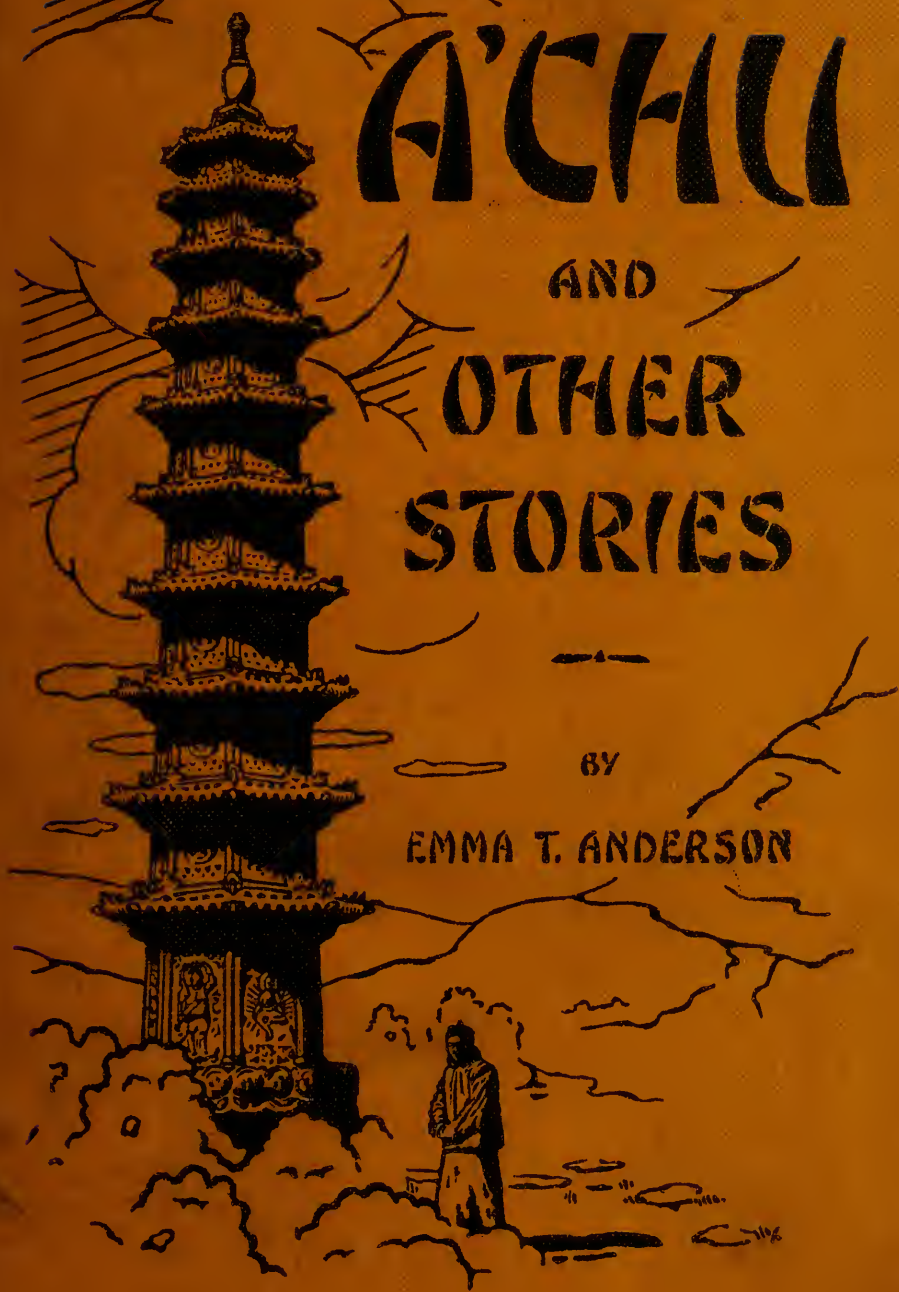
A'CHU

AND

OTHER STORIES

BY

EMMA T. ANDERSON



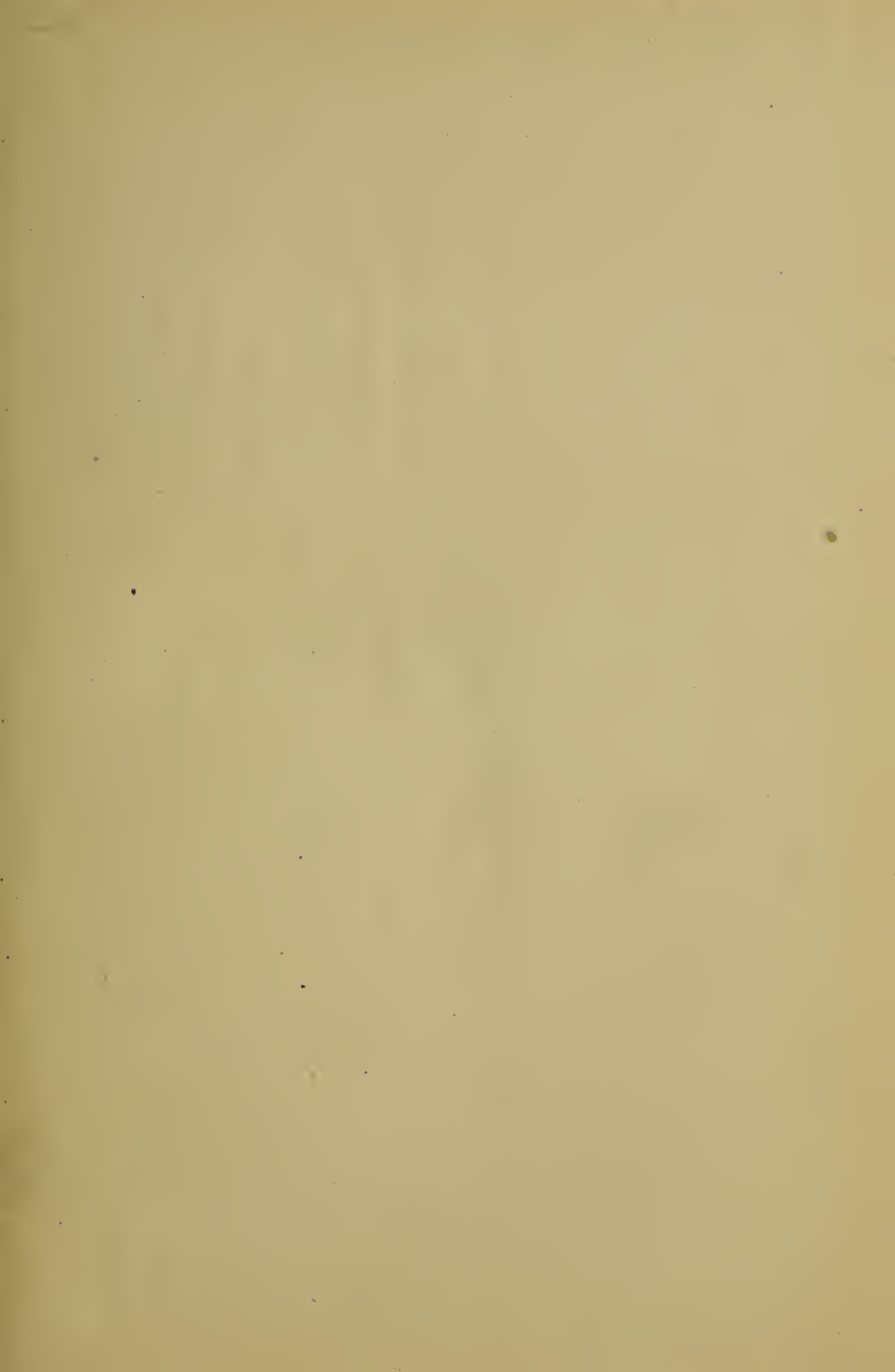


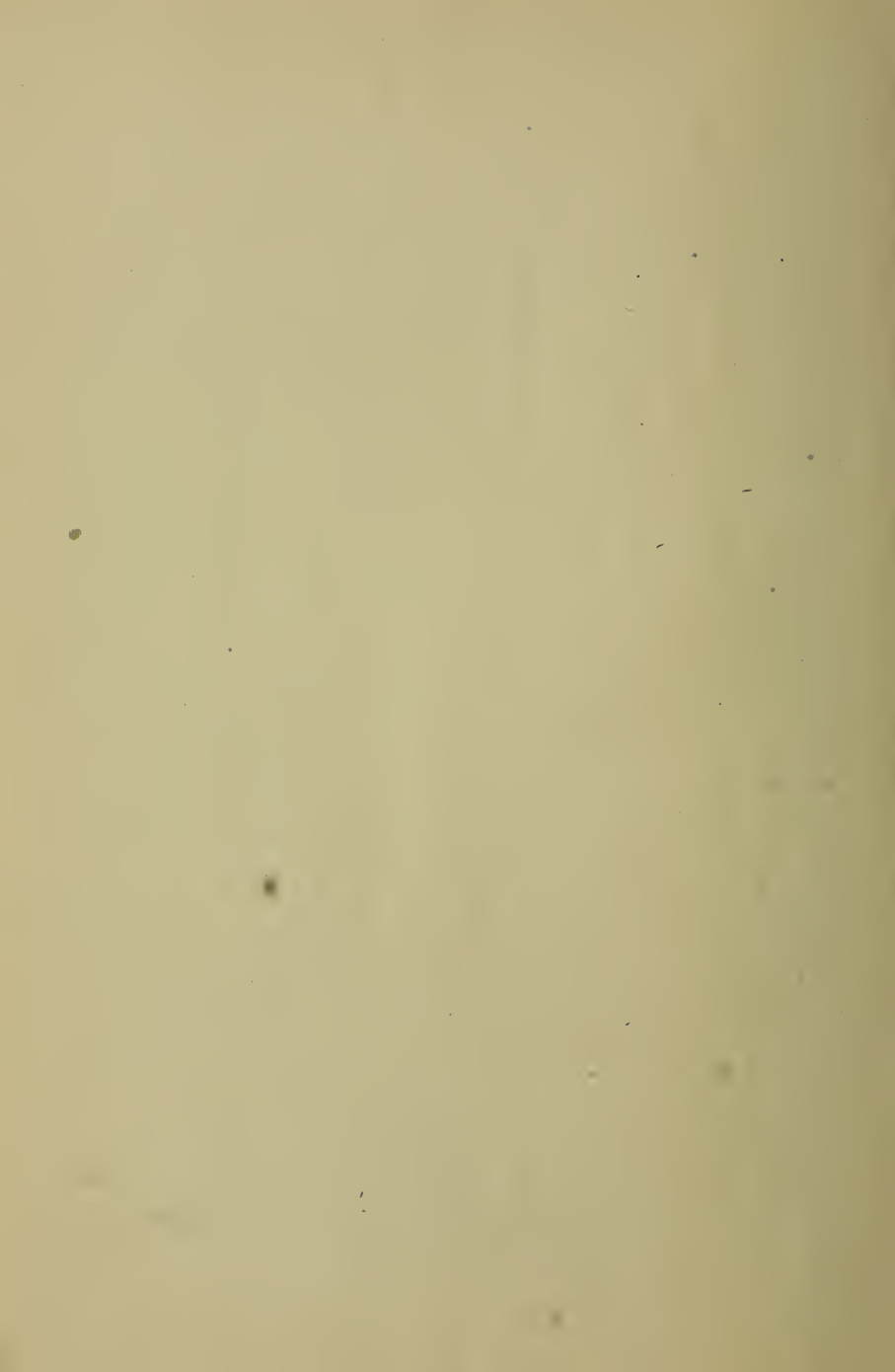
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A'Chu and Other Stories



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UMBRELLA PAGODA, PEKING

A'CHU

AND

Other Stories

By
EMMA T. ANDERSON



1920

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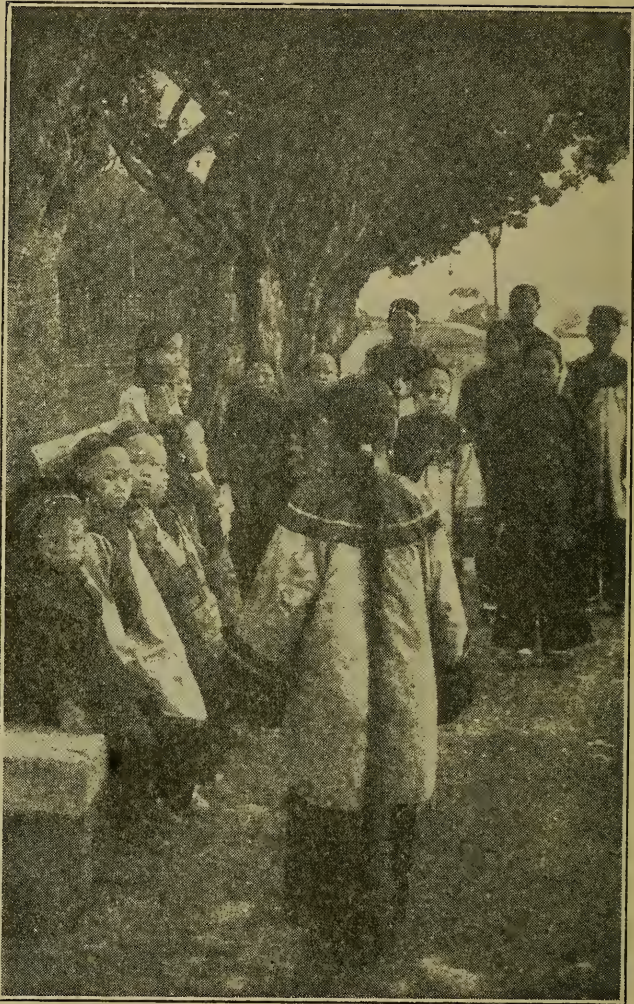
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DEDICATION

To My Three Children
Always My Best Interpreters
of the
Motives and Conduct of Those Other Children
We All Loved so Well



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MISSION CHILDREN OF CANTON, WITH ONE LITTLE AMERICAN

See how neatly they are dressed. This shows the uplifting influence of the gospel.

PREFACE

"A'CHU AND OTHER STORIES" introduces the reader to the millions of China, the most populous, the most promising of all the mission fields of the world today.

The author has given her life in no stinted measure to these people whom she has learned to love as her own. Such giving of love and service is life's greatest privilege. In this way we follow in the footsteps of the Master whose gift for humanity was the outpouring of his life—the giving of himself in service and in sacrifice.

The author has departed widely from the beaten track, and instead of abstract descriptions of manners and customs, she has, by a series of true stories, introduced the reader to the real home life of the common people.

We learn from these stories that the mind of the Oriental is not essentially different from that of the Occidental. New and better means of communication have made the world much smaller than it used to be, and we are coming to realize more fully that notwithstanding racial distinctions,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The story of A'Chu and the baby made fat by his self-denial illustrates the heroism of everyday existence in China.

From the first chapter to the close, there is not a dull or tiresome sketch in the book. As we read, we find the author taking us along with her through the experiences she describes.

We make journeys by wheelbarrow, sedan chair, jinrikisha, the "rice-power" boats, and the mule cart.

We visit the heart of China by steamship and rail.

We stay for a time in Canton, and become acquainted with the boat people, who live on the rivers, and use for all purposes the muddy, polluted water.

We spend an instructive hour in a native village, and learn how the people live.

We see great strings of "cash," the most common coin of the country, giving a first impression of "plenty of money," until we learn that each piece is worth only about one twentieth of a cent.

A visit to a boys' school gives an insight into educational methods in China.

We become acquainted with the salt merchant, and learn that business failures are not confined to the West.

We witness betrothal and marriage, and sympathize with the child wives.

We learn the religious customs of old China, see the ancestral tablets, and witness acts of ancestral worship.

We attend a birthday party for an idol, and learn the trouble that comes from cherishing wrong imaginations.

Then comes the climax. Against the dark background of Chinese paganism we are made to feel the vital power of a life changed by the religion of Jesus Christ, as exemplified in the daily walk of a steadfast Christian.

If these stories shall serve to broaden the vision of those who read them; if they shall stir hearts to lay their best upon the altar of service, as the author of this little book has done; if the missionary spirit shall be strengthened in behalf of this great people, the hope entertained by author and publisher will have been realized.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST MISSIONARIES AND CHINESE BELIEVERS

The arrow at left points to A'Chu; Stanley Anderson is just behind him.
The arrow at right points to A'L'un, who fried the doughnuts for A'Chu.

A'CHU — HOW HE HELPED TO MAKE THE BABY FAT

A'CHU and his sister live with their father and mother and aged grandmother on the street back of the old mission chapel. The house is small. There is but one room on the ground floor, and a tiny attic under the roof in the west gable.

At any time of day A'Chu's mother may be seen seated on a low bamboo stool. All day long she is busy weaving the small rush mats used for wrapping tea boxes for shipment. The sister sits near on a piece of matting spread out on the red brick floor. She patiently turns the bushy ends of the rushes, pushing them back between the woven strands, so binding the edges smooth and strong. By working steadily she is able to bind off ten mats in a day, and receives a copper cash piece for each mat. This amounts to one-half cent for the day's work. That is not much, you say; but every little helps, and mother receives but ten cents for her day's work.

The Chang family have not always been so pinched. Once they lived in a fine house on one of the big streets. A'Chu was dressed in silk every day, with white stockings and black satin shoes. His sister, too, wore dainty clothes. Then there was always plenty of good food at mealtime, with fruits, sweetmeats, and delicacies between meals.

The father, Chang, kept a gay house those days. Rich men and rich men's sons came to sit and play — to gamble with dice and cards and other games, and afterward to smoke the dreadful opium till they fell

asleep, stupid as drunken men. Plenty of money came into Chang's hands from these vices of his countrymen, and he spent it freely.

Then came the day when all the opium dens, as such places are called, were closed throughout the city. No one was allowed to sell the horrible drug any more. Chang's gay house was closed, and a big red paper seal was pasted on the front door.

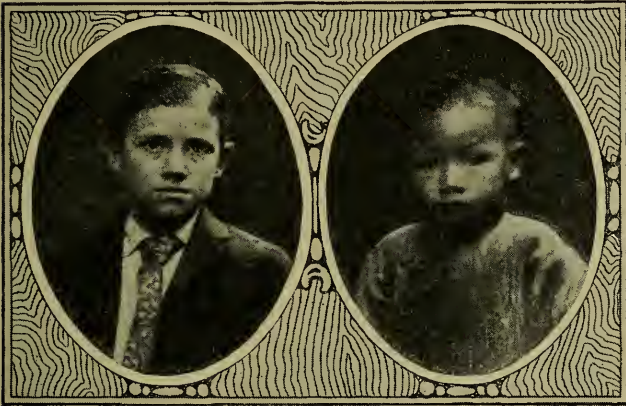
A'Chu's father had never worked, and he was not willing to work now. He expected, rather, to get rich quickly without toil. While his family struggled for their daily food, Chang spent his time gambling and betting. He was always waiting for the "lucky day" when he should become rich all at once.

For some time, of late, Mrs. Chang had been looking pale, but the soft light in her dark eyes and the smile about her thin lips showed plainly that some new, sweet hope cheered her sad heart. Later she was gone from the place near the door. The bamboo stool was set back against the brick wall where several unfinished mats lay in a heap with bundles of dried rushes. A'Chu tried his best to sweep away the litter with a heavy, awkward broom of bamboo splints. Fung Mui, with steaming cups and bowls, passed quietly back and forth from the dingy, dark little cook-house in the rear, up the narrow, steep stairs to the tiny bedroom in the attic. Mrs. Chang's sweet daydream had come true. Up there in the attic she snuggled close to her heart a newborn baby boy.

Some days had passed since A'Chu left at our garden gate news that a baby brother had come to his home. How happy he had been that day! His little black eyes fairly danced, and his chubby brown feet kept time to

the music of his words. Its tiny ears, soft little fingers, fat feet, and thick black hair were described in glowing words by the delighted elder brother.

Today as A'Chu stood outside the gate he seemed quite changed. His round face was thinner, rather pale, and much more sober than usual. His arms hung limp at his sides, and his bare feet clung to the paving stones.



STANLEY AND A'CHU

The dark eyes gazed wistfully through the crack in the gate. There in the cook-house, cook was lifting with a long-handled fork the doughnuts from a steaming kettle, and laying them out to drain.

"May I have a doughnut, cook?" It was my own little boy that spoke.

"Certainly; help yourself," and the good-natured cook motioned toward the brown rings on the tray.

There was a slight rattle of the garden gate, and the two boys exchanged glances between its two leaves.

"May I have two?"

"Help yourself," cook replied, pointing as before.

The gate opened a wee way, and one doughnut was slipped through. It was gone in a moment, down, and out of sight.

"How fragrant they are!" said A'Chu, as he licked the last crisp morsel from his lips.

The other doughnut was slipped out.

"Such a good heart, you are!" gratefully returned the boy outside.

"Cook, may I have another doughnut?" coaxed the boy on the inside.

"Help yourself," he replied, quite pleased with the way his products were going.

"I'll take two, then, if you please," said the lad, selecting the fattest and puffiest ones.

One more crisp ring passed through the gate, and as its last crumb disappeared, a fourth one followed it. The "feed" seemed to be enjoyed quite as much by the boy on the inside, who ate none, as by the boy on the outside, who ate all. The gate was opened wide, and the two boys stood talking very earnestly in low tones.

"May I help myself to two more?" proposed the insider.

Cook evidently took the request as a compliment, and returned a broad grin that revealed the full double row of his splendid white teeth.

"How many doughnuts does a boy ordinarily eat at one time?" I inquired from an upper window.

"I will tell you how it is, mother, all about it," returned the insider. He seemed quite aroused by something I did not understand. Placing the two brown

rings in the red handkerchief spread out to receive them, he sprang up the stairs, calling back toward the gate as he came, "Be sure to give those to Fung Mui."

"They must be very hungry," he began, quite out of breath as he reached the upper step. Then I heard how A'Chu was helping to make the baby fat. That day when the new baby brother first lay in its mother's arms, the old grandmother had measured the rice left in the brown earthen jar. There were just over a half dozen bowls full. This rice, with a piece of dry salt fish, was all the food in the house. In the tin money box were the eleven cents received for yesterday's run of tea mats.

Together the young children and the old woman counted the cash pieces over. It would be four or five days before the mother could rise from her bed and come downstairs to weave mats again. Even then, the grandmother said, it would be longer yet before she could earn as much money as she had before. And rent day—the landlord would come for his rent just the same as before the baby came.

What should they do? If the money were spent very, very carefully, there would be barely enough to buy food for the mother. She *must* have food, the old woman said, good nourishing food, or else there would be no milk for baby. In that case he would grow thin and scrawny. Yes, the mother must be fed for the baby's sake.

The children looked at the wrinkled face, the thin, slender hands and bent form of the old woman, then at each other. She, too, must have something to eat. No dutiful Chinese child would take food while an aged parent went without. Young as they were, they knew their duty, and decided at once to do it.

A'Chu would do the buying. He knew the markets, and a boy could get about the streets more easily than a girl. The cash pieces were divided, and each day's allowance was strung on a string by itself. As he fingered the greasy coins, the boy felt keenly this new responsibility. He determined that each piece should be used to buy the very best the market could afford. Fung Mui would do the cooking, and plan the small allowance of relishes for each meal.

"I found a very big egg in the market this morning," A'Chu had confided to his friend at the gate, with great satisfaction. "We gave mother a bowl of rice, some young tender bean sprouts, and half the egg for breakfast. She had soup made from a whole fish head at noon. Tonight she will have more rice, a little fresh beef, and the other half egg for supper."

"What do you eat?" asked the boy on the inside.

"Fung Mui pours water into the kettle after the rice has been taken out. When the crust boils soft, we eat that as soup. Grandmother must have rice. She is old. We are young and strong," replied the boy on the outside. "Oh, our baby is growing so fine!" he exclaimed with delight, but in a whisper, lest some evil spirit should hear what he said.

The baby was now more than a week old. Without a thought of complaining since that first day, the two children had eaten nothing but the hot soup from the rice kettle. That was how A'Chu helped to make the baby fat.

Modes of Travel in China



GIRLS IN BETHEL SCHOOL, CANTON

THE VOYAGE TO CHINA

IT is very plain that Jesus must have included China in his plan when he said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." It is just as plain that if the Chinese are to hear the gospel of the kingdom, men and women who believe it must teach it to them.

Many witnesses will be required to bear the message to a great nation like the Chinese. Some must go, and we who were leaving that day were glad of the privilege of carrying our gospel message to this far-away land.

However, no matter how glad one may be to go on such an errand, there must be some feelings of sadness when good-bys are said and one really starts off to become a missionary in a strange land.

The planning and work required to get ready for such a voyage keep one's mind so full and his hands so busy he cannot realize what is going on till his part is over and he stands on the deck of a great ocean steamer, a passenger ticketed to a distant country. The quartermaster strikes the hour; a deep-toned whistle sounds the signal; friends who have come on board for a look into the cabin and a last word of kind wish or farewell, hurry back to the wharf. The gangplanks are drawn up. The great engines down below pulse and throb with the desire to be off. Another, lighter signal from the whistle, and the engines are started. The ship moves. The friends on the wharf wave their handkerchiefs. But look! they are growing smaller and smaller! The city behind them is fleeing away!

This is about what our experience was when, on the eve of Christmas, 1901, we left our home in the Middle West and a week later took passage on the steamship "America Maru," bound for Hongkong, off the southeast coast of China. The waters of San Francisco Bay lay about us, beautiful in the sunlight, while the ship glided out toward the Golden Gate so smoothly that it seemed the city and rolling hills of the shore line were leaving us rather than that we were parting from the farthest-west limit of our native land.

The dinner gong sounded, and the captain urged all passengers to go inside for "tiffin," or luncheon. "No telling when you will get another square meal," he said. "There has been rough weather outside lately. We shall strike the swells when we go through Golden Gate and out to sea."

The dinner was excellent. The first meal at sea is always a good one. Perhaps ships' cooks, like our captain, think there is no telling when the passengers will feel like eating again. They start out well to encourage them. The long swells which the captain had promised came with the dessert. Pie and ice cream were forsaken on the spot. Heaping bowls of nuts and raisins were left untouched.

Most of the passengers went directly to the deck, hoping the fresh air might relieve the swimming in their heads and that queer feeling at the stomach. Some were wise sailors. These went straight to their cabins, and lay down on their backs. A few hardy souls stayed at the tables and enjoyed the rest of the meal, together with a good laugh at their seasick fellow passengers.

The swells kept coming, faster, longer, and the ship went on diving, rolling, shivering, just as if it took

pleasure in torturing its voyagers. Our cabin trunk skated back and forth across the floor of the stateroom, while suitcases and hatbox hopped about to keep out of its way. When at last we did manage to get into our berths, we were obliged to fasten ourselves by



HAWAIIAN ORCHESTRA

This band of musicians meets the boats from America bearing missionaries to other lands.

straps bolted to the wall at the back, to keep from being pitched out.

“She isn’t loaded quite evenly down below,” explained the first officer. “We put off cargo in Honolulu. After that she will ride more steadily.”

It was a week’s run to Honolulu, but the passengers felt relieved to think it would be better sometime. The stewardess whispered, as she staggered from cabin to cabin, helping where needed most, that she had made a number of trips with the “America,” “She always acts this way, and they always make the same

excuse for her." Before we reached the end of our four weeks' voyage, all the passengers agreed the trouble lay with the boat herself. Probably she was too lightweight to carry herself steadily in the deep sea.

There were four in our party,— my sister, Miss Ida Thompson, Mr. Anderson, myself, and our four-year-old son. Miss Thompson suffered most during the week's voyage to Honolulu. When we reached this beautiful island harbor, she was too weak to walk ashore. However, a day's rest under Dr. Cleveland's care at the quiet sanitarium among the palms, did wonders. When we again went aboard, in the evening, she was able to "walk the plank" (which was really to climb a swinging stair up the ship's side) with the rest of us.

The day in Honolulu was the Sabbath. The climate of this island city is always that of warm springtime, and the flowers seem never fading. The service that day, with a church full of warm-hearted believers of different nationalities,— English, American, French, Chinese, Japanese, and native Hawaiians, — was like a promise of the great meeting day when many shall come from the east and the west and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. The surroundings of tropical trees and flowers recalled the promise, "Behold, I make all things new."

During this first week of the voyage, Miss Thompson seemed to have completed what the sailors called "growing sea legs" (learning to walk on board a tossing ship). After that she was able to be up and to walk about some on deck. But our worst time was to come.

The first day after leaving Honolulu, our son was taken with chicken-pox. In another stateroom near by was a woman traveling alone with four small chil-

dren. She was greatly agitated at the thought of her restless brood being taken sick on shipboard. To prevent any danger of the disease spreading, it was decided to quarantine our unlucky boy. That meant he would be taken to a room away from the other passengers, and kept there till the last little chicken-



CHILDREN OF BETHEL SCHOOL

With their teacher, Miss Ida Thompson (upper right-hand corner).

pox had disappeared from body, head, face, and hands. It might be three weeks. The ship's doctor would take him in charge, he said, and put him in care of a nurse. Or, if we chose, father or mother, or both, could go with the child, instead of a nurse. Of course we decided to stay together.

We followed the doctor, and a number of cabin stewards with our luggage followed us. Downstairs, below the deck, through narrow halls, we felt the way, following the doctor's lead, to a room in the prow of the vessel. It had been rough sailing in our room near

midship; what would it be here, where we should feel the first shock and returning tremor of every wave? For us there was no choice. This was quarantine quarters, and the doctor unlocked the door. Light was shed into the room through a round porthole below the deck.

"Whew!" the doctor exclaimed, as he entered the cabin. He threw open the porthole. The sea breeze, rushing in, drove the air confined in the cabin through the open door into our faces. "Whew!" we echoed. We had heard all manner of disquieting stories about the kinds of patients that had occupied that room on recent voyages. However, this first whiff of air with its smothered odors of seventy-times-seven kinds of disinfectants and fumigators, convinced us there was no danger. Shut up with those smells, no germs could have lived through the week since we left land.

Our patient was not very sick, but we were. He spent a good part of the time waiting for the stewardess to bring the menu so that he could choose what he would have for the next meal. The slow process of marking the menu usually closed with the remark, "Wish this boat carried sugar corn and shredded wheat, 'stead of everything made of meat." The next hour of tedious waiting for the tray was relieved only by the sigh, "Wish that stewardess would come."

As for ourselves, we could have wished never to see menu, stewardess, or meal tray. The thought of food was utterly distasteful. As we sat with feet braced on the floor and our heads against the wall, what we wished for was a breath of fresh air and the boat to stand still long enough for us to breathe it deep. He got his wish three times a day; we waited two long weeks till the "America" finally rolled into the har-

bor at Yokohama, Japan, for our wish to come true.

It brought quick relief when the anchor was dropped and the boat at last stood still. The air came through our port, sweet and cool. Of course it had been the same fresh sea air all the way, but how could we know it, with that terrible seasick feeling? Up above, everybody was moving about, merrily preparing to go ashore for a day in picturesque Japan.

"Here's the number." It was the doctor's voice outside our door.

"The quarantine officers," the same voice announced a moment later, when four strange-looking men crowded into the cabin, and began stripping up our patient's clothes. They talked rapidly in a language that to our unaccustomed ears sounded like ducks clacking. They shook their heads and looked serious. One of them spoke to the doctor in English.

"No, no!" the doctor replied positively. "No *small-pox*, — only chicken-pox." The ship's doctor would not like it to be said the "America" had smallpox aboard. Japan's new laws were strict. The ship would have been obliged to stay outside quarantine limits, and none of her passengers could have landed.

The officers talked together again. They nodded their heads and looked less grave. As they passed out, the leader again spoke with the doctor, who looked relieved.

"Well, they decided to call it chicken-pox," he said to us, when they had gone. "The ship will not be held up, but you are forbidden to go ashore or to mingle with other passengers while in harbor." Then he led us up to a part of the forward deck, which we would be allowed to occupy for the day.

That was the last we saw of the ship's doctor till the sun was going down. The passengers had all returned from the day's pleasure of sight-seeing and curio hunt-



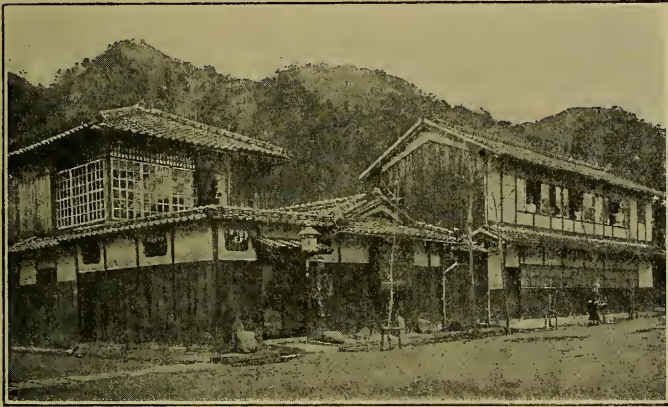
TAEKO MIYAKE

A charming little Japanese

ing. The "America" was ready to go, but three of her officers were missing. After an hour's wait three jinrikishas came rushing down to the wharf. A row-boat was called, and with a great deal of fuss and

trouble the missing officers (two men and a woman) were got into it. One of the men was in trouble. He tumbled into the boat, almost upsetting it, and lay down in the bottom while the oarsmen rowed to the ship.

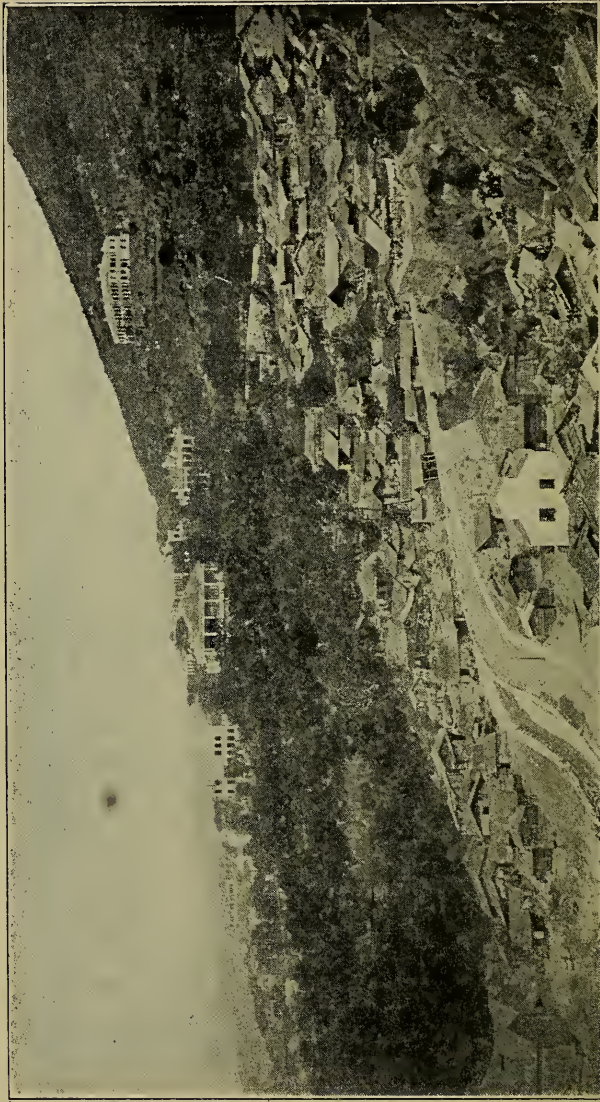
Afterward we found out the man in the bottom was the ship's doctor. His family had sent him to sea



SANITARIUM IN KOBE, JAPAN

to cure him of drunkenness. While on board he was limited to the use of a small amount of intoxicants each day, but when in port he made up for it. That day the stewardess had been sent ashore with him to use a woman's influence to keep him sober. The plan had failed, and not being herself able to persuade him to come aboard at the time for sailing, she had been obliged to send a messenger to call the freight agent, a steady, Christian man, to come and get him.

By the time we reached Kobe, Japan, our little patient had entirely recovered, and we went ashore with the other passengers.



Photo, U. & U., N. Y.

A SECTION OF HONGKONG AND THE HILL BEYOND

Kobe is one of the most charming cities of the Island Kingdom. We had been told that the choicest porcelains and potteries made in Japan are to be found here, and so we found it. The shops and market places fairly overflowed with tea sets and the many porcelain novelties this clever people know so well how to make. How fascinating they were! I wanted a trunkful for ourselves and a piece to send to each of our friends. My husband reminded me that more than fifteen hundred miles of our journey still lay before us. I remembered the bad antics of "America Maru," and judged that the dainty, fragile things would be shattered to crumbles before we reached our destination.

Here, also, were the choicest and rarest of old Satsuma vases, rich in the blended glory of red and gold, decorated with handpainting so delicate one must look at it through a magnifying glass to discover its real beauty. That is the way they were painted, the shopkeepers told us,—by the hands of skilled artists working under magnifying glasses. More than before we wished for ourselves and thought of our friends; but when the prices were named, we stopped wishing, though we prized them more.

But tea sets and Satsuma vases were not the only interesting things to be seen in Kobe. The Japanese people themselves are far more interesting than all the beautiful and wonderful things they are able to make. This was the first time we had seen the Japanese at home in their own land. Men went about the streets engaged in business or bent on pleasure, bareheaded and clothed in garments that looked more like a Western man's bath robe than like a business suit. The women wore kimonos with sleeves wide at the bottom.

This long, loose garment is cut so narrow in the skirt as to compel the wearer to walk with very short steps. A girdle confines the kimono loosely at the waist, and to this girdle a square cushion is attached at the middle of the back.

All the women wore their black hair rolled away from the face in a stiff pompadour and done up in the smoothest possible manner in the back. On the street they wore white stockings and wooden shoes that clacked at the heel with each step on the pavement. Boys appeared to dress like their fathers, and girls to follow the older women's styles.

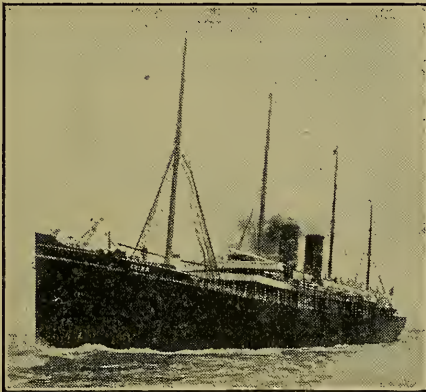
All wooden shoes were left outside the doors of shops and dwellings when the wearer went in, and soft woven rush slippers put on. These slippers are always set in a row inside the door, awaiting the arrival of inmates or guests.

We liked what we saw of Japan and her people, and could have been content to stay here and work for these people, but that our hearts were set toward China, where the need for missionaries was surely just as great.

Another week at sea brought us to Hongkong (a Chinese name meaning "fragrant harbors"), Feb. 2, 1902. The city of Victoria lay along the water's edge, and spread over the mountain's side to its very summit. "This is considered one of the most beautiful cities on this half of the globe," declared a passenger who had traveled a great deal in the East. We had not seen much of "this half of the globe," but we were quite willing to believe what he said, for this city was to be our home for the present. Before we left America we had been advised to stop in Hongkong for a time, and

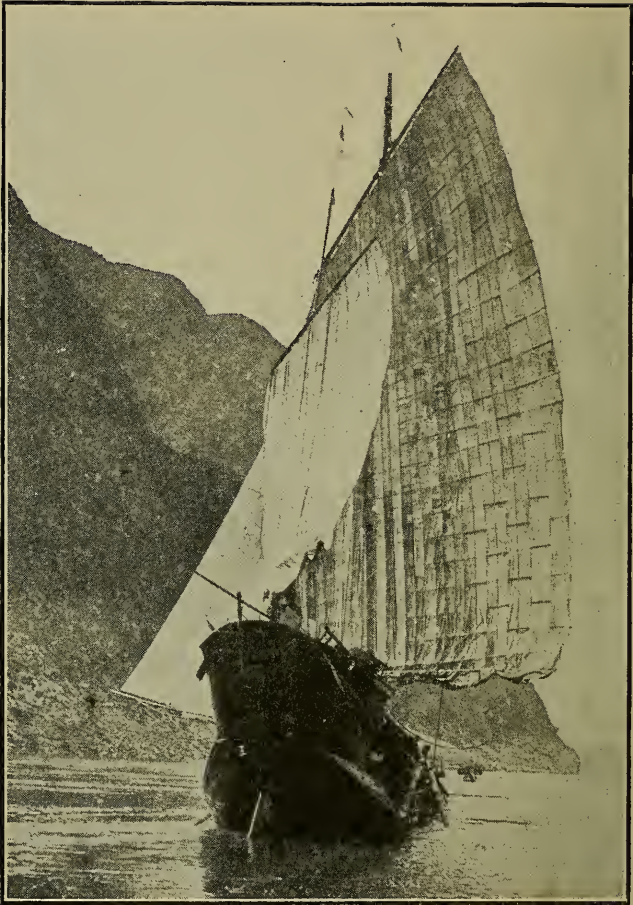
from there move into China itself when the Boxer troubles should be settled.

Let others wish for "a home on the rolling deep," if they will. A month of it was long enough at one time for us. We had become so accustomed to the motion of the boat that it was really awkward walking on solid earth again. But we were glad the voyage was at an end, and more than satisfied that it had ended here. When we decided to come to China, we had supposed we should leave all comforts behind and live perhaps in native mud houses. We were delightfully surprised to find this beautiful, clean city, inviting us to make it our home.



STEAMSHIP "CHINA"

On this ship many missionaries have sailed from the Pacific Coast for the Far East.



CHINESE JUNK UNDER FULL SAIL

GETTING USED TO STRANGE METHODS OF TRAVEL

MANY strange things we find in this land of the Far East. Perhaps one of the most trying to get used to is the slow ways of traveling. So long as we keep near the shore of Old Pacific, everything goes well; but when we are obliged to travel by land, traveling becomes slow.

Ocean steamers fairly swarm along the coast line. No less than four or five large steamship companies operate lines of transportation between England, France, and Germany at one end and Japan at the other. There are also several lines operating between America and these ports. Except for the nuisance of seasickness, one may be as comfortable these days on shipboard as in his own home.

Besides these long lines of steamships which keep to the open sea, there are European, Chinese, and Japanese companies operating lines of smaller steamers which run nearer shore and stop at all coast cities of importance. Of course it is liable to be foggy along the coast, and the sea is rougher where the water is more shallow and broken by small islands and rocks, as it is quite certain to be near shore. Being smaller, these coast steamers are not so smooth going or so fast sailing as the ocean liners; but the traveler has no good reason for complaint against these boats either. They are comfortable and make good time.

The same is true, also, when traveling inland. So long as one can follow China's big rivers, he may count himself fortunate. A glance at a map shows four river systems rising in the west and flowing to

the sea, within the territory of China Proper. All these large rivers and some of their branches are navigable for light steamers a considerable part of their course. It may readily be seen that these waterways form the natural means of communication over a large part of the most thickly populated districts of China. The Chinese are great canal builders, and to the abundant



PEARL RIVER AND SHIPPING AT CHANGSHA

natural watercourses they have added these artificial streams, which in some sections cross their country as frequently as public highways cross the prairies of our Middle West. These canals supply means of transportation to thousands upon thousands of small boats through country, cities, and villages.

Passengers and freight brought out from Europe by the great ocean liners or picked up along their routes by the coast steamers, are transferred to lighter steamers and native sailing junks, which follow these great rivers and their branches as far as they are navigable.

After that, still smaller boats push on with their cargoes, both freight and passengers, so long as there is water enough to float these craft.

What the Europeans call "rice-power" boats can travel in more shallow water than a river launch draws. These boats also do a big business, for the traveler in



"RICE POWER" BOAT

There is a house-boat alongside, and a dragon boat in the distance.

the interior of China is always anxious to get on his way as far as possible before being obliged to take either to the house-boat or a footpath.

What are "rice-power" boats?

They are low-roofed, broad, flat-bottomed boats propelled by a paddle wheel at the stern. This wheel is turned by the tread of coolies' feet. The men are fed on rice. Do you see where the power comes from? Their speed depends on the number of men who tread at the wheel and the strength of the current against

which it drives. It may well be imagined that the rice-power boat never gets up a speed equal to that of the ocean liner.

One of these boats seemed very slow to me when I started one morning with my sick child to go sixty miles to see a doctor. Part of the way we were towed by a steam launch, but it was sundown when we reached our destination.

The slowest part of the journey is in getting started. You ask the officer of a rice-power boat, "Do you go to — today?"

"Yes," he replies.

"When do you start?"

"Not can tell."

"Who can tell me when you will go?"

"No one."

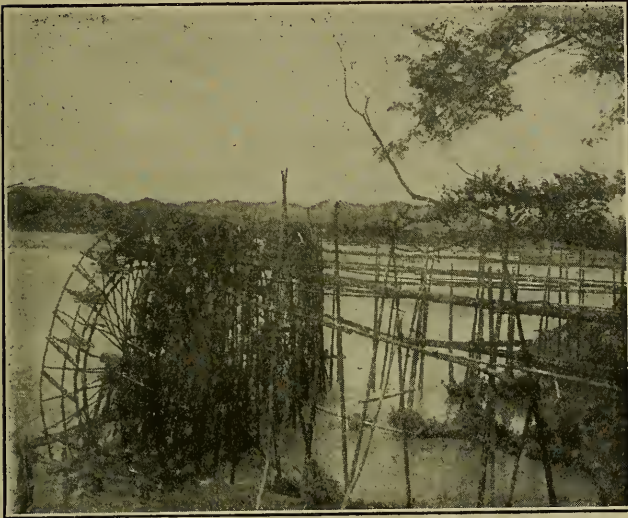
"How shall I know when to get on board?"

"Get on board now. When the boat has enough passengers to pay expense of trip, we will start. Not can lose capital."

Sometimes one of these native passenger boats will lie at the wharf with the low saloon half full of passengers sitting on the floor with their feet curled under them, and whistle for hours, calling for more passengers.

In the south of China there seems no limit to the number of house-boats and sampans that carry on traffic through the network of canals and small streams that spread out over the country like the blood capillaries in a living body. Sometimes the water gets very low or the stream becomes so narrow that there is not room to use the oars. Then the boatman—quite as often it is a woman—stands in the stern and with

a long pole pushes the boat forward. The Chinese do not count time of much value, and if the water gets too low, the boatman will thrust the long pole into the mud, tie up his boat to the pole, and sit down to



A CHINESE WATER WHEEL

wait for rain to come and swell the stream so that he can finish his journey.

In bad weather the house-boat traveler must pull out the extension roof over the deck, put up the deck side boards, pull down the side curtains, and hive himself in till the storm is over.

This waiting for the weather to change is almost unendurable to one who is accustomed to traveling by fast boats and railway trains that run on schedule time.

In the south of China, when one gets away from the watercourses, he must either travel by sedan chair or go afoot. The sedan chair consists of a comfortable seat with a foot rest, closed in all around except in front, and a shelter overhead. The seat rests on two long poles ending in handles both in front and at rear.



CHINESE SEDAN CHAIRS

It carries but one passenger, and where the paths are narrow, as they always are in the country, a company of travelers must go single file. In the city, where streets are wider, companions may travel side by side and chat as they ride. The sedan chair is borne by two or more coolies as may be required. It is a very comfortable and pleasant means of conveyance when the bearers understand their business. They are trained to walk very rapidly and in perfect rhythm, and the

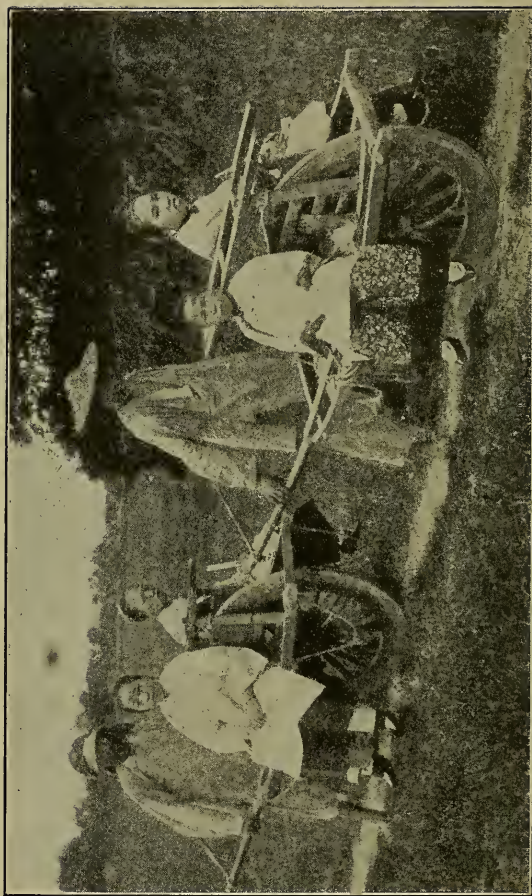
chair swings along comfortably. But when the bearers do not know how to carry evenly or are out of sorts, the traveler is likely to go up and down like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn.

In Shanghai one sees passengers trundled through the streets on large wheelbarrows. The wheelbarrow is used to a considerable extent in central, and northern China; so also are donkey carts.

The jinrikisha is used in cities of the Far East along the seacoast. Look up this word in the dictionary. The New Webster says it is "a small two-wheeled, hooded vehicle, drawn by one or more men." Jinrikisha is a Japanese word meaning, "*jin*, man; *riki*, power; *sha*, carriage." This definition describes the vehicles used here, except that I have never seen two men pulling a jinrikisha. It is not uncommon to see one man pulling the vehicle and another man behind pushing it. A few jinrikishas are built wider, and carry two passengers.

At first this appeared to me a very odd way of traveling. Can you imagine yourself seated in a carriage drawn by a man pulling between the thills as you have been used to seeing horses pull? To be sure, the man is not harnessed so that he cannot get away, and you do not drive with bit and rein, but he uses his human strength to pull while you sit and ride.

The first time I rode in one of these "man-power" carriages was in Japan. A company of us from the "America Maru" were going to see the sights. Every one else, by turns, got into a jinrikisha, and at last I took one. The ricksha man started. How he ran! following the others down the principal street, in full view of everybody, the passenger in the seat holding



A WHEELBARROW TRIP IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA



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JINRIKISHAS WAITING BEFORE A RICH NATIVE BAZAAR
IN SHANGHAI

to the carriage and he running till he sweat like a man making hay in the summer time. I had not told him to run, and I could not tell him to stop.

I thought of those words, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and my conscience did not feel at all easy. The ricksha men, however, took the matter in

a very different way. Each one of them seemed very desirous of getting a passenger, and quite as much pleased with the silver coin our guide gave him at the end of the trip.

In Hongkong we found the jinrikisha the usual means of conveyance for the level district. The sedan chair is commonly used for the hills, though with a man pushing behind, the jinrikisha may make a considerable ascent. The jinrikisha is by far the more rapid, for the men run for long distances without stopping to rest. There was no other street service on the island at the time, so we must use one or the other, or go on foot. The average foreigner cannot endure to walk much in a climate so warm and moist as that of the south of China. He must learn to use whatever means of travel is conveniently at hand.

When one is ready to go shopping or calling, he steps into the street and beckons the jinrikisha man much as you might signal the motorman of a passing street car. If several men have seen the signal, there will be a scramble among them, and a race to see which can get to the passenger first. Usually he will employ the first to arrive, but he may select the coolie that appears the freshest and most nearly equal to his requirements.

The jinrikisha man draws up his vehicle and drops the shafts to allow his passenger to step in and seat himself. He always carries a piece of slimpsy cotton cloth which he uses as a towel to wipe away the moisture after his run. Lest this very necessary article be lost by the way, he wraps it firmly around the end of one of the shafts or tucks it under the belt that confines his loose cotton trousers at the top. He gives

a twitch or two to the leather belt to get it into place, and to make sure it will hold securely for the journey. With this he is ready, and at a signal from his passenger starts off with a few long, easy paces, gradually increasing his speed to a brisk trot, which is kept up throughout the trip.

When the sun is hot, the ricksha man is often clad only in the loose trousers and leather belt. His body is exposed to the wind and sun till it looks like a statue of bronze. If the sun is very hot, he may wear a broad-brimmed hat with a quaintly peaked crown. On really rainy days he comes out in a native workingman's raincoat.

While we pity these jinrikisha men, we realize that they must do hard work. They have no other way of earning a living. Though they get very tired on a long run, they earn much more money than the men who work in heated engine-rooms and stuffy workshops. Besides, they work in the open air and enjoy more freedom. When one is too tired to run, he may call another man to take his vehicle, or he may hide away where he will not be seen, to eat and rest.

Gradually I have become used to this means of travel, also, and have come to count the jinrikisha a friend in need.





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HOUSE-BOATS

They are often packed together so for the night, or for shelter in time of storm. It is said that many children, mostly girls, grow up without ever setting foot on land. This also well represents the way these boats gather about a ship on its arrival in port.

BY STEAMSHIP AND RAIL TO CENTRAL CHINA

I N the winter of 1905 I went with my husband on a visit to our new mission stations in central China. At that time we were living in the city of Canton, in the south of China. A straight line from Canton to the farthest station would run almost due north a distance of one thousand miles. Such a journey would have required but two days' travel by a "through train," but there was no direct road, no train at all, and consequently we were compelled to go the long way round.

The greater part of the journey was made by steamship. A river steamer left Canton in the evening, and dropped quietly down with the tide of Pearl River into the wide-spreading delta of West River. Frost never nips the green of the many fertile islands in this great river delta. Sweet orange trees dotted the hedges of dark-green foliage between the level rice-fields, and golden pomelos swung low on their slender boughs. Banana trees bowed their modest heads, each crowned with its single cluster of pale-yellow crescents.

The sampans and house-boats had snuggled down side by side in their night quarters, and the boat people were enjoying their evening meal. Sailing downstream we passed quaint, slow junks laden to the water's edge with bags of new rice and baskets of fresh fruit. Although the last inch of sail was out and they were going with the tide, we left them behind, rocking in the furrows of our wake.

ON THE OCEAN LINER

Early morning brought us to Hongkong in time to make connection with the great ocean steamer lying in its harbor. It was on its way from Bremen in the north of Germany to Japan. Through the Mediterranean and Red Seas it had come, across the Indian Ocean, up the coast of China to Hongkong. Today it would sail for Shanghai, and from there to Yokohama. Our tickets read, "From Hongkong to Shanghai," a distance of 800 miles.

Traveling by one of these ocean steamers is a comfortable way of getting over long distances. When the passenger has secured his ticket and moved on board, his part of the work is done. There is nothing more to do but to make himself at home and enjoy the pure air, fresh with salt-sea spray.

Breakfast will be served exactly on time. At ten o'clock the deck steward will pass hot broth and sandwiches on deck. The tiffin, as luncheon is called in the Far East, will afford a variety of foods in sufficient quantity to satisfy a "good sailor's" appetite. Tea and cakes at five, with a substantial dinner at night, finish the day's round of "eats."

His stateroom will be taken care of. His berth will be smoothly spread with the blankets turned into neat rolls at the back. His shoes will be whitened or blackened as they require, and everything will be kept in perfect order, if—if he will stay out after the cabin boy has made his rounds.

The one drawback to ocean travel lies just here. When the ship strikes her nose into a high wave, she takes it unpleasantly and shivers all over. If the waves keep coming and the boat keeps on shiver-

ing, the passenger gets creepy. He, too, begins to shiver and to feel "queer." Next he is off for his stateroom, straight into the tidy berth. No promise of grand sights at sea, no sounding of the dinner gong, can tempt him out again. He doesn't feel like—well, like anything he ever felt before.

The sea was not boisterous on this trip, though I think it is never really smooth going north through the strait of Formosa and the China Sea. The ship seems always to be sailing uphill and against the waves. Coming back, it is all downhill. As a matter of fact, it really does take several hours longer to make the trip going north than are required to return. Being somewhat used to seagoing, we kept on deck and enjoyed the voyage throughout.

IN SHANGHAI HARBOR

Shanghai is a great center of commerce, and is full of interest to travelers in the Far East. Lying in the harbor of Shanghai, at the wide mouth of the Yangtse River, may be seen ships of many sizes, floating the flags of all civilized nations. See them coming—launches, lighters, and tugs! They are heavily loaded and steam about busily. Slow-going junks and other native craft, also, bring out from the city's storehouses their share of tea, cotton, raw silk, vegetable oils, goat pelts, and other native products. These are loaded into ships to be carried round the world. Besides these, many manufactured articles, both of practical use and of luxury, are sent abroad.

The city lies on the Hwang-poo River, near the sea-coast, and not far from the mouth of the Yangtse River. This river (the Yangtse) affords the natural means of

transportation to the sea for all exports of the vast fertile valley drained by its branches. When China shall have been supplied with railroads so that her products can be more easily sent to market, the already large commerce of Shanghai will be greatly increased.



Photo, U. & U., N. Y.

QUEEN'S ROAD, SHANGHAI

“This Shanghai b'long all-same New Yawk,” boasted a merchant on board the tender which carried us from the vessel lying at anchor in the harbor to the passenger wharf in the city. “She do all-same big pidgin [big business]. She b'long vely lawg [very large] city.”

This merchant had done business in New York a number of years. In fact, he had learned his English

there, but to the very end of his days a Cantonese never can learn to twist his tongue around our "r." He either drops it altogether or puts the sound of "l" in its place.

FROM SHANGHAI TO HANKOW

At Shanghai we changed to a smaller steamer, and rode 600 miles up the Yangtse Kiang ("Son of the



A STREET CAR IN SHANGHAI

Ocean") to Hankow. Up to this point we had traveled 1,400 miles by ship, and were now a little more than half that distance in a straight line across country from where we had started.

On the way from Shanghai to Hankow we stopped at Wu-hu to let off cargo. A mass of small boats filled with beggars calling piteously for gifts, swarmed about the steamer. Their clothing was tattered; their hair hung in matted lumps; their faces and hands ap-

peared not to have been washed in a lifetime. Their clothing, such as it was, was sufficient so that no one looked very cold. The faces of the children, though smeared and dirty, were plump and ruddy. The sight of them brought to my recollection a sentence from a lesson on beggars in our language primer: "If he really were as poor as he seems, would he be as fat as he is?"



BEGGARS' HUTS

There are thousands of these huts in Hankow.

I decided then that the small charities I could afford should be spent on persons I knew to be poor, not on swarms of beggars.

Hankow lies less than 800 miles directly north of Canton. This city is a great business center located in the heart of China. If Shanghai may be compared to New York on our eastern coast, Hankow may be compared to Chicago at the center of the country.

At Hankow we went immediately to the United States consul to register our passports for permission to travel in these interior parts of China. The consul

wrote down a description of each of us as to height, complexion, color of eyes, hair, etc. In case we did not return as expected, he would know whom to look for, where to look for us, and just which of the Chinese officials was responsible for our safety. It is very comforting, when in a strange land, to know that one's own native country is looking out for his safety wherever he may be.

TRANSPORTING FREIGHT

At the consul's was a letter for us from Dr. H. W. Miller. A shipment of goods ordered from the United States had been landed in Hankow, and was waiting at the wharf. Dr. Maude Miller, his wife, had been too ill to be left alone while he should go for them. They were much in need of the foods included in the lot, and especially of the heating stove. His Chinese helper, whose name I choose to forget rather than try to spell, would meet us, the letter said, at Sin-yang, about halfway, and assist us the rest of the journey.

By quick work my husband got the goods released from the steamship company's docks, and a number of coolies with ropes, poles, and carts transferred them across to the railroad depot, a mile or more away. The car in which he was directed to place the goods was nothing more than an open box on flat trucks.

"Will they be safe there through the night? What if it should rain?" he queried.

The agent said their watchman would be on guard while the car stood at the station; after that it would be our business to see that the goods got to their destination safely. The company merely undertook to carry them.

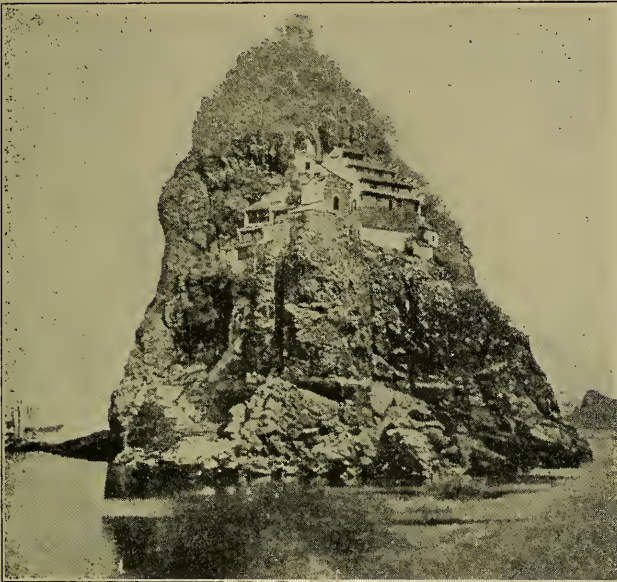
The safest way, he explained, would be for the owner to ride in the freight car and look after the boxes himself. Then, noticing that one half of our party was a woman, he suggested that we hire a cheap man to ride with the boxes. In that case we would be expected to pay the watchman's fare going and returning, to supply his food, lodging, smoking tobacco, and wine money, as well as to pay him wages for the five or six days he might choose to spend on the road. We began to feel that shipping freight was expensive business. Just then an American passing that way stopped to inquire into our perplexity.

"It's easy enough, and not so bad when you get used to it," he said. "Make yourselves comfortable in the passenger coach. It will be a part of this same train. When it stops, jump off, run ahead to the freight, and count your boxes. When the conductor blows his whistle, get back to your coach. Only be sure you have the full number of boxes at every station, and things will be safe enough."

"But there is no roof on the car. What if it rains?"

"There you must take chances. If things get wet, that's your bad luck on this road," he replied rather carelessly, we thought, just as if he had not the least idea of how necessary those fresh cereals, canned vegetables and milk, and dried fruits were to our missionaries living far away from the markets. He did not guess how eagerly they had been looking forward to the coming of those larger boxes, packed with warm clothing and other winter comforts for the workers at all the four stations. What a pity it would be to have the new heating stove red with rust when it arrived!

While these thoughts were passing through our minds, the American was looking at the sky. "There won't be any rain tonight," he said, "and probably



"LITTLE ORPHAN"

A rocky island in the Yangtse River, with a native monastery and home of monks and priests.

not for two or three days, anyway." With this assurance he passed on.

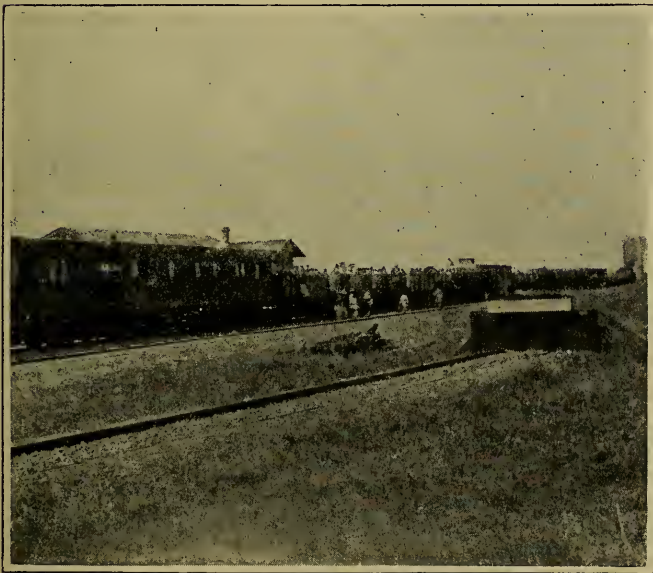
A MIXED TRAIN

Next morning the mixed train of freight cars and passenger coaches was ready to start north at eight o'clock. Two or three stocky Europeans walked about giving orders. These were Belgians, I understood,

for the road was owned and operated by Belgians. The work was done by Chinese, who appeared to be afraid of the puffing engine and clanking wheels. They were not quite sure whether they were running the train or whether the monster might not break loose and run them.

I had never seen just such a train. First came the engine, with its cloud of black smoke. The open freight cars followed, and after them came the third-class passenger cars. These were like the freight cars, except that their walls were not so high. The passengers sat on the floor of the car, with their luggage stacked around them. Even the shortest of them was not shut off from the sights, for he could easily look over the top. The second-class coaches came next. These were divided into small compartments, and each room was furnished with two wooden seats facing each other from front and rear. The seats were straight and stiff, but wide enough for the passenger to sit or lie as he chose. A window at one end of each seat opened to the fresh air, and an ample rack overhead provided for the baggage. The first-class saloon was in the rear of our coach, but a corridor along the side of the compartments was shut off at that point by a door. By this means the beautiful select drawing-room, with its crimson plush cushions and silken curtains, was completely closed against the gaze of other passengers. Our compartment being next to the first class, we were very glad for that door, because the saloon was occupied by a party of wealthy Chinese. The fumes of their various kinds of smokes would have been very unpleasant had we not been careful to keep the door closed.

The train jogged leisurely through country broken by hills and dotted with villages. It stopped only at the larger towns, but made long stays. The passengers — that is, the men and boys — usually got off to see the town, and the townspeople came out to have a look at the passengers. In getting started again, the engine coughed, the conductor blew a shrill whistle, and the passengers scrambled on, alarmed at the thought of almost having been left. Trainmen rushed back and forth giving orders and obeying orders, and at the last moment sprang aboard as though in fright of the moving monster. Evidently railroad trains were a new thing. The adventure of



TRAIN FROM HANKOW TO PEKING

stopping at a station and starting occurred each time with the same show of excitement.

The instructions of our American in Hankow were closely followed. When the train stopped, my husband ran down the track to the freight car, climbed in and counted our boxes. Then he waited on guard till the conductor's whistle sounded the signal, "All aboard." "It's not so bad when you get used to it," the American had said, and we found ourselves getting used to it. It might get worse, we reflected, if the man Dr. Miller had sent out never met us at all. We could neither speak nor understand the language of this part of China. How should we engage carts and get ourselves and the goods in our care across country to the mission station if he were not with us? Remembering the saying, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," we put this question out of mind.

A NIGHT IN A STRANGE PLACE

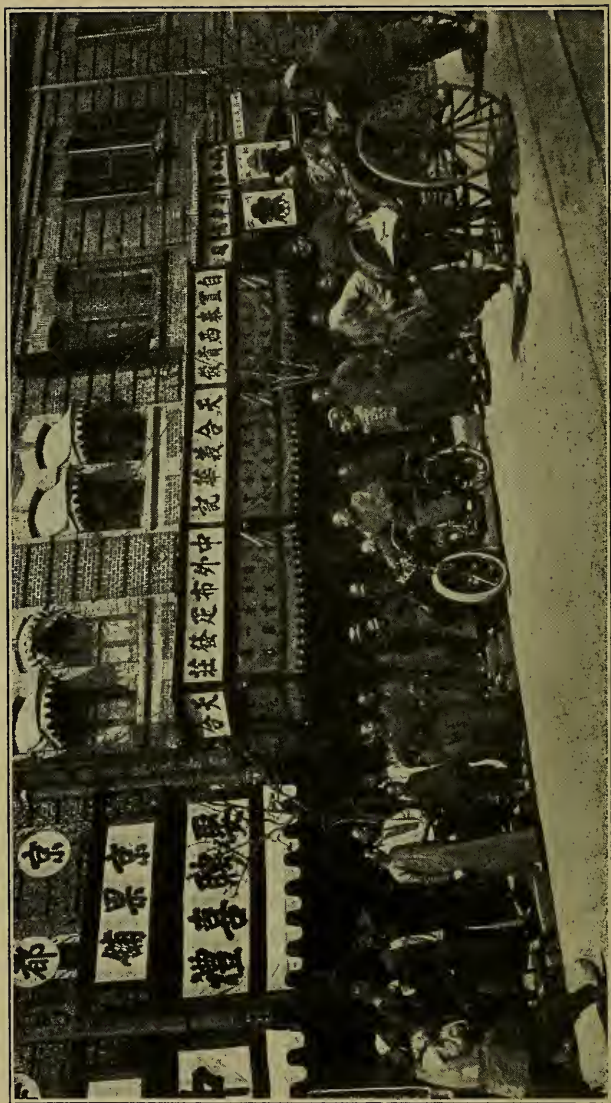
Just before sunset our train pulled into the good-sized city of Sin-yang-chow. Some years before we had visited a mission station in San-li-tien, only a mile from this city. But the mission had been moved away, and most of the Christians had followed it to another city. We had been riding since eight o'clock in the morning, and had traveled a distance of about 130 miles. That was by no means rapid railroad travel, but we reckoned that at this rate we should reach our rail destination early next morning. Imagine our surprise on learning we should not even start again till the next morning. Trains did not run after dark. Lodging for the night must be sought in a Chinese inn.

We had never seen the helper supposed to be waiting for us here, and had arrived several days later than was expected. However, as the train stopped and we stepped out, two men came toward us. One was young and tall and slim, the other was older, shorter, and fatter. Both were smiling broadly. The older man greeted my husband as "Teacher," and we at once recognized him to be one of the Christians we had met on our former visit to this mission. This Christian brother had remained in the city three days, leaving his business to look after itself, while he waited here to make sure that the young man should find us. During that time they had met every train from the south, and searched for us among the passengers. They seemed quite as pleased to meet us as we were to find them.

Eight o'clock the next morning found us again on our way. This time the helper insisted on looking after the goods. He chose to ride with them in the freight car. We made fewer stops and better time this second day over the level country. By the middle of the afternoon we reached Shi-ping, the station where we were to leave the train, and our goods and boxes were unloaded onto the platform of a little gray brick depot exactly like those we had often seen at small stations in our home country.

UNFORESEEN DIFFICULTIES

Now that we had been landed, the railroad company evidently had finished with us. The agent shut the depot door and locked it. Before we realized what was happening, he had jumped onto a mule cart and was being driven away toward the village, leav-



"International"

PRETTY CHARM OF A CHINESE CITY STREET

ing us on the open platform in the midst of our baggage and freight.

Our young Chinese was a trusty friend, of that we felt sure, but how much he could "do things" we did not know. We tried to talk to him, but he did not understand us. He tried to talk to us, but we did not understand him. He came close to my husband's ear and talked louder, and yet we did not understand. My husband pointed to the luggage, and whirling his hand round and round as cart wheels go, motioned rapidly across the plain in the direction of the mission. He laid his head in his hand, meaning that we must hasten to get to the mission to sleep.

The boy was bright, and he understood, but shook his head. Pointing toward the village, he put his hand under his head — we must sleep there that night.

Knowing that next day would be the beginning of the Chinese New Year feast, we feared we should not be able to hire carts and drivers for the trip. Pointing to the hour on the dial of his watch, my husband marked off the time — one, two, three, four, five hours and more before nine o'clock in the evening. The mission house was sixteen miles away. With speed the carters could make it in five hours.

The boy shook his head. Pointing to the sun, he rapidly dropped his hand to the level of the horizon — it would soon be sundown, and darkness would end our travel.

This dumb conversation had occupied but a few moments of time. We realized that we must depend on our Chinese helper. He saw that we had surrendered, and motioning me to stay with the stuff, he drew my husband by the sleeve to follow him.

"He knows best what can be done. We must get carts and haul our goods to shelter for the night, at least. We'll be back as soon as possible," said my husband, and the two men struck out with long strides toward the village.

Up the track the mixed train was still in sight, moving toward the north. It had never seemed to go so swiftly as now when I watched it from my place before the little depot on the great rolling plains of central China. On and on it sped, the track growing narrower and the smoke trailing lower till it crawled like a caterpillar around a curve and beyond my sight. Far to the southward the track gradually faded to a silver thread over a dark streak of earth, and beyond, as far as the eye could see, stretched the unbroken level covered with winter's gray green.

The village was a mile away. The houses appeared all of one color, and the straw-thatched roofs an even height. It looked like a patch of clay against the horizon, marked off at the top by a line of straw. The two dark figures grew smaller and smaller till they vanished, merged with the spot of yellowish gray. I heard cocks crowing in the direction of other gray patches on the landscape. From above came the soft soughing of the wind on the long wires overhead.

WITH MULE CARTS AND DRIVERS

WHILE waiting for the carts to haul our baggage and freight to shelter for the night, I had time to think over our trip by rail. This surely was an improvement over the way missionaries used to travel in China. There had been no heat for warming the coaches, but by exercising briskly at times and keeping wrapped up the rest of the time, we had been comfortably warm. We had ridden 200 miles in the two days. From what I knew of wheelbarrows and had heard of mule carts, this was much quicker time than we could have made the trip by either of these older methods.

GETTING TO NIGHT QUARTERS

Toward sunset two mule carts with four very cross cart drivers pulled up beside the depot platform. A crack of the driver's whip brought the wheel-mule to a quick stop. Just how did he know the lash intended him to stop rather than to go faster? But he did know; he was used to the business. He plunged all four feet into the earth and groaned as he settled back against the cart with unyielding determination that brought the four careless animals in lead suddenly down upon their gambrels. They fretted, but he remained quiet, meek-eyed, and firm. He looked at us reproachfully, as if he understood that we had violated proper custom by asking for carts on the eve of the Chinese New Year. Like a good disciple of Confucius, the wise old wheel-mule apparently meant to magnify our rudeness by bearing it with patience. Or, what is more likely, did he un-

derstand the harsh words of the drivers, and suspect that for slight excuse their anger at us would be turned in revenge upon his head?

The cart drivers were not in a working mood. They walked around the pile, pushed the boxes about a little, and talked a good deal. Finally they loaded onto the first cart enough to cover its bottom and drove out. When the second cart had taken on, in the same way, what it chose to carry, the heap on the platform looked just about as big as before. Their actions seemed to say, If we are compelled to work on New Year's Eve, you must pay for it. The guide motioned us to get in and ride to the village, leaving him to wait for further loading at the depot.

The carters hopped on in front, one at each side of the cart, and a crack of the long whip started the team. Each animal was attached separately by a rope running back to the axle of the cart. Only the wheel-mule was fastened between the heavy thills, and he alone guided the cart. The road seemed to lie anywhere in the open space, and each animal chose for himself where he would walk and how much he would pull. Only when his rope slackened too much, a flourish of the big whip reminded the lagger that every cart mule is expected to do his part.

Over hillocks and hummocks, along gutters, through rows of ruts, we finally arrived before the village gate. At this point the roadway narrows and climbs a short but very steep ascent to the arched gateway. A huge stone lay deeply embedded in the earth across the threshold. This stone was very convenient for the two wings of the gate to rest upon when closed. Besides, it completely stopped the space below the

gate so that no wild animal or mischievous person could crawl in under it at night. However, the stone projected a full half foot above the earth, and proved to be an uncomfortable spot in the road. The drivers jumped from their carts and lashed the team into a run up the steep. Urged by another cut, the mules sprang forward and jerked the cart to the top of



MULE CART BEFORE THE MISSION HOUSE IN SHANG-TSAI
The usual means of travel in central China.

the great stone. It balanced for an instant, then dropped down on the other side. The wheel-mule groaned with the shock to his spine. So did we.

It was almost nine o'clock before the last cartload had come up the steep, over the stone threshold, and into the court of the village inn.

AT THE INN

The innkeeper had agreed to allow us a room to ourselves on condition that we pay a few cents more

than the usual price for our lodging. We consented, though we guessed it was quite unnecessary, since none of the other guests would be willing to share a room with the queer foreigners.

The room contained two stools, two beds without mattress or bedding, and a small table on which the lamp was placed. This lamp was an earthen dish containing oil and the tiny round pith of a plant stalk for a wick. Several times after it was lighted some member of the family came in to snuff the wick and to lift its tip higher on the rim of the dish, so it would burn more brightly. Several times a few drops of oil were poured into the lamp from the cruse beside it on the table. Each time the attendant came in, he managed to leave the door ajar wide enough to afford the other guests a peep at the strange foreigners.

GETTING AN EARLY START

When everything was ready for the night, we sat down to counsel in writing with our guide. We could not understand his speech, but though pronounced differently the written characters meant the same to both.

It had required five hours to get from the depot into shelter for the night. At this rate it would be necessary to have well-made plans if we were to reach our destination the next day. No matter how obstinately Chinese cart drivers may refuse to travel after dark in the evening, they are usually quite willing to begin a journey before daylight in the morning. The guide agreed that we should start as early as possible.

As he had no timepiece, it was left with us to set the time for rising and to call him at that hour. No alarm clock was to be had at the inn. It was already late and we were tired. What if we should not waken early? The tiny pith lamp did not hold enough oil to burn all night. Indeed, the quantity of oil allotted to us was already nearly gone. There would be little enough for use in the morning. The few matches we carried must be used carefully, or there would be none when time came to light the lamp. But all this worry proved useless, for at one o'clock we were wakened by the loud crowing of a cock in the next room. Regularly every hour afterward he roused up, sounded a gentle alarm, and settled down again to sleep. Shortly before daylight he began to crow in real earnest, and refused to be silent till he was put out of doors. It seemed that another guest at the inn had, like ourselves, been anxious to get off early, so had caged this cock under his bed to waken him by crowing.

Although we had risen early and eaten breakfast at peep of day, we were disappointed that morning in getting off early. We had waited till long after the time the drivers had agreed to start, when one of their number came around to explain—well, to explain that his partners were sick and could not go that day. Our guide went with him to inquire into the matter.

On the face of it there was nothing at all the matter with them. There was no excuse for their not going except, as we suspected, the day being their New Year, the men were bent on staying at home to celebrate the great national holiday and feast.

Under ordinary circumstances we should have felt it our duty to respect their custom, but this was an exceptional case. It was very necessary that we reach the mission station that night.

Our guide coaxed and bantered, but the carters would not move. He had a talk with the chief of the drivers' guild, and offered an extra price on account of the holiday season. The chief said he was sorry, but really he had no way of helping us, since his carters were not willing to go.

There was one more way to try. Again the men left me in charge of the goods while they went to the yamen. This is the name by which a Chinese magistrate's residence for his term of office is called. They had decided to go to the chief officer of the village to ask for carts. The mandarin very kindly promised to supply our needs, and at once sent a runner with orders to bring carts to the inn and see us safely on our journey.

In a short time three carts, each drawn by four or five mules or small horses, swung into the courtyard of the inn. The haggle about who should take the big boxes and who be allowed the small ones, began again. The runner was finally obliged to call another larger cart drawn by more and heavier animals. The carters were about as cross and noisy as those of the night before. In fact, they acted as if they might be, and probably were, the very same men.

OVER THE ROAD BY MULE CART

Snow had fallen the night before and now covered the slightly frozen ground. We had hoped that by starting early we might cover a good part of the

journey while the roads were hard. But the sun, which came up beautifully bright and warm on this first day of the Chinese New Year, had mounted half-way up the heavens before our carts jolted out over the stone threshold. The snow had melted and the frost thawed from the ground by the time we reached a rise of ground some three miles from the village. The wooden cart wheels were blocked to the hub with mud between the spokes, and the animals pulling in front were breathing heavily. Something had gone wrong with the heavy cart, and it was lagging some distance in the rear.

Our guide was traveling with this cart, and we did not wish to get separated from him. My husband signaled his driver to wait while he ran back to find out what might be causing the delay. He found the carter cross—that was where the whole difficulty lay. He had managed his team badly from the start, and they were already fretted and out of spirits. That cart would be obliged to take the journey slowly from now on, and if possible overtake us at a village about halfway, where we were to stop for lunch.

My husband had been assigned a seat on the first cart and I on the third. From his high seat in front he had been able to keep up a signal communication with the guide as to when we were to turn to right or left, go faster or slower. Now we must go on without him, and leave the choosing of the road to drivers with whom we could not speak and who were unable to read the written characters we had used with our guide. To add to this discomforting condition, the drivers were still out of sorts at being obliged to travel on that day.

The carts in which we traveled consisted of two wheels joined by a ponderous axle under a box resting directly upon the hounds without a hint of springs between. The thills consisted of two crude shafts joined at the rear by a heavy crossbeam. This was bound directly to the axle. The whole gearing was without spring or coupling to break the jar. It rose over obstacles and fell into ruts with the solid jolt of a single piece of wood. The large freight cart at the rear could boast of four wheels, and was guided by a tongue to which was attached a pair of wheel-mules.

Passengers usually spread mats, or if on a long journey, their bedding, on the bottom of the cart, to sit on. The Asiatic's supple joints suffer no inconvenience when he curls up his legs and sits on his feet. He appears to be perfectly comfortable any length of time in this position. Absolutely no seat is provided in these carts. The bottom always tilts from the front toward the rear. One must sit with his feet uphill or turn about and ride backward, unless he can make a bundle to sit on or has brought a seat with him. A seat is not very practical, because it is liable to slide about with the jolting of the cart. Perhaps, as one missionary said, "the easiest way to sit in a cart is to lie down."

With us there was no choice as to how we should sit, nor where. The boxes of goods we were carrying through to the mission were piled high over the axle to balance the load, and we were given seats on large boxes placed at the very front as a balance to keep the load from sliding backward in the cart. Our weight threw the balance of the load forward onto the thill straps passed over the wheel-mule's back.

"How far to Shangtsai?" my husband inquired, motioning in the direction of the mission.

"Sixty li" (about twenty miles), sourly returned the driver.

The geographical mile is equal to about three Chinese li. Before starting we had been told the distance was about sixteen miles, and that with an early start our carts ought to reach there by noon.

A glance back over the track we had left in the soft ground helped to explain this difference of opinion. If it were really sixteen miles traveling by direct road from the railroad to the mission, the winding way by which we had come would certainly double that distance.

On leaving the village we had followed at first what seemed to be a highway leading out between the vegetable gardens and small fields. Presently, however, the road passed from the hillside into a very narrow, much worn-down bed. It is not the custom for the Chinese government



ROAD CUT DEEP BY CENTURIES OF TRAVEL

to lay out its roads and levy taxes to keep them in repair. Without railroads to carry produce to distant markets, most of what is raised must be consumed near where it is grown.

These quiet farmers and villagers travel very little, and roads are not thought of as very important to their manner of living. What bridges are built are made at the expense of some generous inhabitant, or by one who has done a wrong in getting his wealth, which he hopes to atone for by giving it for a useful purpose. Needed repairs, likewise, are made by any man, either by one so old that he cannot labor at hard work, or by one who has a few leisure hours to spend in filling the deepest ruts or cutting a drain to carry off the water. The streets of the villages are cleaned (what little cleaning there is done) and kept up in the same way.

Quite evidently this road had never been turnpiked. It resembled a gutter washed by the rains rather than a public highway. The thawing snow had run down from the higher ground at either side, and filled the hollows and ruts with soft mud and water that hid them from sight. In this condition the road was positively dangerous as we were loaded.

After counseling among themselves, the cart drivers applied the lash to their teams, emphasizing the stinging cuts with more threats, and so forced the mules up the slope to the higher ground. After that the carts followed the highest level, winding about through grain fields or wherever it might lead. Once in a while we struck the old-time road, especially as we neared the villages, which often perch on a side hill at the edge of a rolling plain. At each village—

and in this fertile section they are not far between — the drivers stopped for a drink of tea, and filled their long pipes for a few whiffs of smoke.

There was no sign of the big load when our train of carts stopped to feed. It was considerably past noon, and we had not yet covered half the journey. But since the drivers chose to stop here rather than where we had agreed to meet, we thought best not to oppose their choice. All the time we were hoping that the guide, who knew the country well, would strike a short cut, and still be able to meet us at that point.

The going was better just now, over a lighter soil, and we yet hoped to reach the mission before dark. My husband decided to lighten the load by walking, and the drivers followed his example. The teams were double the strength we should consider necessary for such loads, but attached as they were, each animal separately and guided without reins, only by the long whip, one pulling this way and another that way, much of their effort was lost because they were not harnessed to pull together.

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING WITH THE CART DRIVERS

The carters had again taken seats on their carts and were urging forward their teams. My husband was growing tired, and signaled me to stop the cart. I communicated the word to my driver, but he made a sign that the foreigner's seat was with the front cart, not on this one.

"Call him, then," I commanded in southern Chinese dialect, pointing to the cart ahead. Fortunately he understood or guessed my meaning, and sent ahead a call to the driver to wait. He even halted his team

and made way for the other to stop. Instead, the leader replied with a sally that set the others chuckling, and whipped up his team. They followed suit. My husband tried to run, but as he was facing the wind, he was soon out of breath and obliged to give this up. The soil was sticky clay. His feet were clogged with rolls of the soft earth. I could see his figure stooping forward and swaying with the effort. Still the distance between us was lengthening. The carts in front went rollicking forward in genuine enjoyment of our dilemma.

I called to my carter to halt, but he pretended not to understand. When we had rounded this hill-top, I should be out of sight of my husband. That he could not keep up the chase much longer was quite plain. Even as we crossed wheatfields, the green tufts sank deep into the soil under the pressure of his mud-loaded feet. I was alarmed, and called to the driver to stop. He tried to look blank, pretending not to understand. Pointing at him with one hand, I reached the other threateningly into the inside pocket of my traveling cloak, and commanded, "Stop now!"

There was nothing in my pocket but a handkerchief and a long menthol inhaler with a metal nozzle. Maybe it looked dangerous in the hands of a foreign woman; at any rate the ruse succeeded and the cart came to a standstill. He argued with words and dumb signs that the other carts were going on. I shook my head, and kept the inhaler in hand.

By the time my husband reached the cart he was completely tired out. I shifted to make place for him on my seat. The driver got excited, — No, no,

he must not get on there! His place was in the forward cart. The drivers were already peeved, and we thought best to humor them. They were not having a happy New Year, and plainly did not intend making one for us. When the front driver saw his passenger coming toward him, he whipped up his mules and started off at a trot.

My husband then returned to the rear cart. Here, too, the driver refused him a place, and raised the butt of his whipstalk to strike when the tired man attempted to spring to a seat on the moving cart. Not till then had we noticed that the driver's face was flushed and his eyes strange. Had our carters been drinking something more than tea? He looked like it. It would be foolish to turn one's back on a man in that condition.

Too tired to walk farther, but still facing the carter, my husband sat down in the driver's own seat on the thill. This brought on more threats with the stocky whip. But he shook his head firmly, and looked the carter steadily in the eyes. For a few moments they faced each other, the one storming with anger, the other almost exhausted but very determined.

The driver sat down in the wheatfield, as if to say, I will not go till you give up my seat. The traveler sat quietly, as if to reply, When you get me my rightful place, I will give up yours. Finally the carter gave in, and drove his vehicle alongside the cart in front, and the traveler climbed to his seat.

Late in the afternoon we passed below a native village nestled in a hollow between two gently rolling plains. It lay back against the slope without a sign of life, save a thin circle of pale smoke here and

there where a New Year feast was being prepared, and two men carrying buckets of water on poles over their shoulders, from a pool lower down. Three carts in a row, piled full of new pine boxes, with a



TRAVELING BY OX CART

pale-faced foreigner at front and rear, did not pass their way often. Though the feast waited on the coming of the water in those buckets, the men set down their burdens and stood looking after us as if they expected never to see such a curious sight again.

CROSSING A DITCH

The front and middle carts had reached the brink of a wide drainage ditch and the carters were talking together.

"How is your driver now?" my husband inquired, as he came back to the rear. "He may get sobered down before we get over this place. They have touched at the wrong spot. There is no bridge across the ditch, and the banks at this point are high and steep. What a pity our guide was delayed! If the carts get through safely, we ourselves can ride across on one of the mules. They have unloosed one, I think, for that purpose."

While he was speaking we heard a shout from the head driver, a bray in response from the lead mule, and a creak of cart wheels. An instant later the head cart was making its way through the ditch, which was partly filled with mud and water.

The second cart was not so well managed. The driver shouted excitedly, snapped the whip over the animals in lead, then, himself sank back upon the bank, afraid to see what would happen. The team plunged into the ditch, snatching the old wheel-mule off his feet after them. The cart rocked and swayed for a moment on the brink, then fell to the bottom, completely upsetting the load.

The wheel-mule lay on his side at the bottom of the ditch, helplessly bound between the heavy thills. The driver looked scared, realizing he might be called to give account to his village mandarin for his conduct toward the foreigner.

Three very changed carters rolled up their trousers and got down into the cold water. They loosened

the mule. He wriggled his body out from between the shafts, got onto his feet, and shook the mud from his coat. But the cart could not be straightened up till the boxes had been moved. Large square-cornered boxes are not easy to get hold of. The water carriers, still looking on from the hillside, were called to help with their poles. It is said a Chinese can lift anything he can tie to a bamboo pole, but it was not easy to get these boxes, sunken to half their size in the soft earth, tied to their poles. The five men together tugged at the big box, but had to give it up. Then my husband returned from the village with a piece of strong timber. A stone was rolled down from the bank, and with this to rest the timber on, he showed them how to use it as a lever to pry up the boxes and roll them to the higher ground.

Possibly they were glad now that they had not succeeded in shaking off the traveler by the way. At any rate, by being able to help them when they were helpless the foreigner had raised himself a long way in their estimation. They seemed quite willing to give him a place when the cart had been righted up and we started again from the other side of the ditch.

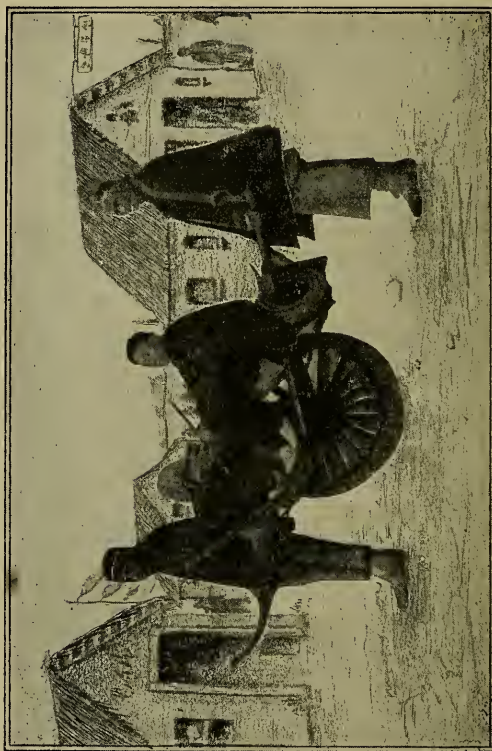
The carters were now obliged to creep along very cautiously in the dark, keeping close together in order to follow the track of the leader. With a poor little lantern he had borrowed at the village, the head carter picked his way in a general direction toward the city. We had traveled far out of the way, and it was hopeless to think of finding the road again that night. All we could do was to keep in the direction pointed out by the villagers as being toward Shangtsai.

Presently, there burst up from the plain a brilliant light of many colors. It flashed high into the heavens, and lighted up the country around. Distinctly, in the glare, outlined against the plains, lay the gray walls of a Chinese city.

“There’s the city!” “There’s the city!” exclaimed the carters in great relief.

Shangtsai was welcoming the New Year by a big celebration with fireworks. From this time on till we reached its gate, the inclosure within the gray walls was for the most part a light spot in the darkness. Pinwheels were unrolled, long rows of firecrackers suspended at the doorway of homes and shops were fired, and Roman candles were exploded. China is the home of gunpowder, and the Chinese celebrate their New Year with a lavish display and variety of fireworks not to be equaled by any Fourth of July celebration in American towns of the same size. Now and then a brilliant rocket sped up into the heavens to return in a starry shower over the plain.

An hour later we were seated with our friends at the mission, relating the incidents of our first trip alone with mule carts and drivers.



TRAVELING BY WHEELBARROW

A WHEELBARROW TRIP

BY J. N. ANDERSON

ON our first visit to the province of Honan, word was received at the mission that a number of persons living sixty li away, were interested to hear the message of the soon-coming Saviour. We at once decided to visit them. To go there we must either go afoot or travel by wheelbarrow.

A walk of twenty miles over footpaths wet with recent snow, was not inviting. More than this, the missionary who was going with me was an older man than I, and scarcely able to walk the distance. I could not go alone. Plainly, our only way was to travel by wheelbarrow.

More than a year had passed since we arrived in China, and in this time I had come to feel at home traveling by steamship. We were used to getting about by jinrikisha and sedan chair, and could content ourselves even with the slow-going house-boat when necessary. The wheelbarrow also was an old acquaintance. I had known it at home as a handy implement on the farm and in the garden. But for traveling long distances it was an altogether novel conveyance to me. Not so to our friend, the missionary, for here in central China wheelbarrow conveyances are as common as railway cars in Western countries. It is not an unusual sight to see a train of twenty-five or more loaded wheelbarrows together, winding along over the narrow, rough, crooked paths thrown up for this traffic. Over these roads communication is kept up between large cities and the surrounding villages, even to remote parts of the country.

ENGAGING THE DRIVER

However, before one can go on a wheelbarrow journey he must find some one willing to take him. On this occasion such a person was not easy to find. This was the Chinese New Year season, when everybody is supposed to have cleaned house, paid his debts, shaved his head, and put on his best new clothes. All kinds of business are laid aside for a week or two at the beginning of their new year, while the whole Chinese nation enjoys a holiday.

But here in China, as elsewhere, money can make things go when mere words fail. We promised the chief of drivers 1,200 cash for a barrow on this trip, and immediately two drivers volunteered. That did look like a pile of money as it lay in a heap strung together on a hay string run through the square hole in the center of each piece. It really was double the usual price, but this was the holiday season, and we should expect to pay accordingly. We counted the pieces again, and reckoned their value in United States currency. It was equal to sixty cents. The journey would require the time of two men for two days going and returning, or four days' work for one man, in all. After all, sixty cents did not appear a very large price for four days' work and the use of a wheelbarrow. We were anxious to go, so a bargain was closed with the chief, who promised that a barrow would be at our door early next morning.

THE WHEELBARROW

These Chinese wheelbarrows are in general built like those in the United States, but are giants as compared to them in size. A frame built over the

wheel is wide enough to accommodate a passenger and his luggage on either side. The barrow we engaged was a first-class conveyance, with a pair of handles in front as well as at the rear. Such a vehicle is propelled by two men, and combines speed with comfort.

The man behind the barrow wears a heavy, broad strap over his shoulders and attached to a handle at each side. He supports the load from his shoulders while he pushes it forward. Another man walks between the handles in front, balancing the load and guiding the barrow. He also wears a strap over the shoulders, but his strap is attached to the body of the barrow, and forms the traces by which he helps to pull the load forward. Sometimes when the wind is favorable, a square of cloth or matting is hoisted to serve as a sail. A second-class barrow is smaller, and is intended to be pushed by one man, with possibly a boy in front pulling by a rope. These are more jerky in their movements, and not so comfortable as the first class. Traveling by third class one pays only for a place to sit.

After the passengers are seated, the manager makes up the balance of his load, which will weigh up to 600 or 700 pounds, of anything that happens to be awaiting transportation. One often sees barrows carrying men or women and children on one side, with an equal weight of live pigs, poultry, odorous dried fish, sacks of grain, or a pile of cabbages, on the other side. "What others will think," has much to do with our ideas of what is proper. It is quite certain a modest, well-bred Chinese woman would feel more comfortable riding beside a heap of pork or a bundle of cabbages, than to be obliged to sit next to a gentleman who was not a very near relative of hers.

THE START

The drivers we had engaged were on hand with a strong new barrow next morning, as promised. We should be obliged to stay overnight in the village at the other end of our journey. In China, guests are expected to bring with them the bedding they will require. Our hand luggage and bedding were distributed on the frame so as to make a comfortable place for us to lie or sit, as we chose.

When the passengers had been comfortably settled, our barrow started on the journey across a country that was beautiful even in early February. The day was bright and clear and warm, like the pleasant days of April in Michigan or Wisconsin. Indeed, it was the opening of spring in this part of China. The spring's work had not yet begun, for the holiday season was on; but the rich fields, cut into small, garden-like patches, were green with growing wheat and peas, sown in the fall, to be harvested in May.

After a ride of two or three miles our drivers halted at a small inn to drink a cup of tea and take a few puffs at their long wooden pipes. By this time the sun was well up. The wheelbarrow men removed their padded outer garments, and threw them onto the load. Then each man took his place between the handles, slipped the heavy strap over his shoulders, and set to work in real earnest. For an hour we covered the distance rapidly.

WHY NO OIL

The Chinese do not oil their barrows, and the big wheel groans and creaks with every revolution. Lying on the bedding spread out on the big frame, I

tried to imagine that this noise helped to soften the jars and jolts as the wheel went bumping over stones and rough places in the road. At least it helped to keep our minds off these smaller troubles, for it screeched the loudest where the road was roughest.

Let me add that drivers purposely omit oiling their wheelbarrows for what they think to be very good reasons. First, it saves the cost of oil. Of course it makes the barrow harder to drive, but where labor is so cheap, folks do not think much about trying to lighten labor. The second reason is by far the more important,—it is thought the noise of the wheel will scare away the evil spirits supposed to be skulking along the way. One who has heard the ghostly groans of a wheelbarrow train in the distance coming nearer and nearer till they seem to rise out of the earth at his feet, can easily imagine the noise would frighten anything into flight.

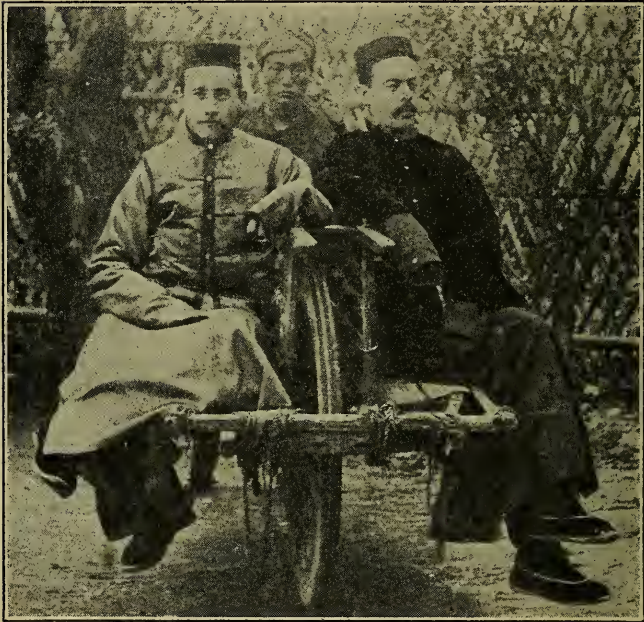
Our barrow drove about four miles an hour when it was under way, but as the cost of refreshments is always provided by the passengers, our men stopped very often, we thought, to get a cup of tea or a bowl of millet gruel.

Once I felt myself growing drowsy, and stretching out in the warm sunshine, fell asleep for a moment. Suddenly a quick jolt of the barrow brought me to my senses. It was scarcely safe to be off guard over such roads. If another jolt like that should catch me napping, I might roll off into the ditch, and the wheelbarrow, thus suddenly unbalanced, would tip over.

Sometimes the road was only a narrow, one-wheel track between fields. Here and there it was a turnpike four to seven feet in width—wide enough to

allow barrows traveling in opposite directions to pass each other. Everywhere it was about as crooked as one can imagine a road to be.

This has not just happened to be so. Roads in China are built that way for a purpose. Evil spirits



A WHEELBARROW TRIP IN HONAN

are believed to be able to travel only in a straight line. On this account all roads are laid out in a winding fashion, twisting between the fields and knolls. The Chinese think this will throw evil spirits off the track, so that they cannot follow a traveler to do him harm.

IN NO HASTE

Farther on we reached a beautiful running stream spanned by a massive stone arched bridge. This bridge may have been, as our drivers declared, 200 years old, but the stone arch was as firm as if it were but two weeks old. There was a comfortable inn below the bridge. Here our train halted again. My fellow passenger and I were careful to alight



AN ARCHED BRIDGE

at the same moment so as not to capsize the barrow.

Again the drivers refreshed themselves with tea and filled their pipes, but this time they sat down on some wooden benches under a straw canopy for a good rest. We began to think they were taking at least a half-holiday by the way. We knew it was wiser to keep still, so those of us who did not smoke contented ourselves with chewing and sucking the juice of green sugar-cane stalks, which we purchased in short sticks at the confectionery stand

near the door of the inn. The sweet juice was refreshing, and the chewing helped us to keep from saying words better not spoken.

The next halt was made at a village halfway to our destination. Here we stopped for tiffin. After the meal was over, we spent some time distributing copies of a Gospel of the Scriptures. The village people flocked into the street out of curiosity to see the strange foreigners. Each of these booklets cost less than one cent, but even so, many of these people said they were too poor — had no money to buy. Some did not care for our books, and many could not read.

After this stop, our wheelbarrow men showed a real desire to get to the end of the journey. They drove the last half of the distance with but one short stop. Had they started out this way, we might have reached the large village which was our destination by noon. As it was, we did not arrive till four o'clock in the afternoon. A very comfortable room had been prepared for us. When the messenger they had sent to invite us gave out word the "teachers" had come, an earnest group of Chinese immediately came to be taught.

SOWING THE GOSPEL SEED

As soon as we were settled, our Chinese evangelist sent out his card to the most important men of the town. This card was a strip of heavy bright-red paper, bearing his name written in three large black characters, in a perpendicular line down the center. Almost at once, those who received these cards, began to call. Through them, word that there would be a public meeting in the evening, was carried throughout the village.



EVANGELIST FAN DEN DJUIU

That evening fully two hundred persons came till there was no longer standing room in the big house, nor in the street before the door. The company consisted mainly of men and boys, with only now and then a venturesome woman in a distant part of the room. The poor and the rich came. The docile peasant in blue cotton garments crowded close upon the proud mandarin clothed in rich silks and soft fur. All listened attentively while the evangelist told how the true God, whom he now served, is different from the gods whom he once served.

The true God claims every man's love and obedience because he created us. Then he related his own experience in becoming a Christian. "Surely," he said, "if God could save a sinner like me, he can save you, my friends."

Some listened with deep interest, and one could feel that these meant to follow the speaker's advice and become worshipers of the true God. Others looked dazed and bewildered, as if, though they heard his words, they could not make out his meaning. I am sure they will come again when a chapel is opened in this village, as it soon must be. Others talked their disbelief aloud in the meeting, and growled about the foreigners who had come to change their long-time customs.

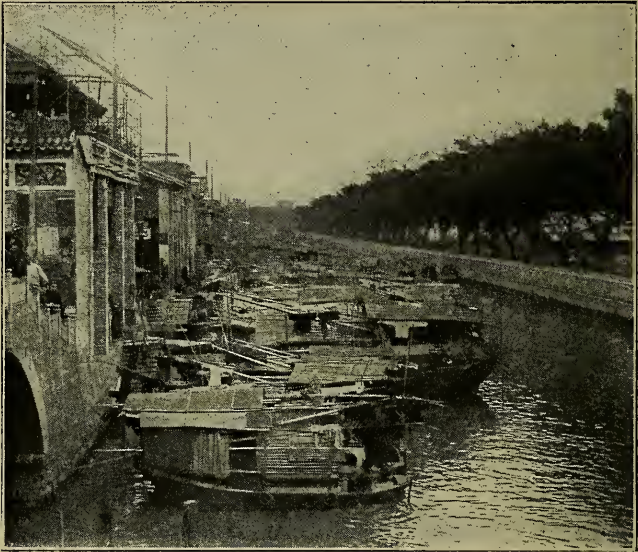
The next morning the chief mandarin of the village sent his card inviting us to call at his residence. He received us with real Oriental display of hospitality. When this was over, and we began to talk seriously, he begged that we would come and open a mission in the town, promising to protect and help us with his influence.

We set out on our return to the mission with a strong feeling that God is opening the way for his message of salvation to be preached to the Chinese people, and that it should be our greatest pleasure to use every means in our power to see this work accomplished.

The Chinese may be behind the times in using the wheelbarrow and other slow means of travel. They are slow in adopting the use of modern inventions. But in their need of a Saviour they are not behind us. Neither are they slower than we to accept his salvation. It often appears that they appreciate God's great love the more in proportion to the darkness out of which they are redeemed.

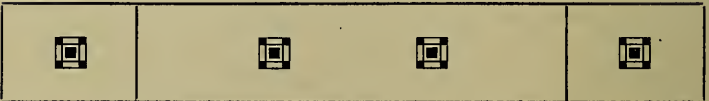


RAFT ON THE YGUAZU RIVER



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SCENE ON A CANAL



A JOURNEY IN A HOUSE-BOAT

THE call rang out from the upper veranda of our home, "A'Ho! A'Kom!"

The house faces the river, and stands only three or four rods from the water's edge. A long row of house-boats and sampans always lies in front, but we find it more satisfactory to employ a boat we are well acquainted with.

"A'Ho comes," responded that person from where she stood beside the block of a fish vender, who dressed the fish on the spot and dealt out fresh sea foods.

"A boat is needed, quickly."

"Ah, so you wish a boat? Going to what place?" inquired A'Ho, looking up to the veranda with a good-natured smile.

"Going to the steamboat wharf," replied the voice.

"Going to the fire-boat's horsehead for what?" she continued, childishly.

"Going to meet a friend coming on the steamer from Hongkong. Come quickly."

"A-a-h, come before long," she promised, rather too indefinitely.

It was one of those dull, damp winter mornings that come with January in the semitropics. While there is no sign of frost, the cold chills the thin blood and stiffens the muscles of the native people, leaving them little inclined to work.

The boatwoman made her way leisurely toward the river. In one hand she held a small piece of fish and a very large white radish; the other clutched a sack of rice. The slip of white, fresh fish was

slung in a noose of dried grass and handled with care. The large vegetable root, half radish, partly turnip, dangled from a longer strand of the same tough fiber. No wrapping paper or twine had been wasted at the market on either of these articles. It was no use for the boatwoman to cover her purchases. Where house-boats lie so close together, side touching side, there can be no secret as to what the neighbors are to have for breakfast.

We were ready to start, waiting at the small landing place before our door. The boat had not come.

"Sampan, come quickly! What makes you so very slow?" we urged.

"Fear the fire-boat not yet has arrived. We have not seen it," drawled the headwoman.

"True, the steamer has not arrived, but it is due at eight o'clock. It takes a half hour to row to the wharf."

"Not can go so swiftly this morning," she argued.

"The tide is against us, very strong. About nine o'clock the tide turns, rowing will be easy then," spoke up one of the other women.

"Cannot wait. The steamer is due at eight o'clock. Our friend has sent word he will come by this boat," we insisted.

"No mistake, — I understand, — but he will wait for you, will he not?" she still continued, although we were already settling ourselves in her boat.

"Our friend is a stranger here. He has come all the way from Australia to visit us. He would think us 'lost-manners' [rude or impolite] persons if we were not on time to meet him."

"Ah, the Western man is like that? You say he comes from the New Gold Mountain?¹ V-e-r-y f-a-r!" she mused. Then as if trying to think out just how far away was that land of gold, she asked, "The big piece fire-boat walked how long before he got here?"

We were too much concerned with getting started to answer more questions just then. One missionary woman who travels about in boats a great deal asserts that during the last year she has translated a text-book for use in her schools while waiting for boats. In some country villages of the West River delta the boat people will not go against the tide. They prefer rather to wait for the tide to turn their way. At longest it cannot be more than six hours. That is not long to wait. At least it does not seem long to these boat people, who spend most of their time squatted on their heels, chatting.

"Now we are ready, quickly go," we said when we were seated.

"Not can go quickly. The current is very strong. Fear we need one piece strong man at the scull. A'Kom must help me in front. A'So is old and not strong any more," suggested the headwoman, turning her head to take a peep into the tiny mite of a kitchen where the old woman was cooking their breakfast.

The blazing sticks had already been drawn from under the rice kettle. Only smoldering coals and hot ashes remained. This was a sure sign the rice was boiled, and was now left to steam till the kernels should become tender and sweet. The big

¹This is the name by which Australia has been known since the discovery of gold, in distinction from the west coast of our United States, called the "Gold Mountain" for the same reason.

vegetable had been carefully cut into narrow shreds, and was stewing in a broad iron pan over a hot fire. A'So lifted the cover and stirred the white strips. A savory odor of vegetable in peanut oil passed our way. This dish, too, was almost done. She laid on top with particular care the piece of fresh fish hacked into three portions. Then the cover was fitted on snugly for the fish to steam. The old woman pushed into the fire the few remaining brands, and leaned back in her seat with a look of satisfied contentment.

Falling in with the headwoman's suggestion of more help, we said, "Well, if the rowing is so very heavy, call another man."

"If we call another man, we shall require more pay, shall we not?" she parleyed.

"That I do not know. You have one set price for this trip, do you not?"

"Perhaps the Western man does so. We Chinese not do the same. Use more men, one must put out more money," she explained.

A neighbor was called. He put into motion the long, sweeping scull in the rear. The women in front dipped their oars, and the boat began to slip out from between its companions.

"Beg your pardon, may we pass?" called the headwoman to her seniors. "Step aside," she said to those of her own age, and "Thank you," as we passed. These boat people certainly have learned that people may live very close together and get on smoothly if they will be pleasant and courteous to one another.

The tide was going out swiftly, but with two women rowing and a man at the scull in the stern, we made

good progress. The house-boat rocked steadily upstream while we sat comfortably sheltered by its arching top. At this early hour most of the house-boats still lay at their mooring. We passed close to the stern of a large boat where the family were at breakfast. In hot weather the morning meal is taken later in the day, but in cool weather an early hot breakfast helps to warm the sampan



RIVER FRONT NEAR CHANGSHA MISSION

family. Whiffs of cooked salt fish and the odor of salt vegetables, pickled after the manner of sauerkraut, was in the air.

“So fragrant! Certainly a good flavor,” remarked A’Ho. I suspect she was thinking quite as much of the radish stew with fish waiting in her own kitchen, as of the salt fish and sauerkraut in the big boat.

The hardest place in the river had been reached. It is at this turn that the large American hospital and the tall medical college loom above their Chinese neighbors. The water swirls in making the bend. When the tide

goes out the strongest, the current eddies and is swift.

A loud, hoarse whistle broke from downstream.

"The steamboat!" I exclaimed. "We cannot get there in time!"

"Fire-boat is coming. That is certain," repeated the head boatwoman. A scared look came into her face as she repeated over again, "Certainly coming." She remembered that if she did not reach the wharf in time, her passengers would be in disgrace. Their friend would think them "lost-manners" persons.

"Row! row hard!" she shouted back excitedly to the man in the stern. He responded with all his strength. The big oar went to and fro with long sweeps that almost lifted the rower from his footing.

"Sit very still and in the middle," she commanded us. The two women in front swung back on the oars with all their might. A race was on. Not a word was spoken, but an occasional, "Pull, pull-ee," came like a groan from the headwoman. Outer garments were thrown off, and their faces grew red with exertion.

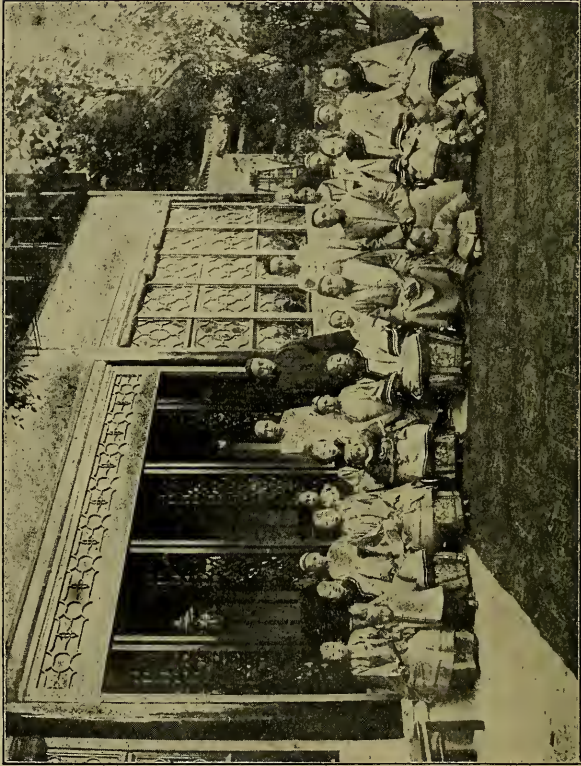
Better to have started with a little more energy than to make all this fuss at the end, I thought. But A'Ho would have replied to this also, "That is your way, not ours."

The steamboat slowed down. The house-boat shot ahead and reached the wharf first.

"There is our friend on the deck, standing at the bow!"

We knew him by his erect figure, his broad shoulders, and the crown of gray hair.

The Chinese and How They Live



THE HOME AND FAMILY OF A WEALTHY CHINAMAN

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHINESE

WHERE the founders of the present Chinese race came from, no one really knows. Some think their ancestors lived south of the Caspian Sea, and that they traveled eastward so long ago as in the century of the twenty-four hundreds before Christ. Others say, No; they must have come from the valley of the Euphrates, because in many ways the early Chinese were like the ancient Chaldeans.

One thing is certain, the founders of China were a wandering people from Western Asia. They came to the East, driving their flocks and herds with them. Finding the valley of the Yellow River, in the part now known as the province of Shensi, to their liking, they drove out the original tribes and made themselves at home. Soon after settling in this region, they added farming to their old occupation of stock grazing.

The earliest Chinese used picture writing somewhat like that of ancient Egypt. In these early writings are found picture words which show that the people kept cattle and sheep, and that they also tilled the soil. The shape and style of Chinese houses, especially of their roofs, resemble tents. This resemblance is taken as further proof that their ancestors were tent dwellers, and brought over this tent-style of architecture from their nomadic life.

EARLY MYTHS OF CREATION

The Chinese do not trace the beginning of the world to its creation by God, as related in the Bible. P'an Ku, their first man, is supposed to have come to life when all the universe was yet in confusion and

darkness. He was given a chisel and a mallet, and left to make a world for himself to live in. Native paintings present P'an Ku as a great giant at work cutting the rocks with chisel and mallet. He toiled for nearly twice ten thousand years before the heavens and earth were formed.

Three other giants followed P'an Ku, — the heavenly, the earthly, and the human. These each in turn worked the same length of time. Finally, according to Chinese legends, the earth was finished as we now see it.

After these three came Yu Ch'ao, "the dweller in a nest." He taught men to build houses to live in. Before his time they had lived in holes in the earth, in caves, and among the branches of the trees.

Sui Jen, "the producer of fire," discovered how to make fire by rapidly boring one hard stick of wood into another. Then men began to use fire to cook food. They no longer ate raw food like the beasts. He also taught his people to count and to record accounts. Instead of writing figures in columns, — units, tens, hundreds, etc., — they tied knots in a string. The length of the space before a knot indicated its value.

These stories are only legends or myths, and give no account of anything that even *might* have happened. However, they do help us to understand that from those earliest times the Chinese have not known God as the creator of all things and a kind heavenly Father. Instead of depending on a Saviour's power, they have thought that every man, like P'an Ku, the first man, must work out his own salvation in his own strength.

"THE ANCIENT BOOK OF HISTORY"

Confucius, China's greatest teacher, undertook to piece together all the early writings he could find into a history of China. He collected accounts that had been preserved in writing upon strips of bamboo,



PAGODA, TEMPLE, AND MONASTERY NEAR CANTON

and with great patience and labor put them together in what is called "The Ancient Book of History." Two rulers of these early times, Yao (B. C. 2356) and Shun (B. C. 2255), are especially revered by Confucius and by his pupil Mencius. To the present time

these men are esteemed the wisest and most virtuous that ever ruled this people. Their reigns are regarded as the Golden Age of Chinese history.

At this early period China had already become a monarchy ruled by kings instead of, as in the beginning, by merely tribal chiefs selected, like the judges of Israel, because they had proved themselves most fitted to defend the nation.

THE OLDEST NATION

Although these accounts collected by Confucius are firmly believed by the majority of Chinese scholars, the truth in them is so mixed with legend that it is almost impossible to tell what is true and what is purely legendary. Of this, however, we may be certain: China is the oldest nation in the world today. Other great nations, like Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Greece, Rome, long ago rose to the height of their power and passed away. Three thousand years ago China had become a great nation, with a stable government, having also a literature, a religion, manufactures, and arts, and all that goes to make up what is called civilization.

Looking backward upon what she had attained in her Golden Age, the nation became satisfied, and from that time to the beginning of this century—1900—she made little real progress. Today her government, social customs, methods of education, and industries are those of that ancient world, the time when our Old Testament Bible was being written.

Today China covers an area of more than 4,000,000 square miles, with a population of 400,000,000 people, but for all this she is counted one of the feeblest among the nations of the modern world.

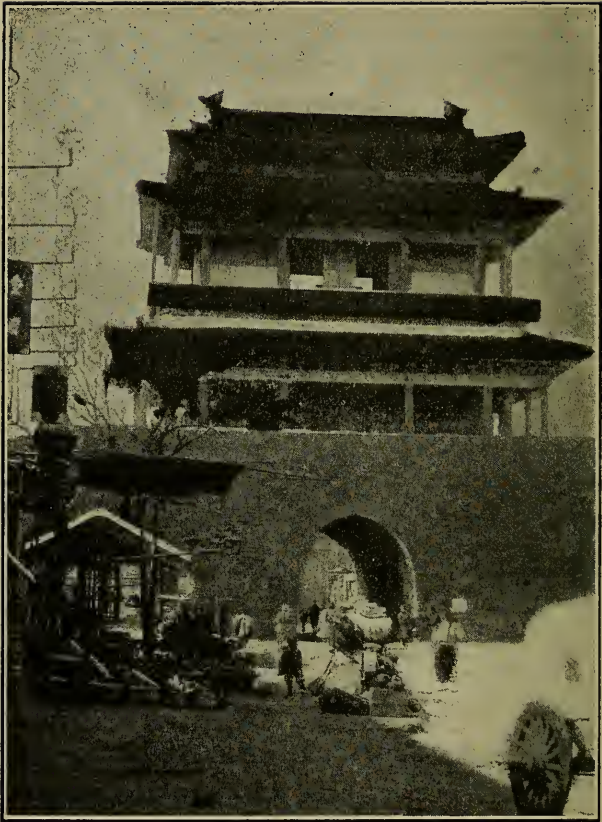
GOD'S PLAN FOR CHINA

China's people are hopeless of a future life, and consequently are careless of this life, because they do not know that it is given us to prepare for eternal life. The Christian can say, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." The non-Christian Chinese looks forward only to an uncertain future in a spirit world. There is no picture of a bright resurrection day, with its meeting again of dear ones, before his eyes. He has no hope for a City of God, with its everlasting joys. At best he may hope that after a long time he will be returned to this world to try life over again in some other form of existence.

Many of the truest and wisest of China's leaders today are saying that China is poor, and blind, and wretched, and naked, because her people have forsaken the true God and followed after idols. One has said, "There is but one help for all our troubles, that is Jesus Christ."

Long centuries ago, while China was a great nation, still satisfied with her own ways, the prophet of Israel saw this need. He predicted that God would send help to this darkened people, and lead many of them into his kingdom:

"Thus saith the Lord, . . . to him whom man despiseth, to him whom the nation abhorreth, to a servant of rulers, Kings shall see and arise, princes also shall worship, because of the Lord that is faithful, . . . and he shall choose thee. . . . Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim."



CITY WALL AND GATE

CHINA'S NAME OF PROMISE

CHINA may be divided into two parts: China Proper, or the eighteen provinces which occupy the southeastern quarter of the continent of Asia; and her five dependencies, lying to the west and north of these provinces.

MANY NAMES FOR CHINA

The name "China" is a foreign word. No Chinese calls his native land by this name. It is not known where this name came from nor when it came into use. Some say it was in use more than a thousand years before Christ; others think it is of a much later date. The Chinese use the term "Shih-pa-shêng" (the eighteen provinces) when they speak of China Proper.

Chung Kwok (meaning middle kingdom) is the name in most common use by the Chinese. This name may first have been used to designate the middle part of their own country—the Eighteen Provinces—as separate from the other divisions; but more likely it was applied to China as the center of the whole earth, as they conceived it to be. Their early maps represent China as the most important kingdom of the world, and other nations as occupying small cities or colonies on or around its border.

Another name applied to China is Celestial Kingdom, and the Chinese are sometimes called Celestials. This also is a foreign name. The Chinese never call themselves Celestials, nor their country the Celestial Kingdom. The ruling classes have sometimes styled themselves T'ien Ch'ao (the heavenly rulers, or the

kingdom whose rulers are appointed by heaven). The emperor was called the Son of Heaven. This idea of rulers from heaven, however, is not peculiar to China, for rulers of other monarchies also assume to reign as appointed by "the will of God."

Cathay is the name by which China was known to the inhabitants of Central Asia and of Southern Europe in the days of Marco Polo. This Italian traveler entered China by way of the desert of Gobi. He published an interesting account of his travels and of his stay at the magnificent court of this great empire. This name "Cathay" was derived from Kitai, a people who ruled the north of China in the tenth century *anno Domini*. The Russians, whose early intercourse with China was through the country of this people, still call the Chinese Kitai.

The Chinese are also called "the black-haired race." The people are proud of their abundant, coal-black hair. A native person who happens to have tawny hair or hair slightly tinged with red, is the object of funny jokes and slighting remarks. The Chinese call the English, as a race, "red-haired men," because of their fair complexion and light hair.

A native name for China is T'ang Shan (hills of T'ang). T'ang is the name of a highly honored dynasty of kings. From this name the Chinese call themselves T'ang Yan, or Men of T'ang. This is the common name by which Chinese speak of their race in the south of China.

Another favorite name for China is Chung Fo Kwok (the middle flowery kingdom). A still older name is Wa Ha (land of the glorious rulers).

The last royal family to rule China were the Manchus, who were of Tartar blood. The proud

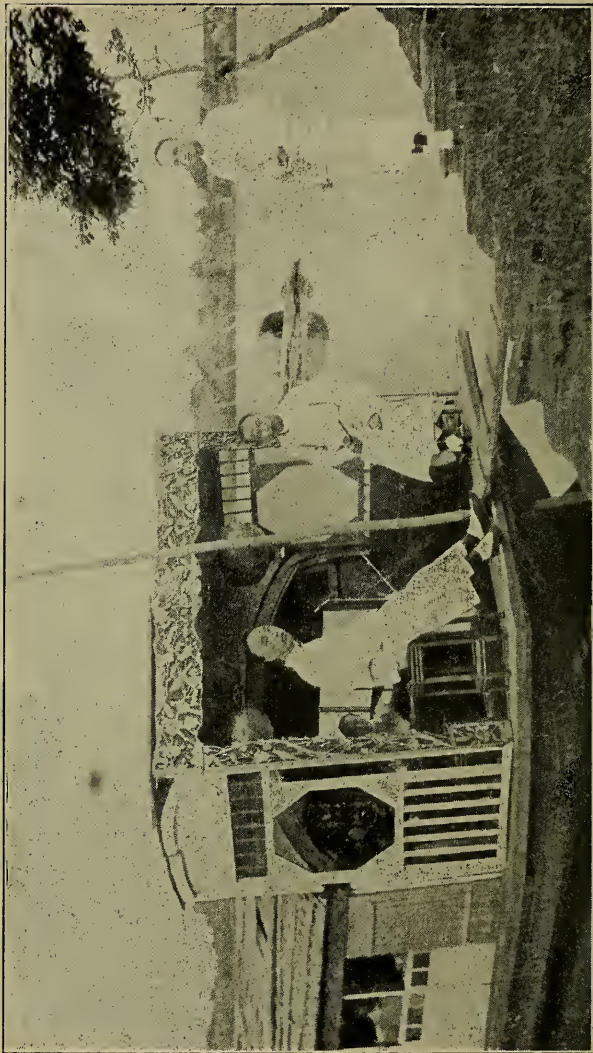
spirit of the Chinese chafed under the rule of the Manchus, whom they considered foreigners and oppressors. These rulers styled themselves the T'sing (pure kings), and the country they governed, Tai T'sing Kwok (the great pure kingdom).

Buddhists have called China by the Hindu name, Chin Tan (dawn). By the Mohammedans it is called the Land of the East. Both these foreign religions have found many followers in China.

THE NAME OF PROMISE

Last of all is the name by which Christians love to speak of this country of the Far East—the land of Sinim. This is the name China is called by the prophet Isaiah. Though he saw his own people—God's people, too—going into captivity because of their sins and their unfaithfulness to Jehovah; and though he beheld the kingdom in which God had set them to be a light, given as a spoil to the heathen, yet the prophet was still strong in faith. In the presence of that calamity which was soon to sweep away his nation, he prophesied that God would again gather to himself a people from all parts of the earth, and with that multitude he saw a company whom he called “these from the land of Sinim.” This is the best of all names, because it is coupled with a promise that the Chinese shall yet hear the glad news, and that “many shall come from the East” to “sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.”

When we say, “Thy kingdom come,” let every heart pray for a blessing upon the men and women in China who are striving to bring the fulfilment of this promise.



A "FLOWER BOAT" READY FOR AN EXCURSION

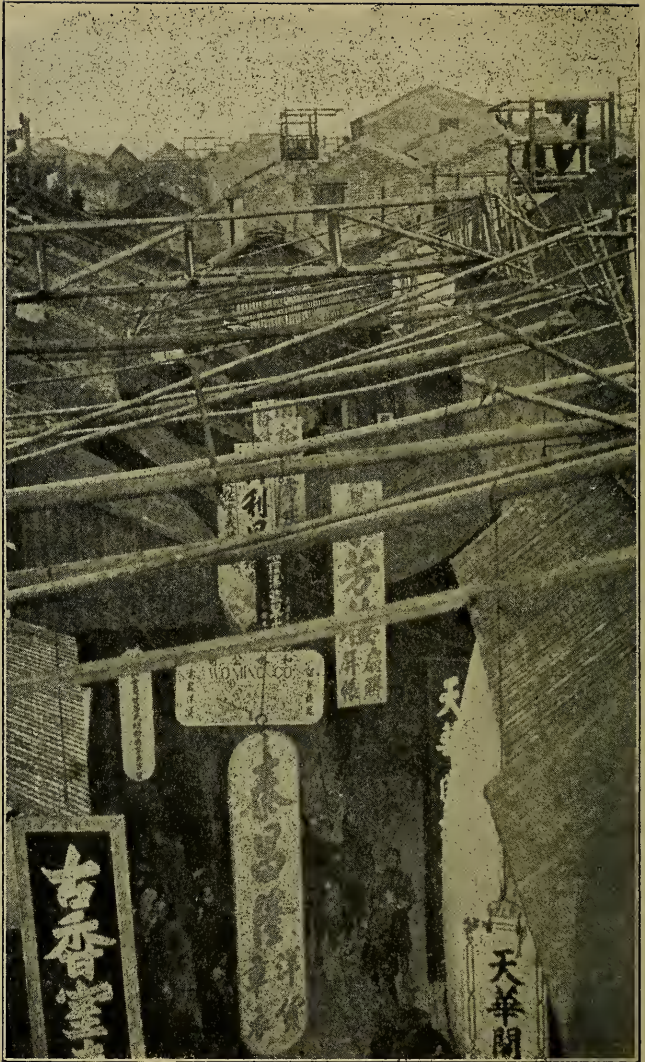
CANTON FROM DAY TO DAY

THE city of Canton has a population of two and one-half million. It is the largest city of South China. This is where our home is. All about us are strange faces that look so much alike to us because every person has black hair and black eyes. From every direction come the musical tones of a strange speech that baffles our understanding. On all sides is suffering we would like to relieve and sorrow we would like to comfort. On all sides we see the effects of ignorance and terrible superstition which only the gospel can uproot.

But before we can gain the confidence of the Chinese people, or even become acquainted with them, we must learn to speak with them in their own native speech. It will take a long time to learn to speak well, but it will take a yet longer time, our teacher says, to get acquainted with Chinese ways of doing and thinking so that we can teach the message we have come to bring, without offending the people who hear. This great city is just the place to live while we study the Cantonese language, which is the dialect spoken in the two southern provinces of China.

Our house faces Pearl River, and is three miles downstream from the Sha-mien, as the foreign settlement is called. Buried here in the heart of a great Chinese city, we seldom see a white face, but we enjoy getting out to talk with the Chinese people. It helps our ears to catch these language tones, and we are eager to learn.

The people are very friendly, and too polite to notice the blunders we make in trying to speak their



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LOOKING DOWN INTO SHAPPAT-PO STREET, CANTON

language. Judging from the correctness with which they guess at our meaning when we really do not say at all what we mean, they must be very keen and quick to understand. Tai So, the woman who lives with us, is different. I said to her, "Please turn the lamp low when you leave this room."

A few moments later the odor of smoking oil spread through the house. Looking for the cause, we found



VIEW OF PEARL RIVER

a stream of flame and smoke pouring from the chimney of this lamp.

"Did I not request you to turn the lamp low?" I reproved, rather doubtfully.

"No, madam, you asked me to make it *big*," she returned with certainty.

The difference lay in the pronunciation of the little Chinese word *tai*. Pronounced in one tone it means "low," in another tone it means "big." Perhaps, after all, stupid Tai So is our best teacher. It will

not be easy to forget, another time, which tone means "low."

A Chinese city is very different from a city in Western countries. In Canton two million people live on a land area about eight miles long east and west along the river, by five miles wide from the river front on the south to the city wall running along the crest of a range of hills on the north. There are no tall buildings. The inhabitants live densely packed together in low houses, at most not more than two low stories high. The streets are very narrow, and there are no green lawns, no shade trees, no parks. It looks as if the population requires every inch of the space.

When we first came to Canton, there was a crevice between our house and the fish market next door on the west. This space was less than five feet wide at the front and tapered to a point twenty-five feet back, where the walls of the two buildings came together. A week ago some man decided to open an eating-place there. He built a wall of boards across the front of this crack, set in a door, and fitted a sash of glass window panes above the door. Two men spent a day sawing and pounding to finish the inside. Then a family moved in. Today that enterprising restaurant keeper is serving hot meals on tables set in a semicircle extending from the fish market to our door. His patrons are many, but all the cooking is done in this tiny house built in the crack between our home and the fish market.

The other half million of Canton's inhabitants live in boats on the river which borders the city on the south and southwest, and on the canals that cross the city in various directions.

THE BOAT PEOPLE

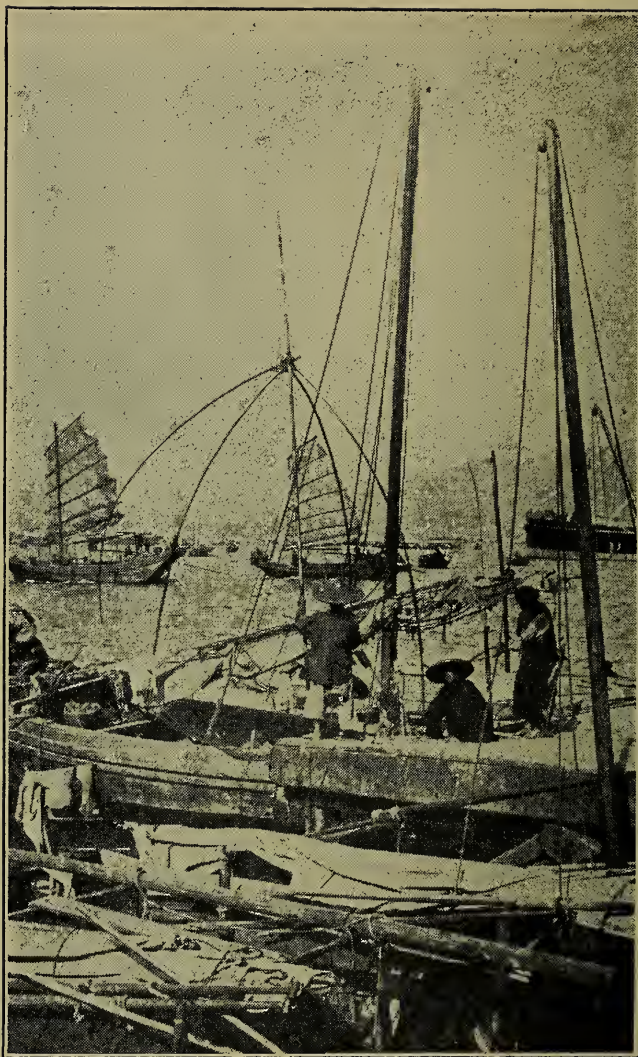
The boat people are always very interesting to me. Each boat is a complete home in itself, supplied with all that is required for this mode of life. These folk make their living by carrying passengers and merchandise, and are rarely seen on land except when



HOUSE-BOAT BOYS HAVING THEIR PICTURE TAKEN

they go ashore to purchase necessities for their simple mode of life.

The river before our house is fringed with a border of house-boats and sampans at all times of day, and more deeply bordered at night. The inhabitants of these boats are our nearest neighbors on the water-ward side of the street, and very interesting neighbors they are.



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HARBOR OF CANTON — JUNKS IN THE OFFING

Just below the landing place in front lies a small, dirty boat tied up to a long pole thrust into a spot of sandy beach. That is a local ferry. The woman sits under a broad bamboo hat, balancing the boat with the big oar at the rear as her passengers step in. When the boat is full, she will pull up the pole, drag in the chain, and scull across to the other side. Each passenger will pay five cash, equal to about one fourth of an American cent, for his passage.

A house-boat next the wharf is fairly alive with children climbing over its top and sides and hanging over the deck. One expects to see a tot tumble into the water at any moment. In this place the boats lie so closely together that one wonders if, should a child fall in, there would be room for it to rise again to the surface. One tiny maiden with freshly plaited hair tied with a quantity of pink cord, wears a wooden float dangling on her back as a precaution against just such an accident. If she falls in, the float will buoy her up to the surface till she can be fished out. The weest one of all is fastened in a rattan gocart from which he is struggling to get free. His spunky cries will soon bring some one to his release. Probably he then will be bound on the back of an older sister or brother, and so be carried about to join them in their play.

The boatwoman dips up a bucket of yellow water from the stream to wash the rice and vegetables. The rice will be boiled and the tea brewed with part of the same earth-tinged water. Boiled rice, with some greens and a piece of salt fish the man has just brought from the market, will make a satisfactory breakfast for this sampan family. The chickens con-



CHINESE CHILDREN

fined in a tiny basketwork coop on the roof at the rear, cackle noisily. Judging from the fuss they make, one can well believe they are doing their best toward supplying the family with fresh eggs while each waits its turn to be served at a feast.

Meanwhile, the boat is being scrubbed as preparations for breakfast go on. The mother touches fire to the few sticks of incense, and sets them in the bow of the boat. Some more of the smoking incense sticks are set before the wooden idol in the family shrine at the stern. Thus the day begins, and it will be closed with worship of the spirits or demons the boat people fear.

A few paces farther on an old worn-out house-boat rests on the river bank. The broken hulk is barely able to support the rickety, arched frame over which has been spread a tattered piece of matting for a roof. Inside is a bunch of straw covered with several worn-out garments for a bed. Two cracked bowls, a teapot and a cup, a pair of chopsticks, and a blackened cooking utensil resting on a tiny clay stove, are the only other furnishings in sight.

This boat is a sampan home for the aged. Here a little old woman sits on her heels, her long, lean arms hanging over her bony knees. The boat people give her a smile and a filial greeting as they go by. Often a kindly hand passes out a tasty bit of relish, a bunch of fresh spinach or mustard leaves, or a more nourishing portion from the giver's own allowance of food.

What else could be done for an aged sampan woman? She has lived all her life in a boat, and could not now be happy in a house on shore. Prob-



A WAYSIDE BOOTH RESTAURANT IN CANTON

ably her children have done the best possible thing they could do for her — to leave her sitting here quietly to dream over again the scenes of her active life in the old boat.

On a pile of stones under the shade of a tree a group of girls have gathered, perhaps to chat about a new bracelet one of them wears. Or perhaps they are talking about the new suits they are making for the coming dragon-boat festival. One rests her head on another's shoulder, and affectionately strokes her hand. Another pair entwine their arms in the school-girl fashion of our Western lands. I suppose none of them can read, but a look into their bright faces convinces one that it is not because they could not learn.

Do you not think we ought to teach the gospel to these neighbors of ours, and not only to these, but to all the millions of boat people living wherever water flows in China?

THE LANDWARD SIDE OF OUR STREET

The landward side of our street along Pearl River is lined with business places. Most of these are also the homes of the men employed in them through the day. In the small shops the place of business is always the home. For instance, observe the basket factory at the rear of our house. Through the day its wide ground floor is occupied in basket weaving. Piles of splint, willow, and rattan are heaped about, and there are stacks of finished baskets in every corner. Nothing about the place is in any way homelike during work hours. But when the day's work is done, these materials are stowed away, chairs and stools are

brought out into the big room, and the table is set for the evening meal. When night comes, beds are set up for the men, who eat and sleep in the room where they have worked through the day, while the women retire to their rooms in the loft for the night.



ARTIFICIAL GROTTOS IN A TEA GARDEN, CHANGSHA

The houses we pass along this side of the street are in general character like the basket factory.

In that section where the street is broadened by a turn in the river, mat sheds have been erected in the open space. Some of these mat-covered structures are simply open booths occupied as restaurants, but by far the greater number are closed in all around, leaving no openings except small squares for windows

above the height of a man's head and an entrance on one side. Through this entrance to the various huts an almost constant stream of men and boys is passing in and out. The click, click of metal and the clack, clack of bone mingled with noisy and angry voices within, indicate that these are gambling booths. At this early hour, before the day's work has begun, these places are thronged. Outside, groups of men sit on mats here and there, eagerly engaged in this national vice.

Near by is another stand where dice are shaken to win rice-flour pancakes baked by the man at the griddle. At a stand just beyond, a wheel of fortune is the drawing attraction. Conserves of fruit, nuts, ginger-root, and other sweetmeats are the prizes offered to lucky players. The latter place is especially attractive to young boys. The boy who is lucky in winning pancakes and sweetmeats is almost certain to grow up an inveterate gambler, and gambling in China leads to poverty, degradation, and crime.

A BRIGHT SPOT

A ten minutes' walk brings us to the entrance of the garden, where long rows of flowering plants are drinking in the morning dew and sun. There are the showy dragon flowers in brilliant scarlet clusters; long ferns; cool palms; and the dainty *bak yuk lam* (a dwarf species of magnolia) perfuming all the air with the fragrance of its white, waxen buds tucked under the dark, glossy leaves. There, most beautiful of all, are the white lotus plants, folding and unfolding their ample leaves to the play of the passing breeze and nodding graceful heads of snowy flowers. It is a de-

lightful prospect in contrast with the scenes of the street through which we have just passed.

SADDER SIGHTS

As our steps quicken, a peculiar sound attracts our attention toward the other side of the street. There on a pile of wet logs are crouched nine wretched lepers, holding out brown earthen dishes in which to receive either cash or food to eke out the existence of their poor, decaying bodies, literally falling to pieces as they walk on their feet. Two are women, seven are men, and none of them are old. Several of them have lost parts of their feet, and have only crippled stubs on which to hobble about. Others have so little of the hands left that both are required to hold the dish. In other cases the hands are whole but red and swollen, while a part of the face—the nose, an ear, or a lip—is gone. Their soiled and scanty clothing is not sufficient to conceal their “wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.” Having attracted our attention, they all hold out their brown dishes, begging, “Cumsha!”¹

A few steps away sits another victim of disease, leaning his thin body against a pile of old timbers taken from the embankment along the river's edge. His shrunken limbs stretched out upon the mat bed displayed his feet, thick and swollen. At his side lies a bamboo hat and the beggar's brown dish. He says nothing,—only looks from glassy black eyes set in sunken sockets.

Perhaps some friend has placed him here for the benefit of the morning sun. Remembering that our

¹The word “cumsha” is a corruption of Kam Sha, or Gold Sand. It means not a large gift, as represented by a gold coin, but a small gift, or grain of gold.

good intentions had been looked upon with suspicion on some other occasions when we had offered aid unasked, we feel compelled to pass on and leave him.

Later in the day I passed that way again, for his eyes haunted me. He was still there. As there were but few persons then in the street, I went nearer and inquired, "You are ill?"



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A SEDAN CHAIR RIDE IN THE HILLS NEAR HONGKONG
The gentleman in the chair is an American consul.

"Very ill," he replied in a hollow voice, reaching for the brown dish.

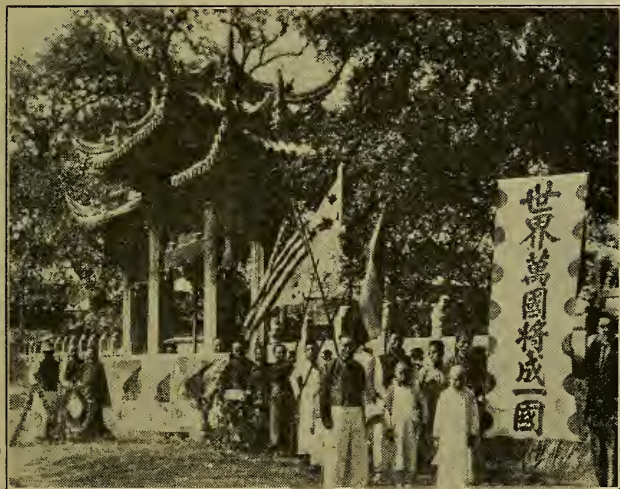
Hot soup is what he needs, I thought. With a promise to come back soon, I started for a near-by eating-house, thinking it wiser to purchase hot food for the sick man there, than to bring it from my own home, lest, in case he should die, suspicion point to the missionary foreign-woman's food. No rice or hot soup could be had at that hour. Bread seemed to be the only food available. I took him a loaf, but a shade of disappointment passed over the pale face as his trembling hands reached for the cold bread. Next day he was not there, but the piece of matting lying just as it was before, the battered hat, and the empty brown dish gave the clue.

"He passed over last night," the man at the shop across the way replied to my inquiry. "I saw you give him bread; I gave him some tea, but he was too ill to eat." With his foot he brushed aside the paper wrapping to show that but a morsel had been taken from the loaf. And so the man had died without knowing a Saviour, alone, in the street, and at night.

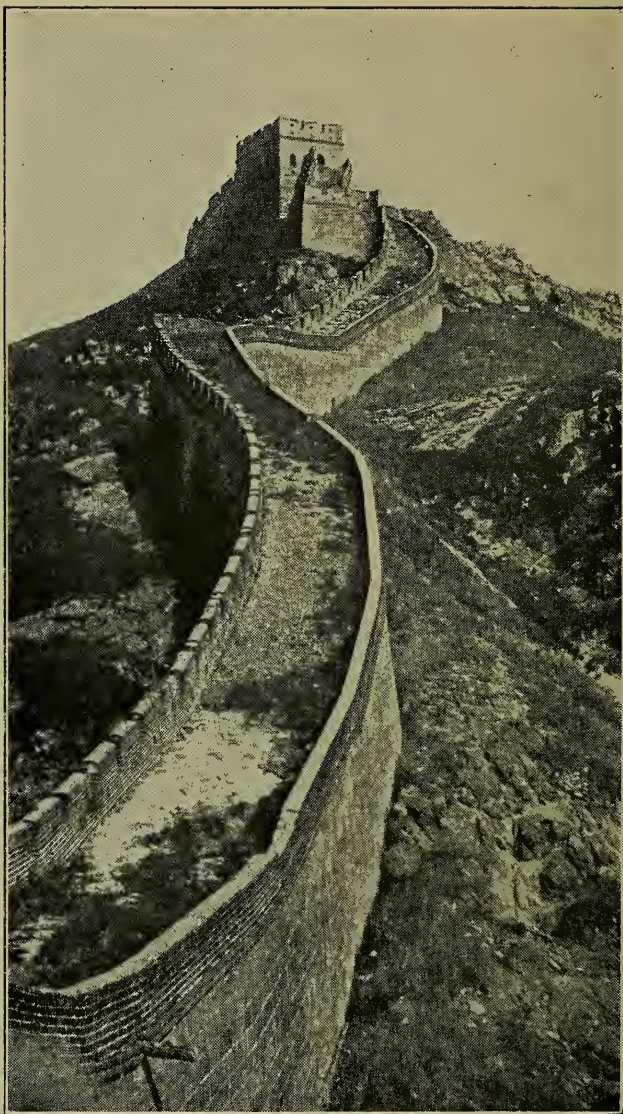
Some weeks before this our United States consul at Canton had made an appeal to the kind people of America in behalf of the famine sufferers of Kiangsi Province. There had been two crop failures in succession. The inhabitants were selling for almost nothing their cattle, houses, and gardens, yes, even their children and wives, that they might buy food. Children were sold for slaves at five cents a pound, while rice cost thirty cents. People were starving by the cityful. This was the meaning of the message the consul telegraphed to the American people. Back

over the wires came the quick reply that gave more than \$5,000 gold to buy them food. Boatloads of rice were sent up the river to those suffering people.

Do not Christian people know there is a famine over all the land of China? Not one province only, but a great empire of four hundred million souls is suffering from this famine. This is not a famine for bread, but the starvation of a great nation, having no knowledge of God in the world. Not all the people of China are poor and sick and suffering, as some of these seen on this street in Canton. Back in the city are many beautiful homes, where gay people live in luxury, so far as money can buy. But poor and rich alike are sharing in this greater famine for the word of God.



A CHRISTIAN PROCESSION IN HEATHEN CHINA



HIGHEST POINT IN CHINA'S GREAT WALL

ONE HOUR IN A NATIVE VILLAGE

THIS one hour was the last one before supper time in a missionary's home. The village was San-li-tien, one hundred miles and more north of Hankow. The name sounds more like directions on a country guide-board than the name of a village, for it really means "three li from the city."

When the missionary's wife remarked that there was left one hour before supper, and asked how we would like to spend that time, a walk through the village was proposed. This was our first day in San-li-tien. A tour through its streets would give us a general impression of the place, and make it easier to fit in the details as we became acquainted with them during our stay. In this way we hoped to get in mind a fairly complete picture of a Chinese village and its people.

"Very well," replied our lady, "we will take the children with us, and walk around the village inside the wall."

"There are only about seventy families living in the village," she explained, as we passed out through the rear gate of the crude inclosure around the mission premises.

THE MISSION HOME

What was now the mission had once been the home of a well-to-do family; but when opium smoking came into that home, prosperity went out. Now there was left only one son, and he had become such a wreck that even a Chinese wife could not live with him.

When the missionary was looking for a place to live, this son, the owner, rented the entire premises of five

or six houses for a sum barely sufficient to supply the little food he required and to pay for the drug he consumed. All the houses were then in a run-down condition, but now that the missionary had mended the mud-brick walls, patched the roofs, and whitewashed the rooms inside, there was a house for a boys' school and chapel, one for a girls' school, and one for



REPAIRING HOUSE FOR A MISSION HOME

a home for his Christian helpers, besides two small houses adjoining each other for the missionary's home.

VIEW FROM THE VILLAGE WALL

Climbing a stone stairway to the top of the village wall, we discovered another village, unwalled, lying to the east. This second village was separated from San-li-tien by a running brook. On the other side, to the west, was a wide, sandy river bed through which,

in this dry season, there ran only a narrow, silvery stream gathered from a distant line of hazy blue mountains. Beyond, across the sandy strip, lay the city of Sin-yang-chow, three li (one mile) away.



CITY WALL AND GATE AT WAICHOW, SOUTH CHINA

The surrounding plain, as far as could be seen, was dotted with brown patches outlined by hedges of nodding bamboo. These patches marked the sites of other villages. They occurred in surprising numbers, for we were at the border of the great central plain

of China, which stretches hundreds of miles north-easterly, to the capital city of Peking and beyond.

Descending by a gradual path, we were again in the street leading around the village, inside its wall. Not a clean-kept, paved street—you must not imagine a street lined with green lawns dotted with flower beds, but a narrow space between the wall and the dwellings, irregular in width, uneven of surface, with the shabby look of a neglected back alley.

On our left was the village wall. From the inside the ascent to the top of the wall is quite gradual. It consists of stones, old brick, broken pottery, and other hard substances mixed with earth and banked against a well-built wall of grayish-brown stone. Above this is a crown of gray brick rising some six feet higher. At regular intervals, square holes are left in the wall for the use of guns.

From the outside this wall rises perpendicularly, with a solid stone front thirty or forty feet in height, and completely hides the village homes from the plain. The traveler must enter through one of the gates, and before nine o'clock at night, unless he has made previous arrangement with the watchman at the big gate to let him in; otherwise he will find himself shut out.

THE VILLAGE HOMES

On our right were the village homes, just dropped down anywhere the owner chose to build them. There were paths winding between the houses, and sometimes a patch of greens growing at the rear, but no neat dooryards at the front. The only line that could be called a street was the cart road through the village. Stubborn patches of snow crouched here and there in

spots out of reach of the sun and wind, and a keen, chilling breeze cut across our cheeks in spite of the bright sunshine.

"An old woman used to live here alone. I wonder if she is still here," said the missionary woman, stopping before a poor hovel.

The walls had been built of reed stalks plastered with mud, which now had begun to crumble, leaving rents in the gables under the eaves. There was no pretense of a window, but the thatched roof, as if in pity for the dreary room below, had parted here and there,



MAT HOUSES

letting in golden beams of sunshine. The entrance was closed by two rickety doors shut together and fastened with a hay string tied to the latch and wound about a bamboo pole long enough to reach the wall at either side. Though closed and locked, the doors were too badly broken to hide the empty desolation within.

No one was at home. Only the grim doorkeepers were left to guard against the entrance of unfriendly spirits. These doorkeepers were pictures painted in strong colors — red, blue, purple, black, and yellow — on sheets of tough paper and tacked to the door. They represented fierce-looking warriors with very big teeth and heavy clubs lifted threateningly.

Several doors farther on we found the old woman standing before the home of her son. At sight of the

missionary woman, a broad smile broke over the wrinkled brown face. She came forward, begging us to turn in. "Come in, ladies, come in, sit awhile," she repeated rapidly, each call growing louder and higher as we made excuse. At this three other women came out. Each one in turn gruffly jerked out the snappy invitation, "Come in and sit," then turned about and laughed as if it were a joke.

"Yes, do let us go in," I said.

We entered through the spread doors, past the hideous doorkeepers set, as in all homes of the village, on each side of the entrance.

THE VISIT

The women on stumpy, bound feet politely hovered about, attentive to see us seated in the best chairs. They made an ado over the children, gave them tiny sticks of barley-sugar candy covered with nutty seeds, New Year cakes, and sweetmeats of preserved fruits.

When all proper ceremony had been observed, the four women perched on a long, slim-legged bench, sitting in a row with hands drawn up under the sleeves of their cotton padded garments. At the call of one of them an attendant brought an earthen pot shaped like a flower basket with a handle over the top. This contained burning charcoal. It was offered to the visitors first, but as the missionary assured them we were comfortably warm, they began to make use of this tiny stove themselves. Sometimes it was held to warm their hands, and sometimes it was set on the earthen floor to warm their bound feet. It was passed along the line when called for, and no one seemed to feel a bit modest about calling when she desired its use.

Word had gone round that the foreign women were out calling, and soon the neighbors came flocking in till the room was full and all the "look-see" space before the door was occupied. The women brought their children with them, some on their backs, some in their arms, and others clinging to their garments. A few stopped only long enough to take a look, but others remained to follow after us.

On occasions of such calls there is no telling to what their questions will lead nor where they will end if these women have their way.

"Where did you get that coat? How much did it cost? Did you make it yourself?" one woman asked. At this others began to examine the garment and to make remarks.

"It certainly is strong cloth," said one.

"It must have been made in an outside country. We Chinese do not make such cloth," remarked another.

"Look at the sewing!" sneered a particular matron. "It must have been stitched by one of those foreign machines."

"No, no; but those foreign machines do sew quickly and well," protested a more liberal spirit.

Somewhere in the conversation they asked how old the new foreign woman was, and why she and her child did not have black hair like theirs—all with one question mark. They did not fail to contrast the style of the newcomer's garments with the dress of the missionary, who wore native costume, nor to remark how much better the missionary looked. From the appearance of her hair, as contrasted with their own smoothly patted and pasted-down locks, they judged it had not been combed for two weeks.

“Look at those leather shoes! Is it not astonishing to see a woman wearing such heavy things!” came from a woman peering through the crowd at the door.

We were out to learn, and our missionary had promised to interpret faithfully the remarks of the village folk. Before this first call was over, we began to realize that in the eyes of these women, foreigners are not greatly superior people.

INSIDE THE HOME

At another home fewer women came in, and I had an opportunity to observe things about the house. This was a better home than the one where we first stopped. Like most of the others, the house was built of large mud brick, pressed and dried in the sun. Like the others, it was sheltered by a thatched straw roof. But this house had a window in every room,—not big, bright glass windows looking out on the street, but curious little windows made of a tough waxed paper spread over wooden frames divided into small squares. These were set high in the walls. Inquisitive persons on the outside could not look in, nor could curious dwellers on the inside look out, for these windows were not transparent.

Though the paper windows let in light, no sunbeams ever crept into this home, except those that came through the door. Fortunately, the doors are seldom closed except at night or on stormy days, for these people depend on sunshine for warmth.

There were no floors of any kind, but the earth was beaten smooth, and had been lately swept and sprinkled with water to prevent dust. The interior was divided into three rooms by partitions constructed of open

basketwork of bamboo splints, and neatly papered with light-brown paper. The sitting-room had a ceiling overhead of the same device. Over the other rooms were only the smoked rafters and the dusty, brown, thatched grass roof.

At the end toward the right was the kitchen, all its contents in plain sight from where I sat. There in one corner stood several very large brown water jars, and near them a pair of heavy wooden buckets, and the bamboo poles by which these were swung from the shoulder when the big water jars must be filled.

The cookstove was built of red brick set with firm mortar, and shaped in the form of a hollow cube. In its top was a round fire hole fitted with a broad, shallow iron pan. This pan was the principal family cooking



A CHINESE PEDDLER

Hear him calling: "Buy bottles, broken glass, old brass, iron, and stones in exchange for salted peanuts!" His mode of carrying his baskets is the same as the water carriers use—on a pole across the shoulders.

utensil. The fuel used in such stoves consists of twisted straw or dry grass, stalks of all kinds gathered from field, marsh, or hill, small branches which may be cut from growing trees, and on rare occasions, wood from the trunks of cut-down trees; and it is fed through an open hole at the back of the stove. There is no pipe to conduct the smoke to the open flue in the roof, so most of it drifts through the house to the outside by any opening it finds.

In every home will be found the kitchen god set to watch over the preparation of foods. He hears all the cross words and disappointed complainings. Before the year is over he gets badly grimed with kitchen smoke. Lest he report the wrong things to which he has been a witness, his mouth is smeared and sealed with a very sticky, sweet sirup before he is burned and in this way passes into the spirit world at the end of the year. The god of this kitchen was still smiling, bright and clean, for the New Year was not yet a month old.

In these homes the ordinary bed consists of a number of boards of suitable length nailed to crosswise strips of wood to hold them together. This rests at the head and foot upon benches or tiers of bricks. A mat of skin or quilted cotton is spread on the boards, and with another piece for a covering and a cube of china-ware for a pillow the bed is complete.

The sitting-room occupied the middle portion of the house where we were calling. Its walls and ceiling had been freshly papered. The place was tidy and much fresher and cleaner than might have been expected of a room next to the kitchen with its daily smokes. But this was at the season of the Chinese New Year, and every loyal-hearted Chinaman will shave

his head, wash his clothes, and clean his house for this festival, whether he does so at other times or not.

The sitting-room was furnished with a pair of guest chairs set at either side of a high table, a few stools, high and low, and two benches, like those shown in the picture below.



AROUND THE RICE BOWL

At one side of the room was the ancestral altar, a piece of furniture present in all Chinese homes where the gospel is not believed. At the other side was the best piece of furniture the house contained, — a tall chiffonier very well made of beautiful hard wood. In its deep drawers and on its shelves one may expect to find all the family's choicest treasures — perhaps some jade bracelets and silver ornaments for the women. Neatly folded in one drawer may lie an embroidered skirt and a bright silk tunic, worn by all the brides in the family for four generations, and

now waiting to serve once again on the bridal day of the unmarried daughter. There, too, will be found the bright new garments that have kept the village tailors and women of the house busy for days before the New Year time, together with gay caps for the children and those odd bonnets the women wear.

One might not suspect how many really pretty and dainty things lie smoothly folded and packed away



RICE FIELD AND COUNTRY VILLAGE

behind those bronze locks. But on holidays and when the theater players come to town, the women and girls flock out from these mud houses as fresh and bright as the swallows that flit from their mud homes in the chimney.

These people are not poor because they have very little money and live in mud houses, nor shiftless be-

cause they take time to play with their babies and to chat with the neighbors. The rich fields outside the village walls are tilled like gardens, and yield two crops a year of all that is necessary for food. Their simple clothing is made principally of homespun cotton cloth. They are not bothered by changing fashions. Beyond simple food and plain clothes, they have need of little. Contentment adds length of days to the joy of living.

As we passed on through the village, we were everywhere met with a friendly invitation to come in and sit or drink tea. Their cordiality reminded us of the hospitality described in the Old Testament — of Abraham who went forth from the door of his tent to entreat the three strangers to enter his home and eat at his table.

There is no hurry or bustle about this village of China. Men walk leisurely and take time to bow politely. Children are not in danger of being trampled upon nor the aged of being jostled in the way.

SHARING THEIR QUARTERS

Pigs wander about at pleasure or lie in sheltered spots, warming themselves in the sunshine. It is no uncommon sight to see the mother of a litter of young pigs lying before the house, while her family scamper in and out through the door as freely as the owner's children. At one place we saw growing pigs quietly sleeping on the floor in the room where a mother and her pretty daughters sat engaged on some dainty embroidery.

Chickens have their roosts and nests in cages inside the door, and enjoy the liberty of the house with the family. Every family tries to raise enough

chickens, ducks, or geese to supply the requirements of the year's feasts, and at least one pig. These are



STREET IN A CHINESE CITY

treated as members of the family till the day comes when a particular one is to be served at the feast.

Now and then we passed a meek-eyed donkey let out to rest awhile. Poor things! They were not

too well fed, and looked quite tired out; but our missionary advised that if we felt inclined to show sympathy for a donkey, we would better express it to his face, for so long as he is not dead, there is no safety at his heels.

Although the animals shared life with its people, the village was not so dirty as one might expect. Perhaps this is partly because the thrifty farmers search the place, and carry off in baskets the bodies of dead animals and fowls, or anything else that can be used as fertilizer on their fields.

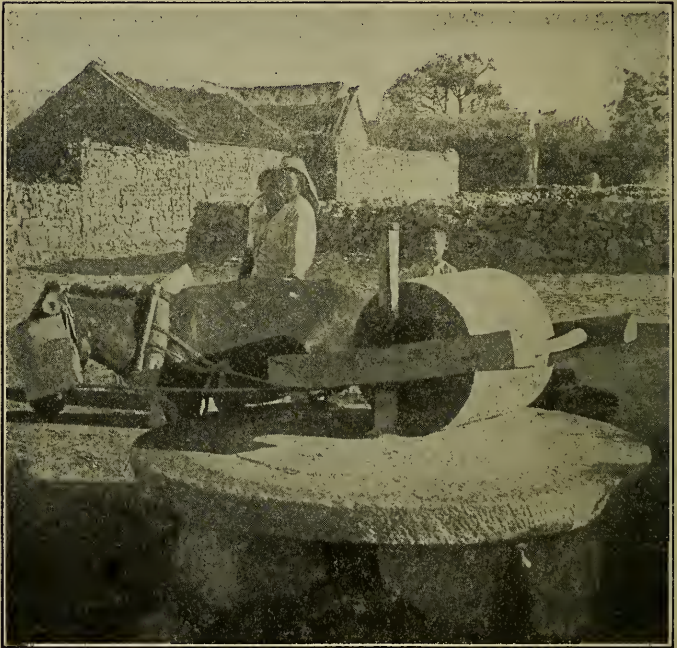
A WAYSIDE SHRINE

In an angle of the village wall we found an idol shrine. We were told by the keeper that it was built by a wealthy widow. No doubt this was done as an act of merit by which she hoped to gain a higher life in the spirit world than she might otherwise have attained. It was a little house of brick, with a green-glazed tile roof. Inside was a painted image of Buddha, the Indian prince, represented here in China with an Indian face. On each side of the idol were Chinese figures of females in waiting, and in front a table was set to receive offerings of tea, cakes, flowers, or whatever its worshipers might bring. Suspended from the ceiling above the table hung a lighted spiral coil that filled the place with the smoke of its incense.

To such helpless places as this shrine do weary hearts come for rest and the sad for comfort, for no one has yet taught them the love of Jesus. There are a number of small shrines like this one within the village walls, but the temple is in the other village.

RICE AND FLOUR MILLS

At the crossing of the principal street near one of the gates was a mill for hulling rice. I was surprised to see the grain a dark creamy tint, but was



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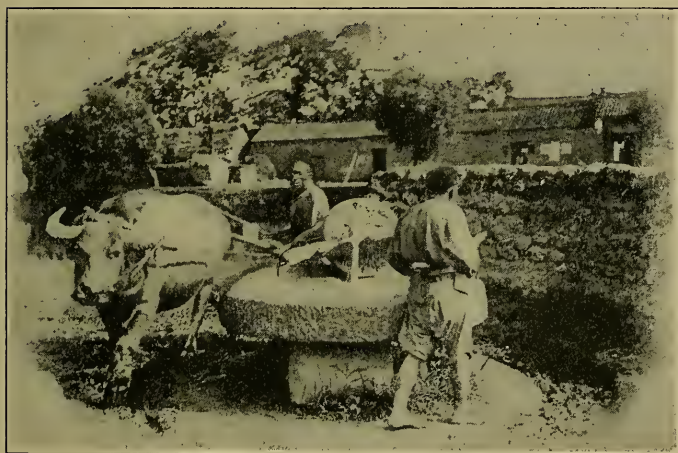
PRIMITIVE GRIST MILL

Country Homes in the Background

told that the Chinese in these parts do not follow the practice of polishing their rice, as they consider unbleached rice more nutritious.

On the other side of the street was a flour mill very much like the mills used in the days of Jesus,

and of which he spoke when he said, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." The grinding apparatus consists of two flat stones, one resting upon the other. These stones are turned by hand round and round. The grains fall between the stones through a square hole cut in the center of the upper one, and are ground between them. The wheat is passed through



GRINDING FLOUR WITH WATER BUFFALO

the mill four or five times before it becomes fine enough for flour. It is then sifted through large sieves shaken by a treadle. Bread baked from yesterday's grist at this mill was served us for supper, and we thought it very delicious, but the missionaries are glad to get an occasional change to white bread.

The wheat is threshed in the fashion of Bible times, by beating with the flail on the threshing floors of smoothed earth. Some of the grains are soiled in

threshing, and for this reason the wheat must be washed before grinding. We saw a large quantity of bright golden wheat lying spread out on broad bamboo-splint trays to dry in the sun after having been thoroughly washed. There are larger mills in the village, where the stones are turned by donkeys or water buffalo hitched to long sweeps.

BUNS WHILE YOU WAIT

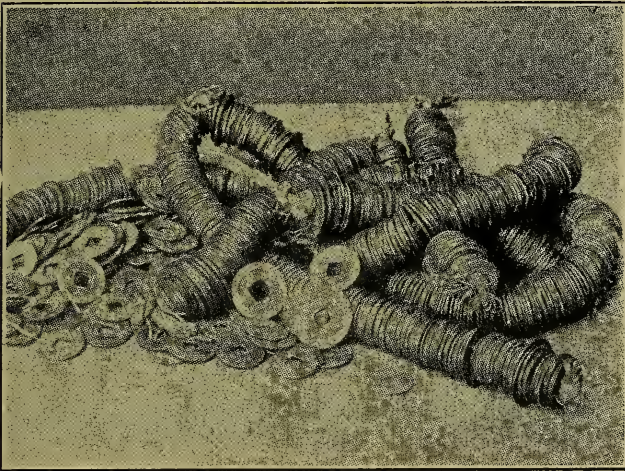
Outside the mill premises a man was baking soft buns in a little iron oven heated over a kettle of boiling water. He sold them as fast as baked, to those who passed by. The natives call them *mo mos*, and like them very much.

Another variety of *mo mos* is baked in tiny dome-shaped earthen ovens. As we observed, the dough is prepared in the same way. The oven is heated over a pot of charcoal. When the proper temperature is obtained, the dough buns are sprinkled with a nutty vegetable seed, and with a ladle are pressed against the inside walls of the oven. When they have become brown, a slide is pushed in to cover the charcoal, and the baking goes on till the buns are thoroughly done, when they cleave from the oven, and falling on this slide, are drawn out. These have a crisp crust, and, flavored as they are with the brown seeds, make a palatable bread. The Mohammedan Chinese, who detest swine's flesh, use them freely, since they are certain to contain none of this fat.

A WHEELBARROW TRAIN

While watching the work at the mill, I was startled by a dreadful groaning, screeching sound in the

direction of the opposite gate. Surely, I thought, something dreadful has happened. No, it was only the noise of an incoming "train" on the main wheelbarrow line from Hankow, which follows the track of this paved street through the village. Some fifteen wheelbarrows, with broad frames piled high with bolts of cotton cloth and other articles of trade, were



STRINGS OF CHINESE CASH PIECES

The "cash" is the common current coin of China. It is about as large as our twenty-five-cent piece, with a square hole in the center for stringing.

pushed past us and out the gate toward the near-by city. At the side of the train was a line of men and boys carrying strings of cash pieces over their shoulders and around their necks. It looked like a "heap o' money" to be carried about openly in that way, but we soon learned that twenty of those cash pieces were worth but one United States cent. The

stone pavement has been cut into a deep furrow in the middle of the street by the passing of these loaded wheelbarrow trains.

WAITING TO KNOW THE WAY

One more call was made, at the home of a woman who often comes to the mission "to listen to the singing," she says. In this way she has heard some Christian teaching. It is not known that she is seeking to know the Saviour, but only that she comes almost constantly when the service is open to women. Seeing us pass her door, she would not be refused, but insisted that we come inside "to rest." Soon a company of women had gathered in the open court between the two houses that composed her home, and were listening to our missionary, who improves every opportunity to teach them of the one true God who would that all men should be saved.

At our own gate we turned to say good-by to the friendly group that had followed us home to the mission.

In that one hour's walk through a native village I realized a new meaning in these words of our Lord: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." These Chinese people seemed so friendly, as if only waiting for a teacher to show them the way into the kingdom of God.

Fortunes of the Chang Family



A CHINESE GENTLEMAN

THE SALT MERCHANT'S SON

The title "Fortunes of the Chang Family," means the things, good and bad, that happened to a family by this particular surname. The account will begin with the story of Chang Shiu Meng, who was the father of Chang Tak Meng, the father of A'Chu, who helped to make the baby fat. You will hear how the fortunes of a prosperous and respectable family dwindled into poverty and contempt, as seen in the home of A'Chu. But the story does not end there.

THE father of Chang Shiu Meng had inherited a share in profitable salt mines, and with this, an old sailing junk. The junk had brought salt from the mines to the market for generations of the Chang family. No matter what other repairs were neglected, the two large fishlike eyes, one at either side of the bow, had always been kept bright with a fresh coat of paint. This was considered necessary to successful voyaging. What seaman would risk putting to sea on a dark night in a junk without eyes! "No have got eyes, how can see where to go?" is his explanation in answer to your question "Why?"

This junk had not lost a cargo at sea since her now gray-haired captain had taken command. But it was not to the untiring watchfulness of her captain, but rather to the big bright eyes at her bow, that the seamen gave credit for this extraordinary record. In addition to the salt mine and junk, Chang inherited also a fine house on one of the big streets, the house where A'Chu was born. As eldest son of his family, he inherited not only

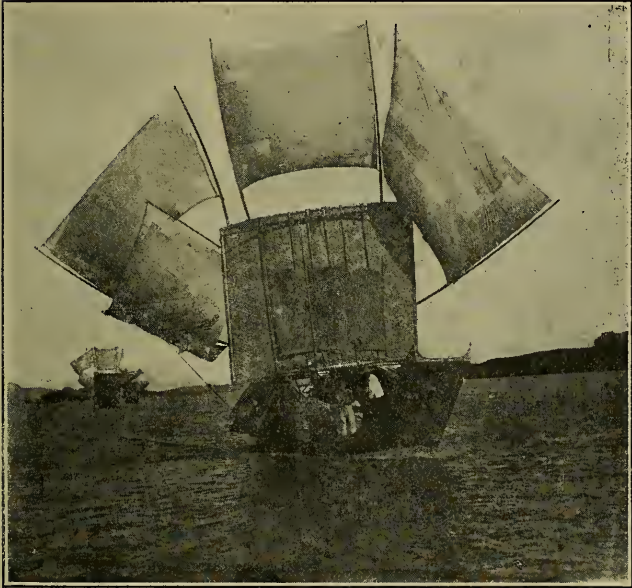


SALT MINES AND REFINERY

General view of the salt industry at Kweichow Fu.

the fine house itself, but also the position as head of the house to the family his father had left.

This meant that he would be expected to provide for that numerous family, together with all the friends and relatives who might choose to come, as they say, to "visit awhile." So long as feasts are frequent and good things



FREIGHT AND PASSENGER BOAT

to eat are plentiful, these visits are likely to last. If presents of clothing are given by the host, such guests are quite certain to stay a lifetime.

But if Merchant Chang had inherited heavy responsibilities as head of a large family, nature had well adapted him to bear the burden. He was alert, quick to

see opportunities. Keen foresight helped him to improve opportunities to profit. Best of all, he had a disposition to work.

"Fortune favors our kinsman," observed the hangers-on at the big house. "He is sure to become rich." With this conclusion they settled themselves comfortably for a longer "visit." Little did they reckon on the long hours and busy life of the host whom they seldom saw.

The time others frittered away in idle amusements, the money others spent in small luxuries, Chang invested in his growing business. More boats were put into service. More shops were built to handle cargoes that now came more and more often.

The merchant's family increased with his prosperity. Of all the good fortune that came to Chang, nothing brought such joy and comfort as he found in his eldest son. He was a bright, merry-hearted child. His witty answers and childish pranks were the fond amusement of the men's quarters during the leisure hour following the evening meal.

"He points to his father," they used to say, meaning, he looks like his father.

The salt merchant felt flattered by this remark. But down deep in his heart he said to himself, "Ah, perhaps in looks he follows me, but in nature he is like his mother. He has the bright mind of the Leungs." Chang was proud to say that the "first lady" of his house was a Leung. They were an honorable people. Of late years many of the honors won at the yearly examinations had been conferred upon one or another member of the Leung family. They were therefore coming to be of great influence among the officials of their country.

After such a spell of daydreaming, the salt merchant would set about his business with greater diligence than before. He would gather riches, he promised himself. His son should be sent to school to become learned like his mother's people, the Leungs. Some day his name, the name of Chang, might become honored through the noble deeds of a wise son.

There was great joy in the heart of the salt merchant the day when the old nurse-granny carried his child on her back through the gate and down the street toward the best part of the city. The boy's round head had been freshly shaved in a circle at the edge of the hair. The long hair at the crown was smoothly plaited and tied with a silk cord ending in two silken tassels. He looked very fine indeed in a new suit of bright-colored silk.

"Where are you going with Chang boy so early?" inquired a friend by the way.

"Taking the boy to school," the nurse replied grandly.

"What, such a small one going to school!"

"Those who wish their sons to become wise should see that they begin to read books early," she replied as one who knows. She had been nurse-granny to little Chang's mother in the home of the Leungs. She knew all about boys going to school.

"To what school does he go?" inquired still another, out of idle curiosity.

The old nurse was greatly pleased at this question. It gave her the chance to say what she was really glad to tell among her acquaintances. She was on her way to the very best school in the city. The little man on her back was going to school to sit side by side with sons of the Leungs and other families of the educated class,

He was to be taught in a school of reputation for its wise teachers.

"What! Chang the salt merchant put forth so much money to give his boy read books?"

"No mistake. My master wishes his son to become a scholar."

The woman passed on, stooping forward more lowly under her small burden. The boy's scarlet velvet top vest shone out more vividly in the morning light against the dark blue of her own coarse cotton garments.

"Don't be afraid, little one. No fear, my precious," she said, reaching back and affectionately patting the child on her back. "By and by you shall become a great read-book man."

Little Chang was the youngest and also the smallest boy in the school. He felt very shy on coming to school for the first time, even in spite of nurse-granny's often repeated, "Don't be so embarrassed. There is nothing to fear."

Most of the other boys had been at the school for a time, and seemed to feel quite at home there. Because the "little one," as they at first called him, was modest and bashful, the boys nicknamed him Shiu Meng (little name). It was the custom for boys to be given new names by their schoolmates. Often the name given by their parents was quite forgotten or remembered only as a household pet name. So it happened to the salt merchant's son. Hereafter we shall always speak of him by his school name, Chang Shiu Meng.

THE BOY'S SCHOOL DAYS

THE first two or three years of the boy's school life were dull indeed. From early morning till night, day after day, he sat on a wooden bench usually too high to let his feet touch the floor. Sometimes he hung his heels on a crossrung to rest for a few minutes. But this piece was far back under the middle of the wide seat, and the effort to reach it was a greater strain on his short legs than was the weight of his dangling feet.

In beginning a new lesson the pupil took his place at the teacher's side. From the top of the perpendicular line reading downward, the teacher pointed to each character and called its name. The boy repeated the word after him. After the line had been read over several times, the pupil went back to his seat. Then he continued going over the line of characters, pointing to each letter and naming it aloud.

These characters are not like an alphabet of letters, each representing its own particular sounds, which, combined with other sounds, produce words. Instead, each character is the symbol of a word. Each word is represented by its own particular character-symbol, and it differs in some respect from every other character. There are many thousand words in the Chinese written language. For example, between three and



Ting = hear or listen



Gee = remember



Shing = do

four thousand distinct characters are used in a printed copy of the New Testament Scriptures. This makes learning to read a slow, difficult process.

The beginner's book is made up of short sayings, in rhyme, of three characters each. For this reason it is called "The Three Character Rhyme Book."



CHINESE SCHOOLBOYS

From this the pupil passes to the "Four Character Rhyme Book," then to the "Five Character Rhyme Book," and so on. When he has passed the rhymes, he begins to read longer sentences, not in rhyme, and passages from sages. Each boy studies by himself, and not in a class. He is promoted when his work is completed, without waiting for others of his grade.

Before Chang Shiu Meng was able to understand what he read, he was required to commit to memory

many pages, even whole books of writings. If a boy in his school had asked, "Master, what do these things mean? I do not understand what I read," no doubt the teacher would have replied, "You are only a boy; how do you expect to understand the



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EXAMINATION HALL, CANTON

This "hall" contains 12,000 "cells." The student entered a cell and remained locked in until his essay was completed. Often the pupil fainted, and sometimes died before his essay was done. This method of conducting examinations is now obsolete.

words of our ancient wise men? Waste no more time asking questions. Be diligent in reading. Put forth all your strength to learn every word. Keep these sayings in your mind constantly. Do not forget them, and in time you will become wise as the sages themselves." Be sure his wise eyes, looking

out through big tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, would have warned that boy he must ask no more such foolish questions.

From the writings of Confucius, boys were taught rules of conduct to govern a good life, such as these:

Duties of children to parents.

Duties to older brothers.

Duties to younger brothers.

Duties to neighbors.

Duties of a subject to his king.

And all the other duties of a good man in this world. Nothing was ever said about duty to our Creator, for Confucius taught nothing of God nor about religion as we know it.

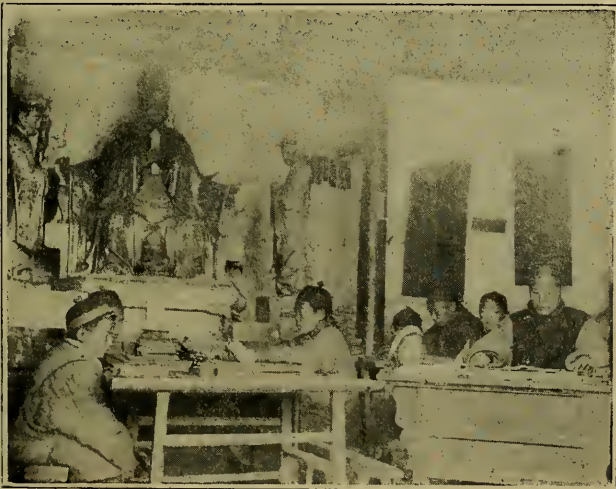
The boy's school days were pretty much all work and no play. There were no rest hours, no play hours, and no vacations in a Chinese school—none except the yearly holiday festival of the Chinese New Year. A short recess for breakfast was taken in the forenoon, and dinner was eaten after school was out in the evening.

Outside the school building were all the attractions of a living world—cool shade, green fields, flowers, and fruits. There were birds with their nests and young, playful pets, and other children at their games. But none of these things should tempt away from his books the boy bent on learning. He who aimed to become wise should waste no time at play.

At least, this is the way those Chinese masters seemed to see things through their big spectacles. What wonder if Shiu Meng grew spindle-legged and thin-chested, and that his face lost its sun-kissed tinge

of bronze. What if he sometimes envied his father's errand boy, and longed for the time when that serious-faced man would say, "Enough of reading books. You are needed at the salt shop."

Inside the schoolroom was always the hum of voices of boys droning at their lessons. There, too, were always long lines of characters to be memorized and pages to be written in the copy book. When it is remembered that no history of other nations was taught, no arithmetic, nature, or geography, the day's program appears very dull. There were no interesting newspaper or magazine clippings of things happening in the world at that time—none at all. Instead, the pupils were taught things that took place centuries ago, and learned by heart sayings of wise men dead two thousand years or more.



SCHOOLROOM IN A TEMPLE



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SAWING LUMBER IN A CHINESE MILL, NINGPO

A GENUINE CHINESE BOY

THE family name "Chang" is perhaps as old as the Chinese nation itself. Chang Shiu Meng's family (in China the family name, or surname, is placed first) claimed to have descended from a long line of purest Chinese ancestors. Not a man among them would have admitted that a drop of Manchu or Tartar blood flowed in his veins, not even if that blue drop had made him a relative of the emperor. To him the Manchu was an oppressor, the representative of a foreign Tartar race, which in 1662 A. D., having overcome the Chinese nation, took it upon themselves to rule a conquered but superior people.

If a Chang would have denied relationship with the Manchus, he would have scorned with equal contempt to be called a Hakka. Hakkas, he would have declared, were mere strangers in the land, as the name itself means. Migrating from the north, they had scattered themselves throughout the empire. After learning from their neighbors what the Chinese think to be true civilization, the Hakkas finally settled down to become industrious citizens. For all that, they are not real Chinese, for they are not descended by blood from the ancient and noble founders of the Chinese nation.

Chang Shiu Meng, even more than the Changs in general, was proud of his nation. True, China, misruled by the Manchu conquerors, was not, as he thought, what she once had been, but he was proud of his nation's past,—proud of her sages and poets, proud of the long lines of kingly families that had

“held court” from earliest times, while the present great nations of Europe were as yet but half-savage, roving tribes.

Once the boy's teacher had shown him a map of China. From this map he got several ideas strange to us, but no doubt they were just what the map was intended to represent. The earth appeared to be a flat surface, spread out like a great plain. China lay at the very center of the earth, and was shown to occupy the greater part of its dry land area. His country,

“The Flowery Land,” as seen from this map, was the greatest country on the whole flat earth. His heart swelled with pride that he, Chang Shiu Meng, son of the salt merchant, was also a son of the greatest, most highly civilized nation of the world. Compared with China, other nations were but small, barbarous tribes on its outlying borders.

To this Chinese boy, the Great Wall at the north, the great ocean on the east and south, with the towering, almost impassable Hima-



CHINESE SCHOOLBOY

layas and the trackless desert of Gobi on the west, seemed to encircle in sacred inclosure what is worth while of the whole earth. Within this favored circle have lived the great and wise kings and the mighty warriors who founded and developed this vast empire.

Here in this favored land lived and died Confucius, China's greatest, wisest philosopher. Here, also, lived Mencius, his most illustrious pupil. Before these two names, of the wisest of her wise men, a great nation of 400,000,000 people bow in reverence. These, the boy thought, were the truly noble and wise, whose teachings had made China the great nation she had been for twenty-five centuries, from their day to his own time.

One of the first stories Shiu Meng heard at school was of this Confucius, who lived B. C. 500. When a boy, Confucius set his heart on learning. Like King Solomon of the Bible, he prized wisdom above everything else. Like Solomon, and like every boy who has been willing to work for it, he acquired great wisdom and learning.



WAITING TO BE TAUGHT

Confucius was pointed to by the teacher as the model of schoolboys. To study what Confucius wrote and to be able to repeat his sayings accurately was the teacher's idea of learning. To understand and live according to the precepts of Confucius was, likewise, the highest wisdom. Unfortunately, very few masters of Shiu Meng's days had seen a Bible or heard of Jesus the Christ. They firmly believed Confucius to be the wisest and best teacher who had ever lived upon the earth.

Under such influences and teaching as have been described, Chang Shiu Meng grew up. He was as full of ambition and hope as a young man could be whose highest ideal of life was to copy, in outward conduct at least, the life of men dead long ago. He resolved to perform every duty taught by the wise men, and to follow strictly the social customs of his times, which his nation regarded as sacred. This course, he thought, would bring him a quiet and peaceful life, and lead to a peaceful end at death. His schoolmasters had taught him that a peaceful life and a peaceful end are the greatest blessings to be sought.

Chang Shiu Meng had been born under a lucky sign, so the fortune teller said. Already he was on the way to riches, for on leaving school he had become his father's partner in the big salt works. A long and peaceful life, a peaceful end, and riches,— these three blessings seemed just within his reach. The wooden beads tapped each other merrily as his nimble fingers sent them flying over the polished wires of the abacus, or reckoning machine. Each day his reckoning showed that the gains of his business were increasing. The

voice of the young accountant purred with contentment as he swiftly and accurately said aloud the sums represented by his operations on this old-time counting machine.

One more blessing he greatly desired; for did not the wise men teach that the most undutiful conduct of a son toward his parents is to leave no sons to worship the spirits of the forefathers? Shiu Meng was too proud to allow himself to be thought an undutiful son. Like every true Chinese, he desired, as a part of "riches," that he might become the father of many sons. But why bother his head about sons yet awhile? Good fortune was on his side, and surely would give him this blessing also, in proper time.

In this manner did Shiu Meng comfort himself in his belief, and went the more cheerfully about his business at the salt works.



THE BETROTHAL

WHEN Shiu Meng was about twenty years old, his parents decided it was time for him to marry. Some of the family relatives had been much worried over this matter. The time was "slow," they declared; he should at least have been engaged several years ago.

A trusted female servant of the family was chosen to act as go-between, and was sent to search for a wife for her mistress' son. The young man himself was consulted not in the least. Everything was left to the go-between. She would select the girl and plan for the whole affair, even up to the wedding day.

To be sure, young Chang was interested in the matter. What man whose highest ambition was to lead a peaceful life and die a peaceful death would not be interested in the choice of the woman with whom he would be expected to live? But polite custom forbade that a young man should have any part in choosing his wife, and Shiu Meng meant to follow the customs.

The go-between, having satisfied herself that she had found the proper person, carefully learned the girl's name and the date of her birth, even to the very hour in which she was born. These facts she caused to be written out with great care, and she herself took the paper to a fortune teller. From this paper the fortune teller compared the girl's sign in the stars with that of the young man, and forecast that the pair could enjoy a happy married life together.

"They have already eaten the tea presents," his old nurse-granny told Shiu Meng privately one day.

From this he knew that the customary presents of tea, cakes, nuts, etc., and money had been sent to the chosen girl's family and had been accepted. This meant that the couple were engaged. It remained only for the bride's family to fix upon the day and for the groom's family to give the wedding feast for their son. This feast would complete the marriage ceremony. So far the young folks had not seen each other, and would not be expected to meet till their wedding day.

However, in spite of custom, Chang was greatly concerned to know for himself what kind of person his bride might be. Perhaps, if he had known where she lived, he might have done as I have known other young men in his situation to do,—he might have disguised himself as a silk seller or a jewelry peddler, and gone to the house to steal a look. But what could it matter, after all? Whatever he might think about her would not change affairs now. He was already engaged, and in China a betrothal is as sacred as a marriage contract. Neither is to be broken.

"She is very beautiful, and more sweet-tempered than beautiful," old granny flattered him, when he spoke to her about what was in his thoughts.

She might have admitted that all she knew about it was what the go-between had told her over their rice bowls, but she did not. Still Shiu Meng was not at ease. More than once he had seen his father hurriedly take himself into the street on pretense of urgent business when there was a difficulty to be settled between his own mother, "the big lady," or first wife of his father, and one of the smaller wives. At times there had been jealousies among the

women of his father's household, and such spells of "sipping vinegar," as women's family quarrels are called, as to turn the whole family sour for weeks together.

Indeed, Shiu Meng himself had barely escaped being the victim of the jealousy of a favorite concubine, or "small wife," of his father. She desired her own son to become the salt merchant's heir, but this could not be while the son of "the big lady" lived.

One day this fascinating concubine of modest eyes and fair face coaxed the boy into her apartments. She flattered him with soft words, and gave him plenty of sweetmeats and dainties to eat. That night the rightful heir was taken sick. Old granny was at her wit's end what to do.

"How fortunate!" she exclaimed, relating the experience to his mother next morning, "he threw it all up."

After this affair the charmer was sent away to live in a small house by herself. She was never allowed to come back to the big family home any more, not even to share in its gayety on feast days.

The recollection of incidents like these caused the young man some doubts. He was not perfectly sure about being able to live the "peaceful life" with any pretty girl the trusted go-between might select at first sight, or at best on short acquaintance, at the recommendation of her friends, who were anxious to see the girl well married.

THE WEDDING FEAST

DAYS before the time set for the wedding feast, there were many goers and comers at the Chang home, for the son of the salt merchant was to be given a feast becoming a rich man. Caterers from the various select establishments brought roasts of every description. There were whole roast pigs done a golden brown, every part evenly cooked to the very center, but never a bit scorched. Besides these were quantities of roast fowl, chicken, duck, and goose.

From the fruit markets had been brought hampers of bananas, oranges, and pomeloes, together with baskets of fragrant guavas, the brilliant scarlet litchi set off by its own glossy dark-green leaves, pineapples, mangoes, and a variety of the summer fruits common to the semitropical climate of southern China. The bakers' shops fairly outdid themselves in the many sorts of cakes and sweetmeats produced for this feast. Some of them were highly colored,—yellow, red, and blue. Not a few contained spiced minced meats, while others were puffy with toothsome sweets. Of fruit conserves and confections there was no end. Wines, also, with pipes and tobacco, were provided in abundance.

When the day for the opening of the week-long feast arrived, the heavy street gates of the court had closed behind the last of the jostling, noisy carriers with his baskets, pole, and ropes. Bright-colored lanterns hung above the gateway and at its sides, and the portal of the many-roofed, rambling old house was festooned with scarlet bunting. Everything was ready in quiet waiting.

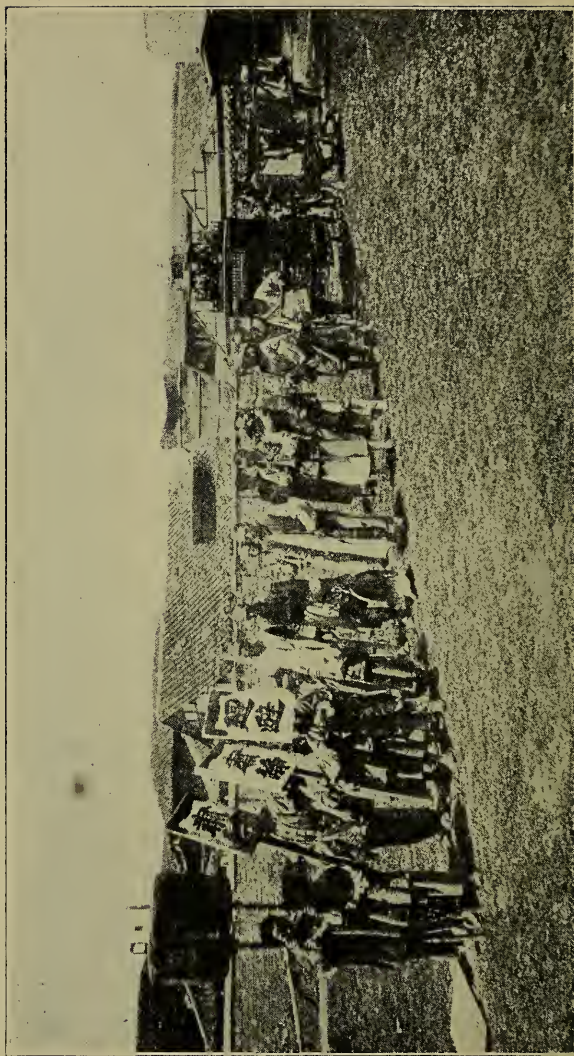


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A "LILY-FOOTED" WOMAN

On the opening day guests came, arriving mostly in closed sedan chairs. The chair bearers rapped outside the gate and called, "Some one has come." At this the gatekeepers unbarred and opened wide the two-leaved doors. Lackeys called out, "Madam So-and-so, with her attendants, has come;" or, "The Honorable So-and-so has arrived." The great house was filled with relatives and friends, old and young, come to make merry at the feast the salt merchant had prepared for the marriage of his son.

Some days before, a procession from the home of the bride had brought her clothes and gifts from her parents. There were strong tanned-hide boxes bound with brass bindings and securely locked. One might readily guess that these contained the bride's trousseau. Suit upon suit of substantial clothing, meant to last a lifetime, lay smoothly folded within these small trunks, for fashions do not change as often in China as they do in Paris. There were bright, dainty clothes for holiday wear, headgears for many occasions, and a dozen pairs of "water lilies," as the tiny hand-embroidered shoes for poor bound feet were called. (We must remember that this wedding took place years ago, before the girls of China began much to unbind their feet and to go to school.) There were bowls of various sizes and different colors, and decorations for bath and toilet use. Boxes and carved trays contained quantities of gifts and sweetmeats sent by the bride's worldly wise mother to be distributed among the children and servants of the great Chang family, as the new daughter-in-law should try to win her way into favor in her husband's home.



BRIDAL PROCESSION

The bridal chair in the center.

It would not be profitable to attempt to describe all the trunks, baskets, and bundles that form a part of such a procession, and it would be quite impossible to name the countless articles these might contain. Enough to say, all the belongings of the bride were sent beforehand to the home of her mother-in-law, who saw them safely deposited in the bridal chamber.

Then came the crowning day when the bride herself was expected at the feast. The bridegroom sent his closest and truest friend with a letter from himself calling her to come. A Chinese bride keeps such a letter very carefully, for it is proof of her marriage as the first and only true wife of her husband's home. Amid the tears and wailing of her family and young friends, the girl was carried out of her home, placed in the big wedding chair, and borne away.

At the Chang house there was heard the patter of many bare feet and a confusion of sounds outside the gate. Then came a loud knock, followed by a louder call, "Open the gate." The courtyard within was thrown into a bustle of excitement. The gates swung open, and the bridal train was ushered in with the piping of horns, the shrill tones of musettes, and the clashing of gongs. The bridal chair was a massive wooden structure, carved with curious designs, painted red, elaborately gilded, and decorated with the bright blue of the kingfisher bird's feathers.

With a great deal of puffing and loud talk the chair bearers rested their burden on the stone paving before the porch. The hired waiting maids dismounted, and came and stood beside its door. In all that procession there was not one relative or friend of the little bride in the big red bridal chair,

All eyes turned toward the door, waiting the coming of the bridegroom. Presently the door opened, and Chang Shiu Meng came out to receive his bride. Had she come to fill his life with contentment and joy, or would her coming disquiet his home with selfishness and ill temper? Whatever may have been his hopes or fears, the young man went through his part as coolly as if he were receiving a cargo of salt at the shops. He tapped at the door of the bridal chair with the tip of his fan. The maids opened it, and assisted the bride to alight. A loose mantle of scarlet brocade was thrown over her wedding garments, and a piece of thin red silk fell from the bridal coronet, completely hiding her face.

"Poor child!" thought Chang, as he saw that she trembled with fright. "She is quite as helpless as I am, and just as unhappy." For she still sobbed with grief at being torn from her home to become the wife of a strange man, and what might be worse, the daughter-in-law of a strange mother-in-law.

Good form would not permit him to take the girl by the hand and lead her into his home. He plucked just a pinch of her sleeve between his thumb and finger, and with his face turned aside, led her into the house. Inside the threshold he stepped upon a stool placed for him to stand on while his bride knelt before him and touched the floor with her forehead. This is a part of the marriage ceremony by which the bride promises to respect and obey the man before whom she kneels.

However, most brides do not take this promise too seriously, for later, when they sit down to eat together for the first time, the couple play the game,

“Who shall be boss?” The wife tries to get a piece of her husband’s long coat under her when she sits down. His part is to prevent this, and to manage if possible to sit on a piece of her clothing. The one who succeeds in sitting on the other’s garment will rule the new family.

After worshipping together at the family altar of



BRIDE AND GROOM

the ancestors, Shiu Meng and his wife were led to their bridal chamber. It is the custom at this stage of the feast for every particle of covering, either veil or ornaments, to be removed from the bride’s face. For the first time the couple are allowed to look into each other’s faces, to be seen just as they are; for the bride uses no rouge or paint on her wedding day.

Here the guests gathered around them and made whatever remarks they chose about the bride's looks, manners, clothing, or what not. They extended to her their good wishes, the chief one being, "May you have many children." They congratulated the bridegroom, wishing him "a hundred sons and a thousand grandsons." An orange tree had been set up in their chamber and hung with strings of cash pieces. Strings of this same copper coin, with the square hole in the center, were hung above their couch. These strings of cash were meant to express to the couple the wishes of their guests for great riches.

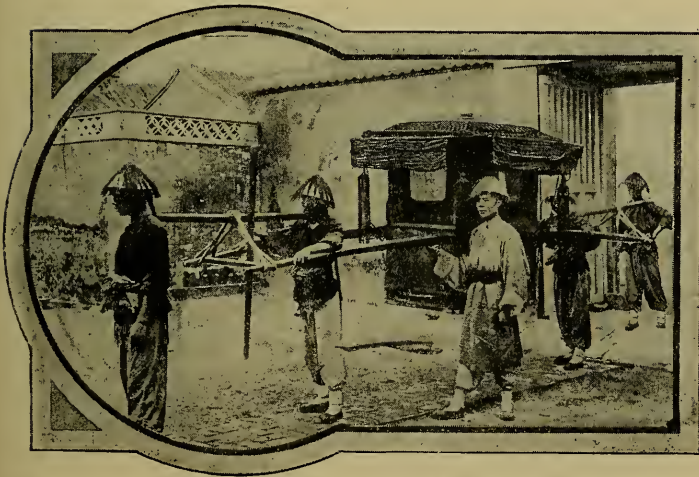
The wish of many children for the bride is a very sincere one; for the older women know that if the little bride is so unfortunate as not to give the husband's family a group of children, and especially if she is not the mother of at least one son, the family will compel her husband to take another wife, and perhaps even a number of them. Then trouble begins.

Through all the trying and perplexing ceremonies of the wedding feast, the Chang bride bore herself modestly. That her features were not handsome her best friends must admit; but after the tears were dried and her fear had passed away, her black eyes shone keen and bright. Her face revealed a contented heart and an unselfish disposition. Shiu Meng was very well satisfied with her, though out of politeness and modesty he spoke of her always as "my ugly [plain featured], miserable old wife."

On her part the bride was glad when it was all over. There had been no happy looking forward to her wedding day. To her it was like taking a leap into the deep dark. There was no telling what might

come. But now that she had seen the man and knew for herself that he was neither hunchbacked, crippled, blind, nor dumb, that he was not a leper nor a dried-up old opium smoker, she, too, was satisfied. In spite of all her fears, he was well, young, and good-looking. She counted herself very happy indeed, and made up her mind to be a good and true wife to Shiu Meng, and a faithful daughter-in-law to his parents, who would still be the head of the family.

It is not the fashion in China, nor is it considered proper, for a husband and wife to talk about loving each other. "Not all the king's horses and all the king's men" could have drawn such an expression from the lips of either Chang Shiu Meng or his equally well-bred wife. However, the truth is, that before the wedding feast closed they had begun together that happy life the fortune teller had foretold.



CARRYING THE BRIDE TO HER NEW HOME

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF FORTUNE

CHANG SHIU MENG was really a happy man. His girl-wife, who was only sixteen, proved to be just as sweet tempered if not so handsome as the old go-between had promised.

Of course the couple did not set up housekeeping in a nice new home by themselves. That would not have been according to the customs of those days. But Shiu Meng's mother showed herself a woman of sense, in this matter at least. She had seen to it that a suite of rooms in a pleasant part of the family home was cleaned up and freshened with new paint in a manner very unusual except at Chinese New Year's time. A suitable portion of the best black-wood furniture the big house contained, was selected and placed in these rooms.

When the wedding feast was over, the first daughter-in-law of the Chang house was brought there, together with the waiting maid and bridal gifts sent from her father's house, and was duly installed in her new home. While the young people ate and drank and in a general way shared life with the big family of the house, still these pleasant rooms were more like what we think of as a home than a Chinese son's wife usually enjoys. With such a mother-in-law the little bride felt she ought to be very happy indeed.

A year and more had passed. Shiu Meng and his wife, Sam Gu (meaning "third one," so called because she was the third child in her family), had now become quite well acquainted. The young man liked to come to the bright little sitting-room where Sam Gu passed most of her time. To be sure, they never talked

much together. I am almost as certain as can be he never told her why he liked to come. Probably he himself never knew. The place was more pleasant than the big parlor where the men of the house gathered to smoke and chaff or talk business affairs, or perhaps sat to listen to the old men tell tales of the Chang ancestors and Chinese legends of the country's past. He was happy to be there, sipping the tea Sam Gu brought to him, and nibbling the sweetmeats she set on the small teakwood table at his side. And it may be said his wife liked to have him come, though she usually sat with her face turned away, busied with embroidery work.

One day there was a stir and commotion about the place. All the interest of the big house seemed to center in that quarter where the daughter-in-law lived. All the women of the house, ladies and maids, gathered near, waiting expected news from within.

"It's a girl," snarled the coarse woman who poked her head out for a half minute, and with only these words shut the door in disgust.

Outside the door everybody's countenance fell. With a sniff the servants went on their way. The "visitors" and other women of the house whispered together gravely as they disappeared in various directions. The First Lady, Shiu Meng's mother, hobbled back to her room with her hand resting on the shoulder of a slave to help her balance herself on her two tiny feet. The girl threw back the silken draperies of a carved bed, and the First Lady of the Chang house threw herself upon it for a prolonged sulk. Had she not for months feasted the family gods with everything reasonable gods could desire? Had not the ancestors of her

husband's clan been duly honored, both by hired priests and by members of the family? Why, then, had a girl been born instead of the son for whom she had earnestly prayed?

In the pleasant rooms of the daughter-in-law a poor little mother turned her face to the wall and wept in bitter disappointment.

By and by the baby girl, who was the cause of all this serious talk and disappointment, began to nestle and squirm in the big bundle of old clothes where she lay. She began to cry, at first coaxingly, then loud and determined. She opened her mouth as wide as a hungry young robin's, and the round little head, covered with thick black hair, rolled from side to side, searching for something to fill the gap.

"She's hungry," growled the old woman. Picking up the bundle, old clothes, baby, and all, she tossed it into the bed beside the sobbing mother.

Baby kept on squirming, searching, and crying. The young mother's heart was touched. She drew the bundle to her side, and pressed the wee black head close to her breast. Baby was satisfied, and slept. A great warm tide of love sprang up and overflowed the young mother's heart. "Only a girl; but so am I. We will share our troubles together," she promised the wee one, and named her *Oi Line*, meaning "love and pity."

As might be expected, *Shiu Meng* felt quite aggrieved because his wife had given him a daughter instead of a son, as every one had prayed for. It was long before he came to her pleasant sitting-room to drink a cup of tea from her hands. Even then he had not forgiven *Oi Line* for being a girl, and he did not so much as notice her.

Sam Gu began to feel sure she had lost her position in the family's favor, and thought no doubt Shiu Meng would soon be bringing home a second wife. Already her mother-in-law had been saying this was the only thing to do. In her heart she did not blame them. She herself thoroughly believed in Chinese customs and tradition, and agreed with her mother-in-law that by all means Shiu Meng must have a son. Only sons may succeed their fathers in ancestor worship. If this kind of worship were neglected, they might expect the family fortune to fall into ill luck. Shiu Meng, however, seemed in no hurry for a second wife, and Sam Gu thought it must be her duty to select one for him.

Time went on. Again there was a stir in the big house. But this time the tip-toe interest did not center about the quarter where the pleasant sitting-room had been. The mother of Shiu Meng had decided that probably those rooms were not in a lucky part of the house, since a girl had been born there, whereas a boy had been desired. So she insisted that Sam Gu and her child be moved to other rooms where she thought the *fung-shui* might be more favorable. The good god supposed to grant mothers their wishes for children was set in a shrine for the daughter-in-law to worship. Even a different woman was selected to take care of the little mother.

Of course all this fuss had nothing at all to do with what really did happen afterward — not in the least way. But this time the old woman opened the door wide, and with a broad smile said loudly, "Blessings on this house! A son is born." Now the women smiled, and each one hurried off to perform some act of respect to the family name. The mother-in-law, of course,

went first to the family altar to thank the gods with feasts and incense.

Her next step was to prepare suitable clothing for this new son of the house of Chang, the salt merchant. One of the largest shops in the city was asked to send a salesman to the house with a package of silks. The sewing women were gathered in the First Lady's parlor



SEWING FOR THE FIRST SON

when he arrived, and soon various pairs of hands were delving into the bundle, selecting the brightest colors and gayest patterns for the baby's clothes. Spry fingers moved joyously, and in a few days a stack of little suits, consisting of skimp pants and roomy jackets, together with a number of caps, was ready for his wear. Sam Gu looked on with pleasure, though she was never consulted as to what was to be made for her child nor how

it should be made. That honor was properly delegated to the grandmother.

While the women of the house were thus seriously engaged with the baby's affairs, a letter was received by messenger that set the men's quarters into an equal stir of excitement. The letter was contained in a big red envelope addressed to Shiu Meng. In stately language it set forth the fact that there was a vacant place among attending officials of a viceroy's yamen, and with the father's consent this official would call his nephew, Chang Shiu Meng, to fill that position. It was signed by Leung, the viceroy, eldest brother of Shiu Meng's mother.

Though Chang, the salt merchant, was getting old, he readily consented to his son's going, for in this invitation he thought he saw his brightest daydreams coming true. His son was now on the road to making a great name for himself. Of course he would not be allowed to leave home until after the baby's naming-day feast was over.

While preparations for Shiu Meng's departure to the yamen were going on in the men's quarters, preparations for the baby's naming feast were almost completed in the women's quarters. Baby was almost a month old. On the thirtieth day after his birth a feast would be held, and a fitting name be given this son of the Changs. To be sure, the young mother had found a name which she thought just fitted her boy. A'Kam Tsai was the name she chose. "Nugget-of-gold child" is its meaning.

The invitations to the feast had been sent to friends and relatives of the Chang family, and presents of value or beauty, or for his amusement were constantly arriv-

ing at the house — charms and amulets of gold, bracelets and anklets of gold, silver, or jade, and toys in an exceeding number were sent by guests who would come, themselves, when the day arrived.

As a last act the grandmother sewed onto the tiny caps golden charms supposed to have the power to protect the wearer against sickness and ill luck. Amulets of equal power were sewed into little sacks of silk to be hung around his neck. Now the next step was to choose a name. "Call him after his father," some one suggested.

"Not so," insisted the First Lady, "call him not Shiu Meng [little name], but Tak Meng [the powerful name]." The saying pleased them all, for all the guests wished that Baby Chang might in time outstrip his father, though that young man's prospects now appeared so bright.

The feast was held, and Baby Chang became known to all his friends as Chang Tak Meng. To the little mother he was always A'Kam Tsai, and even when he grew up, was still her A'Kam.

Chang Shiu Meng got on very well in his new position at the yamen, though he was sadly missed at the salt works. The uncle, Leung, was proud of his nephew, and trusted him with many particular and difficult duties of the office. Before little Tak Meng had passed his third birthday, it was known that his father, Shiu Meng, was to be appointed chief mandarin of a large district. He would begin his duties in this new office after the New Year.

While Shiu Meng was at his old family home for the New Year festivities, he was taken ill. All the remedies thought of by the women of the house failed to

quiet his suffering. The fever in his body rose higher and higher, and he suffered severe pain in the joints, which became swollen and inflamed. A native doctor was called. After a long talk he advised a remedy which was quite sure to heal the sick man. It was expensive,

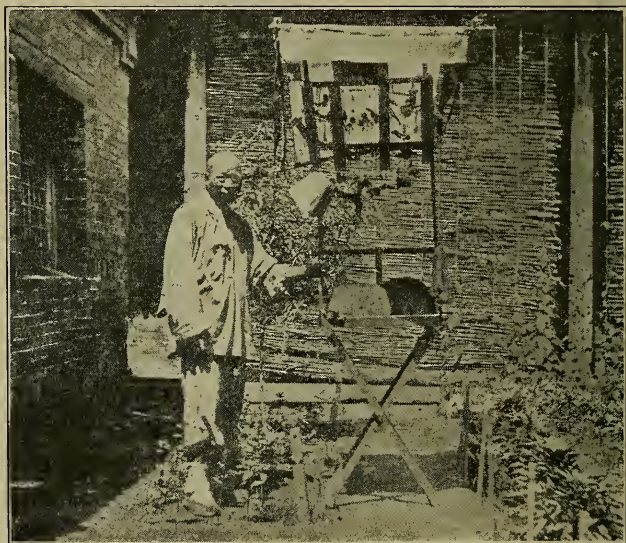


WEALTHY VILLAGE HOME READY FOR THE NEW YEAR

of course, but he was sure the Changs would not hesitate at any cost that would procure healing for their son.

A servant was dispatched to an apothecary shop at the farther side of the city. In a short time he returned, bearing two large vessels, one in a basket at either end of the pole over his shoulder. One vessel contained the remedy supposed to heal the pain in the hands, arms, and trunk of the body. This remedy was a large light-colored snake with dark spots along its back and sides. The doctor very seriously prescribed the way

in which the reptile was to be stewed, and how both the flesh and the broth were to be eaten. In the other vessel was a black snake, which, if prepared and taken according to directions, was warranted by this doctor to cure the disease in the legs.



A CHINESE DOCTOR

With all speed fires were kindled under two broad cooking pans, and the remedies were made ready. But though the doctor's directions were strictly followed, the sick man grew worse and not better. The pain became too severe to bear, and finally, when it was proposed that he should take "no-pain medicine," Shiu Meng consented to try it. It stopped the pain like magic. In a short time he felt like a well man. He talked and laughed in a jolly mood.

Next morning the pain came back again, and Shiu Meng called for more of the "no-pain medicine." To cut short the sad story of this promising young man's downfall, let it be said at once that Shiu Meng became



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IN AN OPIUM DEN

an opium user. At first he smoked to quiet the pain. Then he smoked because he had smoked, and nothing but more of the same smoke could satisfy the terrible thirst and craving which overcame his best resolutions never to touch the drug again.

The opium destroyed his will. It overcame his ambition. Though his body gradually recovered, his power of mind was gone. Then he smoked because there was nothing else he cared much to do. Till the late hours of the night he lay on a couch rolling into soft balls particles of the opium drug heated in the flame of a small lamp. These balls were dropped into the cup of the long pipe. A few slow whiffs of the sickening, oily smoke, and the ball was consumed. Then another was prepared. When morning came, he was too sleepy and dull to attend to business.

Opium smokers like company, and in time numbers of worthless fellows joined Shiu Meng in his nightly dissipation. Time wore on, and Shiu Meng's fortune was fast wearing away. His father had died in disappointment, for Shiu Meng never won the great name the salt merchant had planned for his son. He never became a mandarin, as his uncle had expected to see him. He became nothing but a thin-chested, dull-eyed, weak-minded opium smoker.

Relatives of the family, seeing his weakness, seized control of the salt works and the sailing junks. There was nothing left him but the big house, and what money these relatives chose to allow him for keeping his family. The best of his belongings were pawned to get more opium.

The boy Tak Meng grew up under these very bad influences, with a great desire for more money than the family income could allow for him to spend. When he came to be head of the family, he intended to recover the family wealth. He took up the idea of making a public opium den of the big house. He borrowed and spent a great deal of money in getting the place ready.

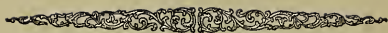
For a time there was again plenty of money in the Chang house. It showed a gay face to the world once more, and its friends came back. Then came the law to close all the opium-smoking houses in China. The men from whom Tak Meng had borrowed money took the big house to pay his debts. Tak Meng was forced to seek another home, and to earn a living for himself and his family by work or by cheat as he chose.

He began to gamble. At first he won a few sums. That gave him the notion that he must be very clever, so he ventured everything he could sell or pawn in the exciting game, hoping to become rich. After many changes, the family finally moved to a small house back of the old mission chapel. Tak Meng's wife took in any work she could get to do in order to earn money to buy food for herself and the children, and for his feeble mother, who lived with them.



FIELDS OF POPPIES FROM WHICH OPIUM IS GATHERED

In some places one tenth of the land is given to poppy growing.



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WHERE WEALTHY NATIVES PASS THE TIME



A SCENE IN CHANG TAK MENG'S HOME

GIVE me some money!" Chang called excitedly, rushing from the street into the small gray room where his wife sat braiding tea mats to earn rice for the family.

"Do not blame me," the woman apologized. "Great is the pity, but I have no money. What I gave you, honorable senior, was the whole of it."

"You certainly have money," returned the man angrily. "Where is the rent money? You have hidden it in your pillow."

With one bound he had crossed the room and was climbing the stair to the attic. There was no money to be found in her pillow, nor under the matting of the bed, nor in her mirror cabinet. There was no money in the crack under the eaves, nor in the attic anywhere Chang's desperate search led him.

"Give me the rent money!" demanded Chang, descending again to the living-room. "You are only deceiving me. Give me the house-rent money, or with this pillow I strike you dead," he threatened, raising the hollow porcelain cube for the blow.

Then as though on second better thought, he spoke more calmly, "Come now, give me the rent money in your belt. Don't be a fool. Today is my lucky day. I shall win today, for there is fire in my heart. Then you need not work. With money for this one more game, I shall win the riches long promised me by the idols. Quickly, give it to me."

"See for yourself, there is not a cash," and she tossed him a small coin purse taken from beneath her garment. It was the little red pouch of scarlet satin,

hand-wrought with thread of gold, that hung from her girdle when she came to him a bride. Years had passed since the little purse had bulged with gold coins as it did that day. Indeed, it had been months since even two pieces of silver had rubbed sides between its folds.

He snatched it open and went through each small compartment once and a second time, as though he suspected the little limp sack also were deceiving him.

The purse dropped from his hands, and disappointment covered his features. With bewildered, staring eyes he searched the bare walls and floor of his home. There was nothing of value left. The last piece had gone to the pawnshop. He caught the outline of a brown lacquered sleeve behind the door. The bent shadow of a little old woman fell across the red tile floor and up the gray brick wall.

Chang sprang toward the foot of the shadow. "Oh, you have the money! Give it to me," he demanded.

"It is not good to speak so loudly," Chang's mother spoke quietly. "Why is your heart so disturbed?" she inquired gently.

"I said, Give me the money," he repeated more loudly.

"From whence should I have money?" pleaded the widow, holding out her delicate hands. "These cannot toil."

"Without mistake you carry the house-rent money, and therefore you were hiding behind the door. Give it me."

"Listen to reason. Should not a son hear his mother's words?" she pleaded. "Suppose the landlord should put us into the street. Where could Igu

sit to weave mats to buy our rice? Where would your old mother lie down to sleep at night?"

"You both alike are silly women. You both hinder my good fortune by your foolish talking. Give it instantly," he shouted hotly, angered by the parley.

"Strike me dead, even so I will not give the rent money trusted to my care," flared the aged woman defiantly.

Beside himself with rage, the gambler sprang at his mother. He seized her by the arm with a grip that sent his clawlike nails through the thin garments, cutting the flesh.

"You shall give it. I will have it," and the maddened man hissed words that stung the little mother's heart like the fang of a serpent.

With a quick, desperate effort the old woman snatched a blue rag from an inside pocket and flung it across the room toward her daughter-in-law. But Igu did not move from the low stool nor stop her braiding at the mats. When a mother's words fail, it would be useless for a wife to interfere. She had learned that it is as hopeless to oppose the gambler's passion as to reason with a drunken man.

The blue rag dropped to the floor with a thud that told plainly it held just what the man was looking for. He seized it, and was off toward the gambling house.

The little old woman sank down on a wooden chair and clasped both hands over her breast, pressing tightly as if to close a wound. In that moment of intense excitement her only son had hissed a bitter oath in her ear. He had blasphemed an aged parent. He had cursed her in the name of her mother, that

revered title compared with which no name besides his own had been so dear to her heart.

She rose with flames in her eyes and started toward the door, then hesitated. No telling what might happen if the authorities were to get notice of his conduct. In no place is the exact penalty of the divine law, "He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death," more strictly executed than in China.

"No, I will make no complaint," she said decidedly. "It is the game. The game has made him crazy. Gambling has rotted his brain," she argued against her own convictions of justice, and went back to the wooden chair.

"A'Kam, A'Kam," she moaned, and reached a shāky hand toward her shoulder, as if feeling for her child's soft cheek resting there.

She sat very still for some minutes. Then her hand grasped the chair arms and her lips became very firm. She arose, and going quietly about gathered up a few indispensable articles, — a small tin box containing a wooden comb and two small hair brushes, a hank of thread with a brass thimble, and a suit of cotton garments she slipped from a bamboo stick on which they had been hung to dry. These were wrapped tightly together and tied in a square of cloth.

"Undutiful son! I cannot eat rice with an undutiful son. Better were a burned crust from the rice kettle of the poor home," she said to herself, but conveniently within her daughter-in-law's hearing.

"Sit comfortably," she bade Igu, as she passed out the door with the bundle in one hand and a walking stick in the other.

"Walk well, walk slowly," returned the daughter-in-law, without raising her eyes for very shame of what had happened.

The two children returned from the market elated with plans for a surprise they were to give grandmother at mealtime. Down at the bottom of the basket was a tiny strip of fresh fish intended for her alone. And the rice they had found in the market today looked whiter and its kernels were more flinty than they had been able to afford for some time. They passed through the room to the cookhouse without noticing the pallor of their mother's face. She had often looked pale since they could remember.

"Where is grandmother?" queried Fung Mui.

"Grandmother has gone what place?" chimed A'Chu.

"Gone to the poorhouse," their mother answered with a tilt of her nose toward the door and a sweep of its tip in the direction of the side street. She herself sat like stone, only her hands at the mats moved like parts of a mechanical toy.

"We'll bring her back," said A'Chu.

"Bring her back," echoed his sister. They tore through the door and down the street, following the direction of their mother's nose.

The grandmother's crippled, bound feet, aided only by a wooden walking stick, had not made rapid headway, for the paving stones were smooth and slippery from the rain. Pattering feet from behind were overtaking her slow pace, so she stepped aside to wait for them to pass.

"Grandmother, come back," called the children. "We have come to lead you home again," panted a voice at either elbow.

"I am not going back," she replied with firmness.

Each child took her gently by the arm, and turned her about in the street. With Fung Mui pulling at the bundle in front and A'Chu's sturdy arms pushing at her back, the old woman was moved slowly homeward. All along the way she protested, "You needn't, you needn't, for I am not going home."

"But we have a piece of sweet fresh fish for your supper, and lots of good white rice to cook. Come, let's get back quickly," coaxed A'Chu.

"I will work very fast at the mats, and we will have good things tomorrow, also," promised Fung Mui.

"What is happening in the street?" questioned voices from the courts of walled-in dwellings along the way. Small boys or slave girls stationed at the gates to gather the local news for the shut-in women, returned the news, "There has been a row at Chang Tak Meng's home. His venerable mother wishes to go to the poorhouse, but the children will not let her go."

Men looking on through the open fronts of their shops, exchanged opinions. "What a pity on her, she is so old!" said one. "Such a son should be made a warning to others by being beaten forty strokes with a bamboo rod," remarked another.

By the time the three reached home and the old grandmother had been given a cup of tea and coaxed to rest, all the neighborhood had heard what had taken place in the gambler's home.

An uncommonly large number of persons passed that afternoon, walking slowly and looking in at the door. Igu did not raise her eyes. She was too ashamed to look a neighbor in the face. The chil-

dren were not present when the storm of angry words swept their home, but even if they had been, the joy of having grandmother back again would have covered it all. They paused only long enough to answer their inquisitive neighbors, "No mistake! Grandmother is back again," and went on quickly getting the surprise meal ready.

Grandmother seemed quite satisfied to lie resting after the exciting time and long walk. After all, she could not feel that her life was all sorrow. For in what her prodigal son had come short of duty, his children were making up to her with swift feet and loving hearts.

Chang Tak Meng, still unlucky as ever and now also shamefaced, crept quietly into the house while the street watchman was beating the small hours of the night. After a few hours of restless sleep he was up at sunrise to try again his luck at the gambling tables.

THE GAME WON AT LAST

MONTHS wore away while things went on about as usual in the Chang family. Chang himself was always pursuing good fortune, while evil fortune was forever overtaking him. What he won today he lost tomorrow. Whatever his fortune, he



TELLING FORTUNES BY THE PALM

always wore good clothes. No one knew exactly where he got them, though it was suspected they were borrowed. That he was less than half well fed was plainly to be seen in the gauntness of his thin body.

Mrs. Chang and Fung Mui were always busy with the mats. Once I said to the girl, "We have a fine group of young girls like you in our girls'

school. Would you like to go to school and learn to read?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "I have heard them sing, too."

"You can come to our school without pay. School begins next week. Will you come?"

"I have no clothes for school," she said.

"But, Fung Mui, if you wish to go to school, don't stop to think about clothes. Many of the girls



GIRLS IN A MISSION SCHOOL

come in very plain clothes. I will help you get garments fit for school."

"Mother is poor. I must help earn money," she said sweetly. "A'Chu must read books. Sometime he will go to school," she added unselfishly.

Some time later the baby brother came, and everything else was forgotten in the children's effort to

get on without eating in order that there might be food for those who must have it.

A very confidential friendship had sprung up between the gambler's son and my own boy, who was about two years the older. A'Chu rarely went to market but that he stopped at the gate to talk over his business with "the foreign boy," as he called our young American.

Not only was there lack of food in the Chang family, but there was not a scrap of cloth in the house to make clothes for the little stranger—only an old blue cotton garment to wrap it in. Winter was coming. It was amusing to hear the two boys plan what might be made of stockings with worn-out feet, skirt bottoms of outing flannel gowns, and the remaining parts of worn-out knitted garments.

"Tell your mother not to let a scrap of new cloth be thrown away," A'Chu instructed his American partner in the baby-clothes business. "Mother will piece them together and make a handsome baby-carrier for me to carry the baby in."

A'Chu's enthusiasm for his baby brother's comfort was contagious. We all caught it. By the time the boy had the baby in his bright patchwork carrier and came around to show him at our gate, he was a brother for any boy to be proud of. The little face was plump and contented, and the fat, dimpled hands curled up cutely under the long sleeves.

A soft knitted garment snugged close to baby's body, and his squirming legs were clothed in pants of the same material to the very ankles. The foreign partner had taken a very decided stand against the Chinese custom of clothing a baby's head and chest and

trunk and leaving the legs practically bare. And so A'Chu's baby, in addition to warm pants, wore white stockings and moccasins of woolen cloth. Well fed and warmly clothed, baby was supremely happy, and grew accordingly.

"There is not another such fine baby in the neighborhood," said all the old women.

"What a pity its father is a gambler!" remarked another.

Chang Tak Meng heard the compliment, and took notice. The baby also began to take notice, and Chang spent more time at home.

"What has happened? Did you see that? The man behind carrying that sedan chair is Chang Tak Meng," reported one to another.

"Chang Tak Meng at work! Fear you saw wrong," returned her companion.

"Father brought home fish and greens for supper. We all ate full," A'Chu reported at the garden gate that night.

"Where is your baby?" inquired his American partner, observing that the bundle was gone from his friend's back.

"Oh, father is playing with the baby," explained A'Chu. "Come and see how cute he is, and how fat he has grown."

The boys ran together around the corner to the street back of the old mission chapel.

No one can tell how it happened or when, but Chang's lucky day had come, the game had been won at last. The old gambler had regained his senses. The craze had left him, and Chang sat by the door of his house with the baby on his knee.

If one were to ask me how it happened, I should say, "The children did it." If A'Chu had not helped to make the baby fat, he would soon have died and needed no clothes. If the clothes had not been warm and comfy, baby could not have grown so attractive. No gambler would care to sit at home and hear a half-starved, blue-with-cold baby cry. But what Chinese father could have resisted such a fine baby boy as the proud brother put on exhibition in its best clothes whenever Tak Meng dropped into the house?

Bits of soap left from wash day were choicely gathered up by the American partner and slipped over to A'Chu, with full directions how to use them. The mother and Fung Mui were busy weaving mats. But besides going to market and carrying baby on his back most of the day, A'Chu found time to wash the little one's clothes. Indeed, his own clothes began to look as if they, too, sometimes passed through soapsuds.

Night after night, when the chapel door swung open, the father came in with the baby in his arms and A'Chu by his side. He sat among the listeners, and heard of One who, though rich, for his sake became poor, that he, Chang Tak Meng, might become rich. Let us hope Chang never lets slip the good fortune found in the old mission chapel.

Stories of Chinese Life



THE HUNCHBACK

BAD enough to be hunchbacked, most boys would say, without being named Hunchback. Quite bad enough, we agree, to carry a big hump where the shoulder blades should be, to grow arms far too long for the body, and to hitch along on spindling legs matched in length to the arms. To be reminded of this deformity every time his name was spoken did not better matters for the boy.

Maybe the fish man did not think how such a name would feel to a boy. As he sat by his block under a shade of flour sacks stretched over bamboo poles, the fish seller did not look very kind-hearted. No bantering customer ever inclined him to cut short his weights. While he carefully balanced his wooden steelyards in one hand, he marked with the thumb and forefinger of the other the last notch each cut could be made to weigh. A lean hand caught the copper change as it fell to the block, and with a quick sweep turned it into his box.

Perhaps the fish man's business did not help him to be thoughtful of others. He always spoke even the cripple's name in a tone like the ring of the cash pieces as they fell into the iron box.

Maybe the boy's mother did not think how it would feel to be called Hunchback. She was a pale-faced woman, whose feet had been tightly bound when she was a small child. They were poor stubs now, not longer at the soles than the natural feet of a child two or three years old.

Maybe they did think, both of them, and concluded, in real Chinese fashion, that since their son's

deformity could not be helped, they must make the best of it. The sooner the boy got used to it the better. At any rate, they commonly called him after the hump on his back, A'Tau—in our language, just plain Hunchback. Most certainly you will prefer to hear him called by the Chinese name, for although it means the same to him, it does not sound so cruelly blunt to us.

At first acquaintance A'Tau did not appear to be very hunchbacked. He was able to get about in a lively fashion, and had as bright a mind as the average boy of his age. When the games became too rollicking, so that he could not join the other boys in sport, he was often chosen umpire. He must have been a just judge, for the boys usually were satisfied with his decisions. His father was not too poor to afford an education for his son, and was willing to send him to school.

Any one in China willing to study enough to pass the government examinations might rise to a position of honor. It is quite possible the fish dealer's son might have become a real judge in his nation but for one unfortunate turn the boy took, at first without his parents' knowledge.

Those days when A'Tau was at school were stirring times in China. A young emperor had come to the throne as heir of the Empress Dowager, or queen mother. He started in with a swift hand to change the slow old customs and make of China a new, modern kingdom. When the old men shook their heads, they were promptly given pensions and allowed to go home. Young men who approved the young emperor's reforms were called to be his counselors.



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"LILY-FOOTED" GIRL BEING CARRIED BY HER SERVANT

In a short time the wiser heads of China decided things were moving too rapidly. They insisted that the empress must look after her adopted son's ways. The son-emperor was dismissed to a quiet life, while his queen mother again became ruling empress of China.

Perhaps in a time like this it was but natural for a boy of A'Tau's age to think he, too, could do things without the advice of older or wiser people. Unfortunately for the cripple, no strong-minded mother was watching to correct his folly before it was too late.

One reform the young emperor had planned was to drive opium smoking from his kingdom. This plan the empress followed strictly. Her edicts against the manufacture and use of opium were posted in public places in every city of her realm. Opium smoking was fast destroying the nation, and all Christian people rejoiced that China was at last to be freed from its curse. They hoped young men and boys might now grow up to take their places in the world without being poisoned in body, mind, and soul by the dreadful drug.

However, the queen's scarlet posters had scarcely become weather-stained by sun and rain before the great city in which A'Tau lived was stirred by the arrival of a new device of destruction. Almost in a day, on the gates and walls of the city and the sides of buildings in every street were pasted gay pictures. Many of these pictures represented beautiful women dressed in bright colors and adorned with glittering jewels.

This was something new to the Chinese. Their refined women are modest and retiring. They seldom go about the streets, and then only when accompanied by other women. Groups of men and boys gathered before the gay posters, wondering how it was that these

fine foreign ladies had caused their pictures to be displayed in this land of China.

In reply to their questions, the director in charge of posting the advertisements tossed a shower of tiny packages into the crowd.

"Ah, it's smoke!" announced one who had quickly opened a neatly sealed package and sniffed its contents. "Foreign smoke — such a good flavor!" and he proceeded to try one. A lively scramble followed as another shower of cigarette samples came raining down to meet the outstretched hands.

The foreign man noticed the crippled boy on the outer edge of the group. He tossed a bright, silvery package into the boy's outstretched hands. A'Tau's eyes smiled the "Thank you" his lips spoke. Another followed, lighting at his feet.

That was the beginning of the unlucky turn which determined that Hunchback could never be a judge or any other person of honor in his nation. The poison of the cigarette smoke fastened itself upon his weak body. A craving was created that nothing but more of the same poison could satisfy. He did not care for books now, and when the teacher beat him for lazing at his study, he stayed away from school. Every cash piece he could coax from his parents or find where it was not lost, he spent for smoke.

A'Tau's face grew paler, his arms stretched longer and leaner. His legs became more and more spider-like. While the other boys enjoyed their games, he sat discontentedly looking on. His eyes became dull. He began to cough badly. His chest became hollow, and the hump on his back grew higher.

"Your son is not well. You had better take him

to see the foreign doctor," a missionary said to the fish seller one day.

"It is of no use, entirely of no use. He only eats too much smoke," he replied, with a gesture that plainly meant, "Away with your foreigners! Do not talk to me. What faith have I in your missionary doctors, or in your Christian religion, either? Your foreign cigarettes are killing my boy. How shall I know the foreigner's doctor or his religion will prove to be better than his smoke?"

And so the evil practice went on, as it has gone on in other countries, and the end is not yet.



THE SAMPAN GIRL'S LULLABY

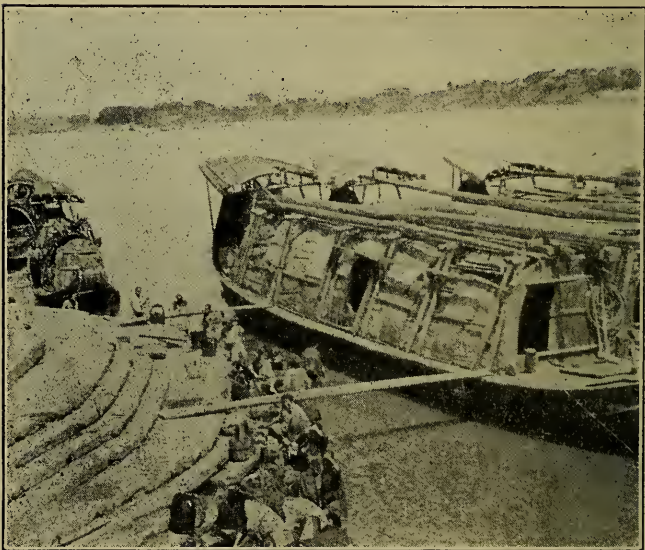
A GROUP of sampan children left their house-boats toward evening of a sultry afternoon, and came ashore to stretch their legs. Just at the point where our house stands there is a considerable open space between the row of houses on one side and the bund wall along the shore of Pearl River. A sharp turn in the wall a short distance upstream swings the strong current out into the deep channel, leaving below a quiet spot where the house-boats gather for anchorage. This angle in the wall is known as Tung Shek Kok (literally, East Stone Corner), and gives its name to this section of the city. The open space on the bund, besides answering for many other purposes, is in particular the special recreation grounds for the sampan children.

That afternoon the tropical sun had shone with mid-summer brightness, and the smooth surface of the water sent back its reflection in dazzling whiteness. The boat people pulled out the extension roofs of their crafts, and remained under cover, drinking tea and fanning themselves. Babies cried, mothers fretted, and the older women scolded. To be sure, there is not much housework to be done, but living in a sampan a day like this is not altogether pleasant. Toward evening the cool monsoon from the south sprang up. The children scrambled out of the close quarters in the boats, and capered over the sandy bund, frisking about in great relief.

Some one said, "Shuttlecock," and presently the whole company was divided into convenient groups for the game. The winged cocks began to fly from toe and

heel and ball as the players flitted about, striking with left foot or with right, forward, backward, upward, downward, at any angle or in any way, only to keep the gay toy cocks flying. Heat and weariness were forgotten, and the sampan children — boys and girls together — were as merry as only Chinese children at shuttlecock can be.

A woman came out from one of the boats, carrying a baby on one arm. With the other hand she gathered up the long red ties of a baby-carrier and languidly trailed them along as she came toward the children. She called peevishly, and a girl from one group went toward her. Baby was set into the soft square of the carrier,



CARGO BOATS

Women washing clothes at the river's edge.



LITTLE CHINESE GIRL CARRYING BABY
On the Bund, Hongkong.

and the long ties were passed forward, two over the girl's shoulders and two under the arms around her waist, then the four were twisted together in a knot at the front, wound about her waist, and securely fastened. In this way the baby was bound snugly and tightly to his sister's back.

But baby did not like it. Who would? The sister had been skipping about vigorously, playing shuttlecock. It had been warm enough in the house-boat with the sun beating down on its low roof, but this was like getting out of the frying pan into the fire. Baby cried.

"Don't cry," commanded the mother, and was off toward the street market place.

Nevertheless, baby did cry. The sister soothed and patted the restless bundle on her back, coaxing, "Don't cry! Don't cry!" Finally, she decided that if she waited for baby brother's consent, she would miss all the sport, so she ran back to her group and plunged into the game, jumping, striking with her feet right and left at the gayly colored cock, driving it hither and thither and springing up to toss it again exactly as if baby were not there.

The baby's head bobbed to this side and then to that, up and down. Why it did not snap off was a puzzle. Was it because his neck was too much stretched with trying to keep up with his body? For some reason he seemed to have stopped crying, and for a few moments the game went on merrily. Then he began again, and this time more lustily. Above the shout and laughter of the losers and winners his rebellious cries rose in protest. Without a word or signal that I could see, the game ceased. The players picked up their cocks, and ran off to a spot farther down the bund.

The disappointed sister was left alone with her noisy burden. She took the hint, and made no attempt to follow nor even to look after her companions. Instead, she patiently hunched up higher the bundle that had settled down on her back. Without turning her eyes either toward the market street or toward the gay shuttlecocks, she stood still in the spot where she had been left. Teetering first on one foot, then on the other, and swaying her body to and fro as a cradle rocks, she patted the burden on her back soothingly, first with one hand, then with the other, coaxed and cajoled. Louder and louder she sang till the shrill voice rose clear above the baby's cries:



“ Mother is coming by and by,
By o’by, by o’by;
Fast as the wings of wind can fly,
Hush, baby boy, don’t cry.

“ Our king loves the baby, so he does
Hush, little boy, don’t cry;
The governor, too, the baby loves,
So there, little boy, don’t cry.

“ Nothing shall harm the baby dear,
Dear little boy, don’t cry;
Bad spirits are gone, and the gods
draw near;
Good little boys won’t cry.”

— *Translated by the Author.*





Chinese Infant Rhymes

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR



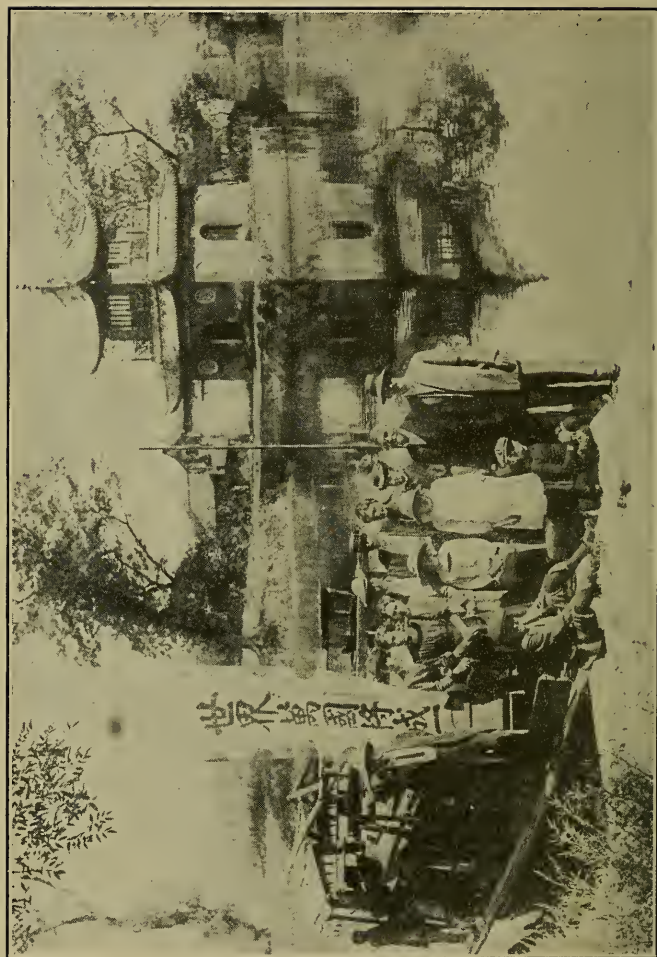
PAT-A-CAKE

CLAP, little one; little one, clap.
Go buy a small fish.
If the fish has no flavor,
Go buy a sweet olive.
Is the big olive sweet?
Then take another.
When the man gives no more,
Ask for your cash back again;
Go another place,
Buy a sweet bite.
Sweet how long? Sweet three years.



TEACHING BABY TO WALK

TODDLING, toddling, you an orange meet,
Golden orange, good and sweet.
Path is pleasant, safe to feet.



A SCENE AT KATING, ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM SHANGHAI

THE BETROTHAL OF A'LAI

LAI, or A'Lai, as the name is commonly spoken in the native tongue, was the youngest child in Cheung Lun's family. Cheung A'Lai is her full name. The name Lai means "the little one." To be exact, it means "the runt," and describes the wee, puny one of a litter of young animals. The name was given her not only because she was the youngest of her family, but also because she was a delicate child and small of her age. Had she grown plump and strong by the time she was ten years of age, her name would doubtless have been changed to something more becoming her appearance. As it is, she has been called just A'lai.

Cheung was the father's name. Indeed, that was the surname of half the dwellers of a certain country village near the North River.

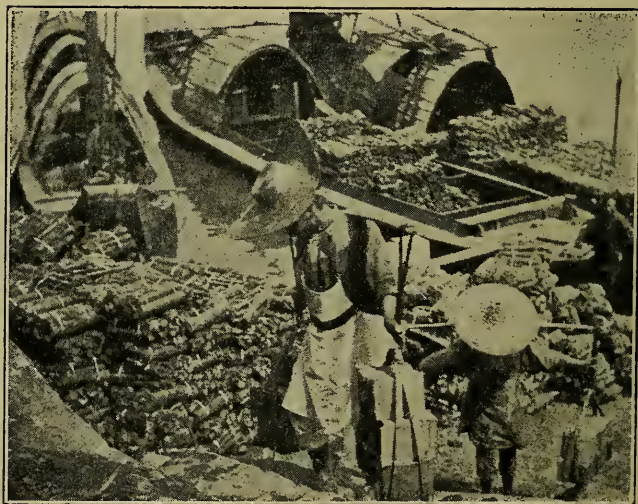
The dwellers of the other half of this particular village were surnamed Chan. Now the clan of Chan is mentioned here because, as you shall see, it has something to do with the story of A'Lai's betrothal.

A shallow brook ran through the village, and formed the natural boundary between them. The Cheungs lived on this side the stream, and the Chans lived on that side. There had been no serious quarrel between the clans for more than a generation, and so a stone foot-bridge had been built over the brook.

This was done more as a pledge of confidence, each in the other clan's friendship, than for any real need of a bridge. It was as if the Cheungs had said, "We trust you Chans. We believe you are our friends. We will build a bridge that you may cross into our village at your pleasure." And as if the Chans, not willing to be



WOMEN CARRIERS



WOMEN UNLOADING CARGO

outdone by the good will of the Cheungs, replied, "Not so; but we will build our half of the bridge, and the Cheungs shall be our friends alway."

This bridge was seldom used except on occasions of betrothals and marriage feasts. At such times it became a perfect gala way. For across this bridge the sons of Chan took the daughters of Cheung to wife, and the Cheungs brought over Chan girls to be wives to their clan.

For all this friendly exchange of daughters, the boundary line of the clans was in no way altered. When a Chinese girl is married, she is gone. From that day she belongs entirely to her husband's family. So it continued that those who were born on this side of the brook were Cheungs, and those born on that side were Chans.

Only the brook was neutral. It shared its blessings freely and equally with dwellers on either side. The feathery bamboos grew along its course, tall and graceful, casting their cooling shade on this side, then on that. The Cheung women came and squatted at its edge to hear and tell the village news, the while they washed clothes in its clear, soft water. The Chan women took up their early morning congregation on the other bank, where they discussed the weather or the latest betrothal as they washed their clothes.

But the stream was not always helpful. It sometimes was most cruel. For when the spring rains come in torrents, as they sometimes do, by the time this brook reaches the Fa Yuen district it becomes a swollen river. The waters break through its banks, and spread out over the ricefields. Then the flat country becomes a lake. If the rain continues, the water rises and floods

the mud floors of the village homes. Then the people make fast the simple furniture, and carry their clothing, provisions, cooking utensils, and fuel to the loft under the roof, or even to the top of the roof. If the flood continues, the growing rice crop will be smothered by the water, buried in the mud, or washed away by the



GATHERING FUEL

flood. Then a famine follows, with great suffering among the poor.

This is precisely what had happened at the opening of this story, when A'Lai was about three years old. The rice crop which should have been reaped in December had failed for lack of rain. And recently the floods had swept away the spring crop. The seed grain sown out of great scarcity and privation was lost.

Cheung Lun rose at the rising of the sun to look out on the wreck and ruin of his native village. The lot next his own was vacant now, and next to that was

only the racked wooden frame of what had once been a comfortable village home.

"Good luck," he said to himself consolingly. His own house was standing. He was thankful for that.

No one asked what had become of those who once were the dwellers in these and many other desolated homes. Cheung Lun shuddered at recollection of the piteous human cries that had reached his ears during those fearful nights when the waters raged over the village.

The man turned back into the house. Like a faithful wife, Yi Nai had risen early. A kettle of water was boiling over a fire of sticks and stubbles her hands had gathered and dried in the sun. She turned a steaming stream of water over a pinch of dried leaves in the blue flowered teapot. The vessel was placed in a padded tea cozy to brew, and she vanished up the stairs to the loft.

The old man's eyes followed her. She was the young wife of his old age, the mother of his only boy. More than that, she was also the mother of A'Lai, the pet of the household and the joy of the old man's heart.

The sun rose higher. Men and women crept out from their storm-wrecked homes to the duties of the day. Yi Nai came back from the loft. She turned a cup of tea and brought it to the man in her two small brown hands. Then she went with her boy to the fields. More yams and vegetables must be grown to take the place of the rice which had been destroyed. The older girls were directed to gather driftwood or stalks and grass to dry for fuel. A'Lai had been given a tiny bamboo stool on the sunny side of the house, and left to amuse herself.



CHINESE FARMS



The master of the house sat alone — sat in gloom. Suddenly he rose and found himself facing the family altar with the ancestral tablets hung above it. Yi Nai had placed a cup of tea and a single remaining rice cake upon the altar. This devotion to the spirits of his ancestors touched the old man. The rebellion in his heart burst forth. Seizing a bamboo rod, he beat the rafters till the tile roof rattled.

"Rice! Give me rice!" he cried. "This house I have inherited from my ancestors. That does not feed the hungry. Give me rice! rice! rice!" he clamored as the beams echoed the strokes of his rod.

Cheung left the house and walked toward the bridge. Not once did he look back. And A'Lai — she was too much terrified by the noisy outbreak within to call after him, though he was never used to passing her this way, without a loving word or caress. She shrank as he passed, and raised her arm to hide her face behind its wide sleeve. When he had gone, she looked after him with frightened eyes.

Still he walked — toward the bridge, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but always with his eyes fixed upon the earth.

"Good morning," called a cheery voice. The woman had scurried to the other side of the path to escape being trodden upon.

"So early morning, Tai Yi Ma?" the man stammered, bewildered at being wakened from his gloomy thoughts by the very one for whom he was in search.

"Have you eaten rice?" The friendly, native greeting struck the old man's heart.

"Have eaten," he returned politely, and went on his way.

But the air of resolution was gone. "Not today. Today, I cannot. I am still able to walk," he said to himself, as if to excuse some show of weakness he had believed overcome. Was it the soft morning air that struck him chill? He pulled his long sleeves over his hands and quickened his pace.

Tai Yi Ma knew well enough that Cheung Lun had not eaten rice that morning. She knew that neither he nor any member of his family had eaten a full meal since the beginning of the flood. Because she knew this, she had set out this bright morning to repeat a visit she had made some two weeks before to Cheung Lun's home.

She went her way more slowly now, mincing her steps more daintily than before. Magpies called from broken boughs, and glossy crows winged their way lazily or swooped low over her head, but the go-between neither heard nor saw them.

"So troublesome, this affair! Why should he try to deceive me? Sooner or later he will be obliged to sell the Little One. He cannot starve. Neither of the other girls can be disposed of at present. They are at the awkward age,—too old for a 'rearing-marriage' and too young for wives. No one is buying slaves these hard times. But I may have a talk with Yi Nai. She will not see her husband and son starve to save the runt." Thus the woman mused, picking her way where the path was smoothest.

Tai Yi Ma was a professional matchmaker. She made a business of mating young couples for marriage. She knew the tastes of men and the hearts of women as few of her trade do, and, as a rule, Tai Yi Ma's matches had been very acceptable. The wealthy Chan families who had been willing to pay a good sum for

beautiful wives for their sons, were particularly pleased with her selections. This present undertaking was made difficult by what she considered the foolish fondness of the old father for the little Cheung girl, and also by the small amount this particular Chan family was able to pay at this particular time. For the flood had destroyed the rice crop on the Chan side, also.

When Chan A'So had called the go-between, she had begun with a long story of her husband's sickness and death. She was still paying rent, she said, on a place in which to rest his coffin, besides a fee to the officer who was on lookout for a lucky spot for the tomb. Lastly the flood — everybody blamed the flood, although not aloud, lest the powers of the wind and water return and punish them.

A'So ended by making Tai Yi Ma understand she would confer a great favor by searching out a young child that might be had at a moderate price to be reared as a daughter in Chan A'So's family. This was with the understanding, of course, that at the proper age she would be married to the eldest son.

Tai Yi Ma had accepted the honor of this delicate undertaking for her clanswoman. She had promised to do her best to find the most beautiful and sweet-tempered girl in the village.

If you had met Tai Yi Ma that morning on her way to Cheung Lun's home and asked what was the object in buying a little girl to be a young boy's bride, she would have given you the reason, "Because, it will be cheaper to rear her than to pay the much larger price required when she is grown up." She might have admitted also that Chan A'So had just enough ready money to pay the smaller sum now. If that were spent,

she might not be able to save what would be necessary to buy a wife when the time came. The plan was for A'So to save her money by investing it in the child now, and, by rearing the child herself, save the extra money that would be required to buy a grown-up girl by and by, when the time for marriage should come.

She might have mentioned another advantage: Since the daughter-in-law will probably live with the mother-in-law all her life, if the mother-in-law rears the child, she can train it exactly to suit herself.

If you had asked, "Why buy a girl at all?" she would have looked surprised, and replied, "Why? It costs parents a lot of money and work to rear a daughter! Should they not have some return for it? Besides, if the young man or his family cannot get money to pay for his bride, how shall we be sure he will be able to support his wife?" No doubt she would have turned on you with a question in her own mind, "Is it true? I have heard it said you foreigners give your daughters away; that a foreign man himself chooses his bride, and that he does not pay for her." If you acknowledge that she is partly correct, no doubt she will receive your words with courtesy, but in your absence she probably will say, "How strange! In some things these foreigners seem to be civilized, and yet they think so little of daughters as to give them away, free — free for nothing!"

By the time Tai Yi Ma reached the place, A'Lai had forgotten her fright. She was playing in the sunshine, amusing herself by turning the pieces of driftwood laid out to dry, as she had seen her sisters do.

"How bright and active she is! She certainly will be industrious when she grows up," observed the go-

between, pleased to have discovered another good point in the child.

Just to test her temper once more, the woman stooped and pinched the child's arm. A'Lai cringed and drew the arm close to her side, looking up with eyes big with surprise. She was not used to being pinched.

"Good, good little girl," purred the woman. "She certainly has a mild temper. Cause her pain, and even then she does not cry. Her hands and feet are small and finely formed. Her face is fairly good looking," she went on, counting over to herself the points of excellence she had promised Chan A'So to look out for.

Yi Nai with her boy came back to the house for a drink of tea. A'Lai reached out both hands. "Carry me, carry me!" she pleaded.

The mother gave her some tea, then placing the child in the baby-carrier and spreading her small limbs to either side, skilfully swung the mite of a girl onto her own back to rest.

"So tired! sleep, sleep," soothed the mother, reaching back to pat the bundle on her back. The little black head dropped on the mother's shoulder, and the wee one was soon fast asleep.

"So thin—thinner by a lot," remarked the go-between, with a circular motion of the head that for an instant pointed her nose directly at A'Lai. "You cannot take care of her. Your family is certainly in



great trouble," she continued, with a show of sympathy, although her real intention was to excite the mother's pity for herself, and make her willing to accept the offer she had made.

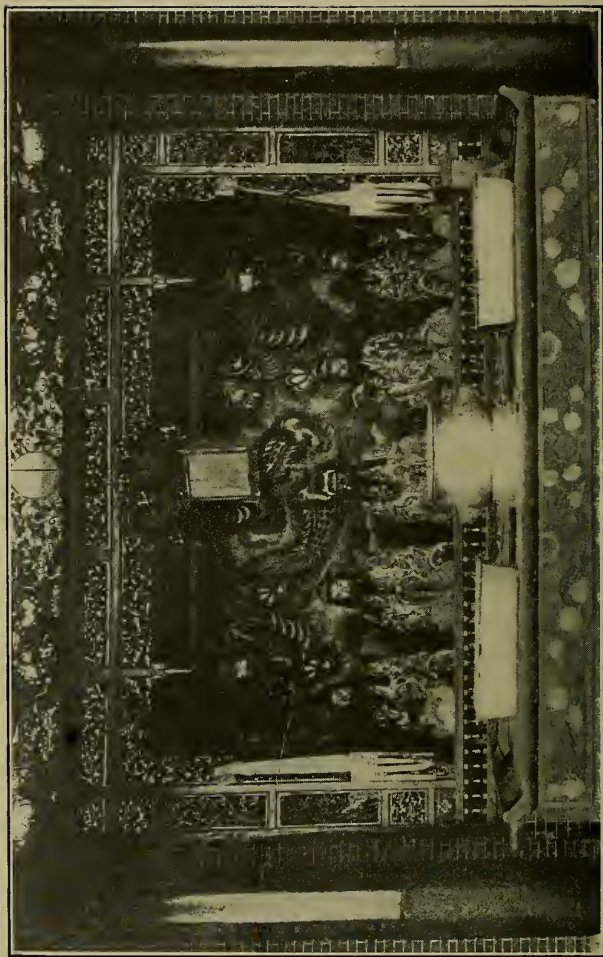
"Great trouble, indeed," Yi Nai repeated absently.

"I met Cheung Lun as I was coming," the go-between went on. "He, too, is thin. I see him looking very old of late," she continued, watching the young wife through a narrow corner of her eye, as if to note how much more tantalizing her victim could bear. "I saw that he walked very slowly, as I looked back," she added with a pull at her garments that rattled the silver coins in the pouch hanging to her belt.

Before Tai Yi Ma left Cheung Lun's home, she had persuaded his young wife to promise to give up the Little One sleeping on her back. She had agreed that the baby should be taken across the bridge to become a daughter to the Chans. In turn Tai Yi Ma had promised to make a present of so many silver round pieces to Cheung Lun's family, enough, she assured the mother, to keep the whole family till the next harvest.

The old man heard with grief what had taken place in his absence. Not a movement of muscle, no change in his features, made sign of the sorrow in his heart. No true Chinese may take back a promise made in good faith without becoming a rascal. So it was reported among the women as they washed clothes at the brook's edge, that Cheung Lun's Little One was betrothed to a son of Chan A'So.

Religious Customs of the Chinese



INTERIOR OF IDOL TEMPLE, CANTON

A QUEER BIRTHDAY PARTY

A GRAND birthday celebration was to be given for an idol kept in the big temple near our home. No one pretends to know just how old the idol is. It seems queer it should have a birthday at all, since it never was born. Everybody admits it was made just as any common object is made—of wood, stone, or metal—I am not certain which it was made of.

The people of China understand perfectly well that their idols are the work of men's hands. Sometimes they show us the stamp on the base of the image. This explains that the god was made in such a year in the reign of such and such a king. But though they know the year when the idol was made, they do not know the day.

Perhaps they will call attention to the way the idol was made. It may be a "molten image," like the golden calf of Israel,—cast from molten metals in a mold of clay; or like the cherubim of Solomon's temple, it may have been beaten out of a single piece of metal. All this shows that they know idols to be the work of men's hands. But even so, while the Chinese talk in this way, explaining how their gods are made, guessing at when they were made and what they were made of, still they insist they are alive, and delight to honor them with feasts and celebrations. To one who looks on, the conduct of the Chinese in worshipping their dumb idols, appears like a little girl playing mother to her doll, or like the small boy who straddles a stick and makes believe it is his pony.

However, idol worship is really a serious matter to those who believe in it. They particularly like to believe the idol is very old, since, they say, he must have grown wise in a long lifetime.

Once I asked a man whom I met at a small shrine beside our street, whether he thought the idol in that shrine came from heaven or whether it had been made.

"Most certainly, it is man-made," he said.

"Is it able of itself to move about from place to place?" I inquired.

"O no, indeed! It cannot move from this spot. We must bring its food to it, and ourselves come here to worship," he replied.

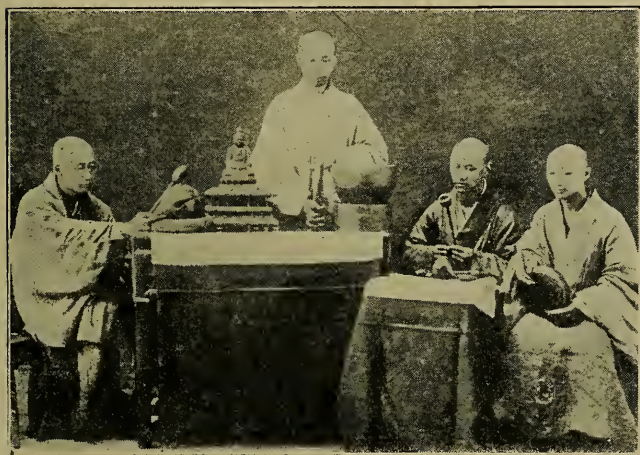
"If you must feed and care for the idol, how then do you believe it is able to give you the things you ask for?"

"Do you not understand?" and he looked as if he thought me simple. "We do not worship the *idol*, but only the spirit of a god that dwells in it. So long as we burn candles and incense and bring it food and drink, the spirit continues with the idol. If we should cease our care, the spirit would become discontented and go away. But this idol is *alive*," he declared energetically. "It speaks to me often when I am at home on my bed. It has promised me good luck. Sometime it will give me great riches."

This is usually the case with idol worshipers. They do not worship their gods in order that they themselves may become better or purer, but because they wish the god to keep them from losing their money, from becoming sick, or from some other harm; or they worship because they hope the gods will give them some other worldly benefit or selfish desire.

It was in the hope of some such earthly reward that the whole neighborhood around the big temple turned out to give this grand celebration in honor of the birthday of their god.

The god who was given this birthday party is kept in a shrine facing a wide door of the temple which opens onto the street. Once this shrine was bright



BUDDHIST PRIESTS AT WORSHIP

red decorated with gold, but now it is so grimed with the smoke of incense and covered with dust that one would not try to guess how it did look. In the early morning a company of worshipers, mostly well-dressed women, may be seen before this shrine, kneeling low, till their foreheads touch the brick floor.

A number of priests live in the temple, and are supposed to wait on the services of this god. But the priests like to drink wine, to smoke, and to shake

dice, better than to work; and so, though the temple is rather grand on the outside, it gets very dirty on the inside, and things lie about in slack disorder.

Once a year, on what is called its birthday, this idol is given a celebration. On such occasions it is taken out of the temple and carried through the streets. It is supposed to bring good luck to the people living on the street through which it passes. Naturally the priests promise that the idol procession will pass the street that raises the most money to pay for the celebration. Rich people pay large sums for this purpose, and even the small shops give more than they can afford. In addition to their gifts, the homes and shops hang out long strings of firecrackers, reaching from the top of the doorframes to the doorsills at the bottom. These are fired off as the procession goes by.

"This one is a very old and powerful idol," the house boy had told us the day before. "It will come past here tomorrow morning. The procession will walk an hour [passing the house], so long it is," he continued, with evident satisfaction that we would have the opportunity of seeing what great things his people could do. Perhaps he thought we would give some money to help pay for the expense of the parade.

The procession was announced to start in the *morning*, but we knew that meant it would start any time everything was ready. We also knew that the fuss and noise of getting ready is considered quite as much honor to the god as the display itself would be.

There is little outside amusement or excitement for a missionary's children, and ours were determined not to miss the sights on this occasion. Early

in the morning they gathered their playthings into the wide veranda, ready to look out at a moment's notice. Play with everyday toys was dull in comparison with the expected show, and playthings were often cast aside while three white faces gazed longingly over the window sill into the dull street. No one wanted to go to the dining-room at luncheon time, for fear of missing the sights. However, the meal passed without interruption, and the children again took up their wait in the half-open, second-story veranda.

Suddenly there was a stir below. A crier ran down the street, calling to right and left, "The idol is coming!" Following closely, five men rushed past, the two in front clanging brass cymbals while the three others at their heels piped shrill musettes.

The people left their business and flocked into the street, completely filling the open space. But a band of soldiers soon cleared the way. First came a company of priests with clean-shaven heads. They wore bright-yellow robes and wide, rough straw hats hanging on their backs. After the priests came the long, long procession.

First in the line was a row of young children mounted on small horses. The animals were covered with richly embroidered tapestries of silk over their backs and sides. The bridles and saddles were gayly decorated. The children were little ones, some of them mere babies, not more than two or three years old. All were dressed in bright silk garments embroidered in silk or gold and silver thread, and trimmed with snow-white fur. Besides the one or two grooms who led each horse, each small child was attended by two men, one walking at either side, each

holding a small hand to keep the little one from falling off. Some of these children were little daughters from the best homes. Each child that takes part is



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HALL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GENII

Images of "the five hundred early followers of Buddha, who sit in smug, self-satisfied poses in Flowery Forest Monastery."

lent the costly garment it wears, is given a lot of goodies to eat, and a present of money to take home. What is of greatest importance to the parents, in return for

this service of honor, the idol is supposed to bestow special blessings on these children throughout the coming year.

A great many rich banners were carried in the procession. Some were very beautiful, and so finely embroidered by hand that one piece must have required the labor of one person for several years. The Chinese dragon was represented on banners carried high on long poles. The raised figures of this scaly creature were embroidered in bright gold on black cloth. It appeared 'through fleecy clouds of silver embroidery, rushing madly with wide-open mouth after a bright-red sun at the farthest corner of the banner. Other banners bore mottoes in large gold letters on scarlet or blue cloth, but many of them were intended only to add color and show to the long line.

Very large umbrellas, meant only for show, appeared in the procession now and then. Each of these was carried by three men, at the top of a pole much higher than the bearers' heads. These, also, were very gay, flashing in the sunshine hundreds of tiny gilt-rimmed mirrors sewed on in the midst of the embroidery that literally covered their brilliant tops. Around the edge dropped a gay band of silken material ending in a deep scarlet fringe.

Quite as full of gay colors, reflected by as many glittering mirrors, were the huge fans borne in the same manner as the gaudy umbrellas. The umbrellas and big fans, with their numberless shining mirrors, added a particularly bright touch to the scene.

Now we understood the house boy's meaning, as well as why the procession had been so late that morning in starting.

"There will be no procession today unless the sun comes out," he had replied to the children's inquiry why the parade was so slow in appearing.

"Why, A'Lun, why won't the procession come? It doesn't rain," the children urged.

"No, it doesn't rain, but unless the sun shines there is not much for the idol to see," he explained.

This display of color and tinsel was to be given for the pleasure and satisfaction of the idol. If the sun did not shine to make the bright colors glow, the mirrors to glitter, the gold and silver thread to shine, and the precious stones to sparkle, the god would not feel that its birthday celebration was very grand. Consequently its blessings would be stinted in proportion.

But the sun did shine that afternoon, and the sight was brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes of anything but a graven image.

After this show came the feast. Immense trays bearing whole roast pigs were carried by four men with poles. Carved wooden canopies, almost as tall and heavy as a Chinese bridal chair, were reared over the trays. Where the canopies were particularly large and heavy, the piece was carried by eight men. Other trays held roast chicken in large numbers, or duck or goose in like abundance. Still other carriers bore heaps of small cakes of all sorts and many colors. Fruits of various varieties were added to the feast, and besides these were sweetmeats and delicacies calculated to tempt the appetite of the most particular god. All these, and other things too many to mention, were displayed in the most enticing manner in this more than royal feast.



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THE KING OF BEGGARS

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As the procession passed, we had opportunity to look into the faces of the men who took part in this birthday celebration, and to see for ourselves what kind of persons they were. To our surprise we did not see the neighborhood shopkeepers, nor the carpenters, stone masons, and other men of trades, nor yet the working men of our street. What we did see were the thin, bony bodies, clawlike hands, and sallow faces of opium smokers. Some had apparently begun the use of tobacco when they were young. Their bodies were dwarfed. They were humpbacked and bow-legged. Most of them showed dull faces and bleared eyes. Street hanger, beggar, gambler, thief, opium sot,—these were the characters plainly written on the faces of those men in the long line of that idol procession.

To be sure, bright garments borrowed from the temple had been put on most of them, so that they might appear beautiful, but underneath were the soiled and tattered garments of worthless men; and hidden deeper down were the hardened, sinful hearts of men who had forgotten God. They served in the idol procession to obtain a share in the feast when at the close of the day these things offered to the idol should be divided among those who had taken part in the celebration.

Clang! clang! clang! sounded the big brass gong carried on a pole between two men. After the gong came the idol itself, at the end of the procession. All that gorgeous display of color and art, and the long line of good things to feast upon, had been passed down the street before its eyes and for its gratification.

The idol was a little ugly black image seated on a big, real-ebony throne. Over it was a canopy of ebony, wonderfully carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. This was a very heavy piece; and to show respect to the god, as well as because the throne was so heavy, not less than twenty men, with poles, had been set to carry it. As the procession passed, the crowd pressed together again, and followed the senseless idol through the city, back to its home in the temple. The helpless thing was set again in its place in the dingy shrine. The crowd disappeared, and gradually the streets became quiet as before.

Just before sunset the idol was taken out again and set in the open square before the temple doors. At this time a great display of brilliant fireworks took place. It is believed that whoever catches a spent rocket as it comes down, will have good fortune. To the Chinese, this means that he will have sons, long life, happiness, riches, or whatever he most wishes for. The people fairly trampled upon one another in trying to catch the pieces of scorched paper as they fluttered back to earth.

The sun dropped below the horizon, and darkness came down. The crowds scattered to their homes. But in mind I see them still—those hopeless faces of women who are the most sincere and devoted idol worshipers in China, and those other hardened faces of men whose hearts are set against God. There is little hope that these wasted lives can be rescued and brought to Christ. But above these I see the sweet, childish faces of innocent boys and girls. Unless we stir ourselves to teach them the true way of life, will not these, too, follow their idols, past all help of turning, on to sin and death?

WAYS THAT ARE STRANGE

SOME things the Chinese do seem strange to us who live at the opposite side of the earth. We call them our "antipodes," a word which means, literally, "opposite feet," for the Chinese are the people whose feet are opposite ours on the earth's surface. They get up in the morning when we go to bed at night. Their children play or go to school while we sleep at night. This seemed very strange to me when a child. Nor could I understand how people are able to live with their feet standing up and their heads hanging down. What a topsy-turvy place it must be where people do everything exactly upside down!

Later, when I went to China, things did not seem so strange as my childish imagination had pictured. To the Chinese, *down* is toward his feet and the center of the earth, the same as it is to us; *up* is the direction in which his head points, toward the sky. In China rain falls down and smoke goes up. Everything in nature moves in an orderly way and right side up, just as it does in our own land.

In some respects the Chinese people themselves are not so very different from the inhabitants of our half of the globe. To be sure, every man, woman, and child has black hair, dark eyes, and a yellow skin. But color of hair, eyes, and skin does not make an individual.

At that time Chinese boys wore the head smoothly shaved part way back, but left the hair to grow long at the crown. This long hair was braided in a queue to hang down the back. But does the way one

combs his hair make a difference in him as an individual? Suppose a boy who had always worn bushy, touseled hair were suddenly to have his hair cut, neat and trim, would that make him a different boy? Is it not rather the way persons think and feel that makes them what they are?

WHAT THE CHINESE THINK ABOUT GOD

No one thing that people think about has so much influence on their ways of doing as does what they think about God. So in this case. The Chinese have reasons for their strange ways, and most of these reasons are founded in their ways of thinking about God, or what we call their religion. It is as if they looked at things around them through glasses colored by false religious ideas. They see fairies, ghosts, and goblins, smoke, fire, and blood, where there is only clear air and blue sky.

They do not know God as a being whose eyes "run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." They have not heard the word, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

WORSHIP OF SPIRITS

To the great majority of the Chinese the practice of religion consists principally in the worship of spirits. They believe themselves surrounded by a world of spirits. To their imagination these spirits are as real as are their living friends. Some are friendly, helpful spirits. To these they pay little attention, no more than is sufficient to keep them friendly. Unfriendly spirits are thought to be always at hand to spoil the

best-laid plans. To bring sickness, accident, and bad luck appears to be their special delight. These evil spirits are the object of constant worship and sacrifice, in the effort to appease their supposed anger.

The fact that spirits ordinarily may not be seen, greatly increases their terrors. It is bad enough to be hunted by an enemy in flesh and blood — one that may be seen and either evaded or met openly and conquered. But forever to be in danger from invisible spirits skulking about and bent on mischief, puts one in constant fear.



PROFESSIONAL EAR CLEANER

DECEIVING THE SPIRITS

The man who undertakes a journey on foot does not choose a short cut by a direct path. That would make it too easy for the spirits to follow him. Spirits travel most easily in a straight line. They are likely to be confused by an abrupt turn in the road and to lose the way. For this reason footpaths twist and wind in and out between the fields. The traveler is quite willing to walk the farther distance, and by a winding way, if by so doing he may be at peace. He chooses the crooked road rather than be troubled in the way by spirits that may cause him to lose a sandal from his foot, slip on the narrow path, or fall into a ditch at its side, to break

a cart wheel or upset his loaded wheelbarrow. The Chinese love peace, and will go the long way to secure it.

It seemed strange to us that the large boats moored in the river before our home always completed their preparations for a voyage by firing a string of crackers at the stern. The loud *bang!* of a very big cracker was



IN THE BARBER SHOP

the signal for the boat to start. As it swung around, heading out to sea, handfuls of paper scraps were thrown out from its bow.

Later we learned that the firing of crackers was intended either to deafen or to frighten away the spirits. The flying papers were meant to attract the attention of inquisitive spirits, and so give the sailors an opportunity to slip out of harbor unmolested. This is a form of worship intended to secure a safe voyage.

Among even the very poor of China a large sum of money and much time is spent in the effort to turn away the anger of these invisible enemies. A few incidents, such as missionaries meet almost daily in their work among the people of China, will help the reader to understand that the fear of evil spirits is the reason for many strange doings of the Chinese.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

WHICH ONE WAS SICK?

IN a quarter of the city across the river from our home in Canton, a native woman was seated at the entrance to one of the homes of wealth. She was neat and tidy looking. Her nimble fingers sent the needle flying swiftly in and out through the brown glazed fabric. She was a sewing woman,—one who goes from house to house making garments by the piece, and sits outside the door at the side of the street while she works.

The only amusement of the little daughter who sat beside the woman was to watch passers-by, and her only employment to thread the needle from a skein around her neck. The mother rested the short moment the threading was done, and then the needle flew again. The pair had come at sunrise, and would stay till sunset.

At sight of a foreign woman, the little one twisted her neck stiffly, and gazed up curiously from under her eyebrows. There was a large lump on her neck, and her head was tipped to one side to make room for the swelling. The shoulder on the other side was drawn up rigidly to prevent the muscles from pulling at the sore place. Her face was very pale except for a flushed spot on each cheek. Very thin and frail she looked, perched on a tiny bamboo stool with neither back nor arm rests. Poor little thing! I thought.

“Allow me to show you the way to the heal-sick house,” I said to the mother. “The doctor is there this moment. She will cure your child.”

I had just come from the doctor’s dispensary, where a waiting-room full of mothers and their sick babies

were receiving the most tender and skilful medical treatment.

I meant to help the poor mother, but she did not take it so. Casting aside her sewing work, she sprang to her feet with startled eyes. Gesturing with her hands, she fairly screamed, "Who is sick? *You only* are sick. Get away! Get away! *We* here have no troubles."

This is strange, I thought. How can she deny that the child is sick and suffering?

A workman who had observed the incident followed me to apologize for her conduct. Perhaps he was a Christian, I do not know.

"Do not be offended," he said. "she does not mean to be rude. It is only that she is a very much fear-devils woman. She fears your words will attract the attention of evil spirits to her child, and so she thinks they will gather around it and cause it to die. She loves her child. She called you the *sick one*, hoping the evil spirits may be deceived, and follow away after you. You teachers are not afraid of spirit-devils, are you?" he added, reassuringly.



A ROPE FACTORY

WHY AMAH WAS AFRAID IN THE TENT

THE sun beat hot on the rock-nubbed, sand-patched hillside. A new tent with a fly over it had been pitched near the house, and the children of two families had gathered under it to play. A Chinese woman came out to sit in its shade. She liked to see the children play. Three of her own had been left back in the country when she came to the city to find work.

"Isn't this fine, Amah?" called the largest boy. He was lying on his stomach on a spot of green grass with his bare feet straight up in the breeze.

"Very cool, much cooler than in the house. The heavens are hot today," replied the woman, seating herself in the door of the tent. This "cloth house," as she called it, was something new, and the sea breeze was refreshing to the tired woman.

"Tonight it will be very hot in the house. We could bring out some mats and sleep in the tent," suggested the lad. To sleep all night in a tent would be quite an adventure to this boy, accustomed to the close quarters of a missionary's home.

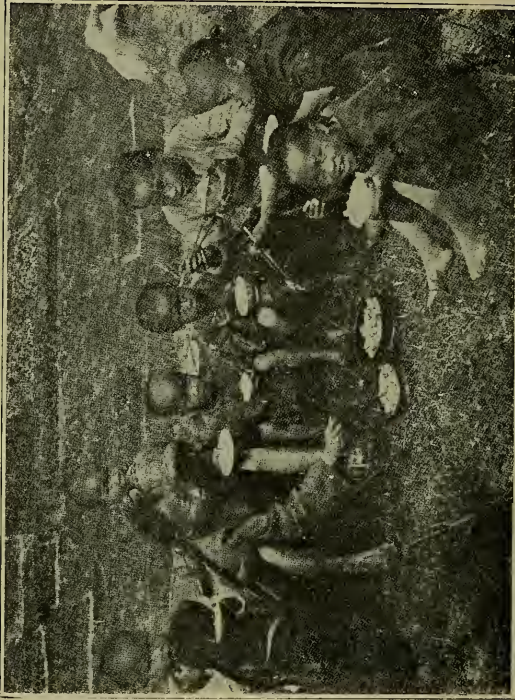
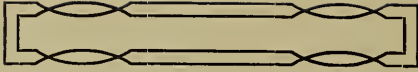
"Oh, let's do it!" chimed the other children. The children all spoke Chinese. Children like the short words and running, musical tones of the native speech.

"Will you come, Amah?" asked the boy on the grass, recollecting it would be dark when time to sleep came.

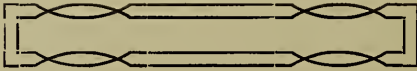
"No, I certainly will not come." She spoke decidedly, quite unusual for a Chinese woman.

"Why not? Please come," he coaxed. "This place will be very cool."

"Humph!" was her only reply.



NOONDAY LUNCH ON THE HILLSIDE



The boy turned to look. Her eyes were far away and her face looked serious.

"Afraid of the dark?" he teased, crawling toward her in the grass.

"Not afraid of the dark. Of the *dark* there is no cause for fear," she added cautiously. "But I would not sleep out here for heaps of money."

"Of what are you afraid?" This question he asked out of real interest, for now Amah's eyes looked scared as they ran out over the hillside and down among the patches of grain and vegetable gardens as if searching for something of which she really was very much afraid.

Amah did not care to explain. According to her way of thinking, neither her fears nor the things of which she was afraid were subjects to be spoken of aloud.

"Ah, ha! Amah," the boy bantered thoughtlessly, "are you afraid of spirits?" How could he guess the terrible fear in her soul that caused her face to pale at his words?

"Most certainly, I am afraid of devil-spirits. I would not sleep here for riches," she declared. Now that the two dreaded words had been spoken, there was no more peace for her in the cool shade of the tent. She got up and went immediately back to her room in the house.

"Don't be afraid, Amah. There is nothing to fear," the children called after her, but she could not be persuaded to come back.

The fear of spirits was not a joke with her. The farther hillside was dotted with graves, and the knolls out among the patches of field were topped with tombs built of stone or brick spread with cement. Some were

freshly whitewashed, and set like marble rings in the green-covered mounds. Others were crumbling with decay.

In this woman's mind a spirit hovered over every one of those graves. Any moment a restless spirit might go careening over the hillside straight through the open tent. Should it chance to be a bad spirit, or a good one provoked by being disturbed of its rest, something terrible might happen to any person it encountered in the way. That was why Amah was afraid to stay out in the tent.



WOMAN WATER CARRIER

WHAT THE WATER CARRIER FEARED

A DREADFUL typhoon, or "big wind," as the word means, swept over the country. The sea was whipped to a mass of foam. The waves rose high, one after another, with great gulfs between. They shot out frothy tongues to lap in the boats. Seagoing vessels were tossed about like corks in a pool. A great ocean steamer caught by the wind was lifted completely out of the sea and carried over onto the dry land.

There was no sleep for the sampan people that night. They bound their boats together as they lay side by side, and clung to the shore for life. Some lost their hold, and were swept away by the storm.

At last the darkness passed. The wind had fled with its prey. The sun rose to warm and cheer the earth once more.

The water-woman came to fill the water jars. We always called her the water-woman, though I suppose she had a real name of her own. She made a business of carrying water for the neighborhood. Twice a week and on the evening before wash day she brought water from the river to fill the big stone jars that contained the water supply for our household purposes.

This morning she slipped stealthily through the gates, and very quietly set down her two buckets inside. Turning quickly, she pulled the two doors together and barred the gate behind her. She seemed to feel herself in danger of something I could not see. As she turned to lift the burden again, I met her in the doorway. Perhaps she felt compelled to explain her mysterious conduct, or did she hope to find comfort from sharing her fears?

"Did you hear it, madam? Last night there struck a very big wind," she said hoarsely.

"I heard it — a big wind indeed!" I answered.

She came close to me, for she dared not speak aloud what was in her mind: "The big dragon is very angry," she whispered.

• "Where is the dragon? What has he to do with the typhoon?" I asked.

"What! You do not know?" She seemed surprised at such dense ignorance on my part. "The great dragon is in the sea, sometimes in the sky. He has very seldom been seen. When angered, he sends out a great wind or beats the water terribly with his tail. He it is who brought the storm," she explained. "People say he is terribly angry now."

The water-woman could not read. She was a poor, hard-working woman, who had little time for other things than her water buckets. One could easily excuse her for believing such superstitious stories.

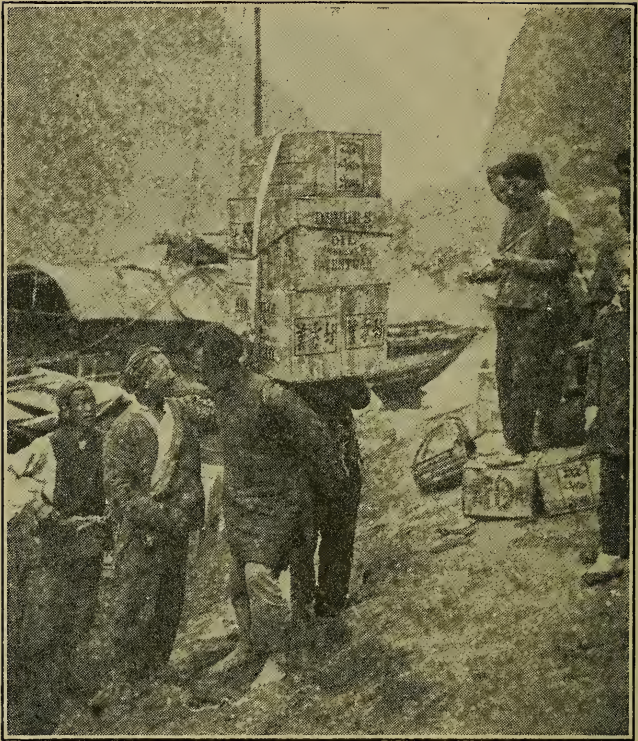
However, it is not the poor women only who believe that winds and storms are caused by an angry dragon. High officers of the government, teachers, merchants, ship owners, and people in general, live in constant fear of the mysterious dragon's power.

WHY THE FARMER'S MULE BALKED

A MULE and cart stood by the roadside in a small country village, while the driver unloaded the cart, piling the stalks on a dry mound of earth. For a while he worked without looking up or taking notice of what was going on around. Then he paused and pushed back the cloth cap. The rabbit-fur lining fell out in a roll about his face. Tabs of the same gray fur hung down at either side, like the ears of a whipped dog.

The mule in the thills nibbled at some straws of dried millet strewn by the roadside. Everything was all right with the mule. He heard the stalks scritch-scratch, as they rustled into the heap at the side of the cart. Things had happened this way a number of times of late. The mule guessed his load would soon be off, and he could go back to his stall. His long ears dropped languidly over a satisfied countenance, and his front legs relaxed comfortably. Indeed, his whole attitude was quite in contrast with the worried disappointment of his tired master.

As may easily be imagined, the man himself was not at all satisfied or comfortable. The rent was due on his plot of ground and his miserable hovel. A family of children, with ever-hollow stomachs, were waiting to be fed. More than this, debts must be paid, or the small mule and cart would be sold to pay his creditors. These had been his principal means of income. What could he do without them? His fists clenched. What could he do with them if the mule would not pull? His teeth gritted as the heavy jaws came together. Drops of sweat oozed from under the rabbit-skin lining, and trickled down his face, at the thought of a certain old



COOLIES CARRYING CASES OF OIL

woman. She it was who was the cause of his misfortunes, both of the debt and of the balky mule.

This man's experience had been unusual. Chinamen seldom have difficulties with their mothers-in-law. Usually the wife lives with the husband's mother, and must take what the older woman chooses to give. In this case, however, things were turned about. His wife's mother had been so overbearing and irritable that she

was not wanted in her own son's home, and so she came to live with her daughter.

Here she acted in the same disagreeable way. Nothing they did pleased her, and she would do nothing to please them. In keeping with the usual contrariety of her life, she died at a most inconvenient time. That season the dry weather had burned up the crop, and the money required to give her a respectable burial had to be borrowed from the money lender. The mule and cart were mortgaged as security for the loan.

That should have been enough mischief for one old woman, thought the farmer. But this was the least mischievous as the son-in-law looked at her doings. Hear his tale of misfortunes as one by the roadside heard it that morning:

"Ah, ha, good morning," greeted his short neighbor with a very stout front. "Have you eaten rice?"

"Not yet," gloomily returned the very lean man by the cart.

"What's the trouble now?" inquired a near-by neighbor, who knew how balky the mule had become of late. "Again he will not walk? Beat him — why don't you beat him?"

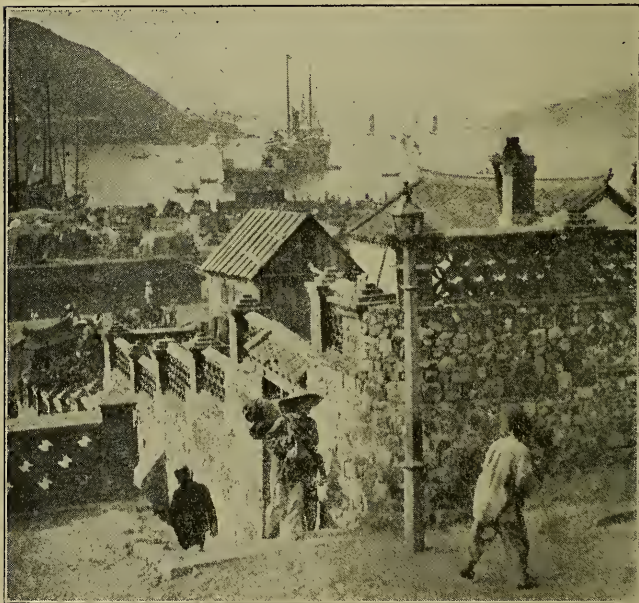
The owner shook his head. "It's no use. He only kicks and plunges. I never could do anything with that old woman," he said gloomily.

"What, fear he has a devil?" inquired the friendly neighbor. He was used to thinking that explained every unusual occurrence.

"Right! He surely has," returned the owner emphatically. "He was always a steady, hard-working mule till the mother-in-law died. Now he is ugly and stubborn, just like she was. Coaxing is of no use.

Beating does no good. Her spirit has gotten into my mule. Oh, my misfortune!" he groaned in despair.

In some such way the Chinese attribute their misfortunes, whether sickness and death, failure in business, or loss of property, to the influence of spirits. It is not always so plain as it appears to have been to this farmer, just what these spirits are nor from where they came. It is not like the Chinese to inquire closely into such matters. The fathers have believed lies, and their children continue to be deceived by them. But this belief in spirits accounts for many ways of the Chinese that seem so very strange to us.



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PORT ARTHUR HARBOR, MANCHURIA

MATCHING WITS WITH THE SPIRITS

THE Chinese have put their wits to work and invented all sorts of devices to keep the spirits out of their homes. Paper traps are fastened to the doorframes to entangle them. These traps consist of sheets of paper cut into alternating slits through the center, leaving a margin intact all the way around. A sheet is tacked to the top of the doorframe and a short way down on either side. This stretches the slits open. Spirits in flight will be caught if they attempt to come into the house through the open slits in the trap.

Another trap is made by cutting red paper into strips about two inches wide, leaving a margin at one side only. This margin is then tacked to the doorframe at the top, over a broken pane of oiled paper in the window, or to any other open spot in the house. One might take the fluttering red strips for some simple decoration in honor of a guest or the birth of a son. Not so; they are there to frighten away wandering spirits.

Still another device is watchmen set at the door of the better class of dwellings, as well as at the openings to temples and other public places. Very powerful, warlike, and fierce they look. The stranger wonders if it will be quite safe to pass through a doorway under the care of such dangerous-looking guards. But the native trots by with his burden or strolls with his fan, apparently unconscious of their presence. If he thinks about them at all, he feels the safer because they are there. Evil spirits will not linger long where such hideous and fierce-looking creatures defend the peace.

“How did the Chinese come to observe the strange custom of placing watchmen at their doors?”



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LOADED WITH CASES OF TEA

The twelve-year-old lad is carrying 80 pounds, and his father 350 pounds, and they are starting on a 400-mile trip over the mountains between Tat-sien-lu and Yachow, on the Tibetan border. It will take them 20 days.

“Long ago,” explained the teacher, “there lived a great and good emperor who made war upon the enemies of his country. He successfully beat them back, and restored peace and order throughout the kingdom. His people praised him for his bravery. They loved and honored him for his good and wise rule.

“One day the good king was taken ill, — very, very ill. The fever burned in his veins. Strange noises tormented his ears. When he closed his eyes to sleep, terrible sights crept into his dreams. Always his enemies came sweeping down to crush him. With cries of alarm he would spring from his bed, and stagger toward his armor, only to swoon in the effort. Fever and delirium were fast wasting his strength.

“When his knights heard how their lord was tormented with fears, the bravest of them gathered at the palace equipped in armor and bearing their heaviest weapons of war. On their honor they promised the king to guard the palace from all danger, to keep watch over his couch, and sleep not night or day till he was well. Their promise brought quiet and peace to the king’s mind. Under guard of his faithful followers, he slept and was restored to health.”

Of course a scheme that worked so magically for the king would be taken as good for his subjects, too. However, since the enemies they fear are only spirits and not real living Tartars, the people use sham watchmen, just as they sham everything else for the spirits.

As one sees them now, these watchmen are sometimes gigantic wooden figures, painted in frightful red and black, with trappings and weapons of contrasting colors. Before a very wealthy home, the yamen, or a temple, they may be cast of bronze or other metal, weather-

stained to black. Commonly the door watchman of a dwelling is merely a cheap, painted figure on paper, tacked more frequently to the inner or second door of the dwelling.

The mention of a second opening suggests still another device for preventing evil spirits in the home. Often a short partition is built inside the door, a few feet back from the entrance and a little wider than this opening. Spirits in headlong motion through the air are liable to strike this partition and be stunned or thrown backward into the street.

Once in early spring a number of baskets full of long flag leaves tied in bundles were set in the open space before our house. The hawkers called their goods off loudly. The people came in an almost continuous line—men, women, and children. Each person bought with the most serious air, bundles,—one, two, three, or more,—and passed on.

“What will they use those sweet-flag leaves for?” I wondered.

Still the serious faces kept coming and the solemn figures going, till curiosity for the time completely overcame all interest in the language teacher's best efforts. Seeing I was more occupied with something in the street than with my lesson, he got up and walked to the other side of the veranda to see what was distracting his pupil's attention.

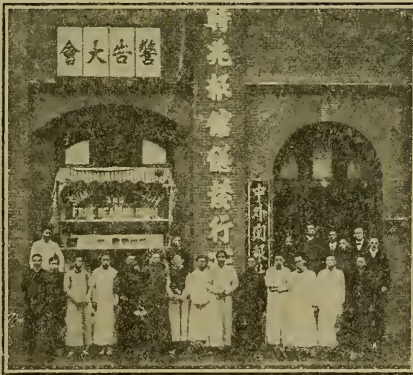
“Sir, are sweet-flag leaves used for medicine in this country?” I was thinking only of how many people must be ill that morning, wondering if some new, terrible epidemic had broken out.

“Not for medicine,” the teacher replied with an amused smile. He was a Christian Chinese. “See,” he ex-

plained, "the leaf is shaped like a sword. The people hang them by a string from the top of the doorframes. They thrust them through a broken place in the window, out from an open space under the eaves, or through a cracked tile in the roof. One of these sword-shaped leaves is put wherever a spirit might be able to creep through, to frighten away these enemies.

"Our people of the Middle Kingdom [a favorite term for the Chinese] are very much afraid of devil-spirits. Such terrible fear!" the teacher added, looking on sadly.

There is hope of victory over an enemy of one's own size and strength. But with such as these, that may creep through a crevice under the eaves, a cracked tile in the roof, or a torn place in the window, the Chinese feels there is but a narrow way out. He must either pacify his enemy with flatteries, gifts, and offerings, or outwit him with tricks. This is their reason for the worship of spirits.



MISSION IN KIANGSU

A BEGGAR IN THE SPIRIT WORLD

SOON after we settled in Canton, a woman fifty years old began to call often at our home. She was employed as cook in a large family, but during her spare time she came daily "to read," as she called it. Though she made little advancement in learning the Chinese characters, she appeared so very desirous of studying the Bible that we could not refuse the time required to teach her.

"I do not believe in the idols; I desire to enter your church," she said frankly one day.

I told her how glad I was to know she had come to believe the idols were vain and useless things, and hoped she might soon learn to love and obey the true God. But she must be patient and study, I explained. There would be time enough to speak of joining the church when she had learned more about the gospel.

After a time she learned that missionaries employ women to go about teaching the Bible to other women in their homes. She came again, and this time asked to be trained as a Bible woman. All that she would ask in return for her whole time was food and clothing.

She seemed to think that if she were told what to say, and could go among the women and say it, that would be teaching the Bible.

When finally she was made to understand that no one who cannot read is prepared to go out as a teacher, she still remained steadfast in her purpose. She was willing to study, she said, till she could read "the Holy Book."

Why was she so persistent in wishing to study? It seemed impossible for her to remember the names of

only two or three characters from one day to the next. More than this, the Chinese are a thrifty people. Why was she ready to work for a bare living — food and clothing and shelter, with no money at all? It seemed quite clear we did not yet understand the woman's real motive.

At the next visit the whole truth came out. On this occasion she seemed to have lost interest in reading. She proposed to do our family work — washing, ironing, cooking, anything we might ask. As before, all the pay required would be shelter, food, and clothes.

She seemed to be much disappointed when her offer was not accepted at once. While I tried to teach her, she sat thinking her own thoughts, which from the expression on her face I concluded were not very cheerful ones. Finally she broke out suddenly with the question, "Will you take care of your church members if they get sick?"

She was told the gospel teaches Christians to help one another in trouble. Her face grew brighter.

"Would Christians buy a coffin for a church member too poor to pay for his own burial?"

That, too, might be, if necessary.

"Would the church provide also for the regular worship of the spirit of one so poor?"

Now the secret was out. This, then, was her real object. She was willing to become a slave in this life, if by such means she might escape being a wandering beggar in the spirit world.

This woman had never been married, had no child of her own, and was too poor to buy a boy to adopt as a son. When an infant she had been sold into a strange family. She did not know of one living relative. Now

she was growing old. The time might come when she would not be able to work longer. Who would care for her then? She felt sad and lonely at the thought.

That, however, was but a light thing in comparison with what she feared in the spirit world. To be a homeless, helpless, wandering beggar in the spirit world — to beg, and want, and suffer, and perhaps finally to become a cruel and hateful spirit, going up and down the world doing mischief, was more than the kind-hearted working woman could bear to think of. She was willing to give up the last pleasure or comfort in this life, and to endure any hardship, if so she might escape such a fate in the spirit world. Would she count any sacrifice too great, think you, to win everlasting joy in the kingdom of the redeemed?

It gives the missionary great satisfaction to point such lonely and troubled hearts to the promises of God. This promise of our Saviour, "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again, and receive you unto myself," seemed very cheering and comforting to this lonely woman.



THE ROADWAY TO MING TOMBS, NANKING

THE WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS

THE day was clear and bright, and though March had scarcely come to its close in South China, the air was soft and warm, as of early June days in America. It was just such a day as makes the boys "at home" hate books, plan hikes and camps, or wish they could go fishing. The breeze that winged over the river and softly up through the open windows of our veranda, was the kind that tempts girls to wander, gathering the wild flowers spring has set to bloom by rippling streams.

The witchery of spring was in the air that morning. The lesson was dull. My usually interesting teacher seemed unusually stupid. "Come!" said my better-self to my indolent-self, "you are not a schoolgirl. This man is paid to teach you the Chinese language. You must make the best use of his time."

With rebukes and arguments I urged myself to listen more carefully and to fix my attention on the strange-looking characters lined up and down the page.

But the teacher, too, seemed to be thinking of other things. More than once, while trying to say a long, hard sentence after him, I caught his eyes wandering to the other side of the river where the bank looked green.

"Madam, you know, or not know, today is Tang-man's [a favorite term for the Chinese] Feast of the Tombs?"

"Not know," I replied, and went on saying the words as if very much interested in the lesson study. However, those strange words kept coming back to me. "The Feast of Tombs"—what could it mean? I recalled the story of the demoniac who lived among the

tombs and cut himself with stones. But would any one think of going to the graveyard for a picnic, or what the Chinese might call a feast?

From my seat by the window it was easy to see things were not going on in everyday fashion in the street below. Fewer men were carrying burdens. More peo-



STONE ELEPHANT

One of the Sacred Stone Elephants Which Guard the Entrance to the Ming Tombs, Nanking.

ple wore dress-up clothes. They walked more leisurely, and greeted each other more friendly than usual.

Men and boys carrying spades, rakes, and hoes, mortar and trowels, were going in the same direction with women and girls carrying baskets filled to the brim with the eatables the Chinese like best. They seemed to move in groups, men and boys leading the way and women and girls in bright new clothes following after. Gentlemen in long robes of silk walked with coolies in

blue cotton clothes. Women of wealth and their daughters in sedan chairs were followed by family hired servants or slave girls carrying baskets. All appeared to be going in one general direction toward the green-covered hills.

"Is there a picnic today?" I inquired, in the midst of a sentence, then instantly thought, What a foolish ques-



STONE GUARDS

On the Way to the Ming Tombs, Nanking

tion! These Chinese are too hard working to take a day off to picnic with their families. Besides, so many people of such very different classes would not be going to a picnic together. "Where are all these people going?" I changed the question before the teacher had time to answer.

"You do not remember I told you today is the Feast of Tombs?" he said.

"Pardon! I remember; but what is the Feast of Tombs? Are these people going to the burial grounds for a feast?"

"Partly so," the teacher replied, half closing the book, a way he had when it suited him better to talk.

My teacher was a wise man. Though he himself was a Christian, he was very well acquainted with the beliefs and customs of his native people. He knew, what missionaries should early learn, that it is quite as important for us to understand the Chinese way of looking at things as it is to learn to speak and so be able to explain to them the Christian's way of looking at things. In other words, we cannot expect them to understand us until we have learned to understand them.

"But," continued the teacher, after a pause, "their real object in going to the hills is to hold a feast with the spirits of their dead relatives who may be buried there. This is the Feast of Tombs, or, because the graves lie in the hills, what the common people often call 'worshiping the Hills.'"

My book closed now, also. The evening before I had heard a coarse woman living next door to our back gate, gibing the chapel boy, "A'Wai, A'Wai, little brother," she called jestingly, "will you or will you not worship the hills tomorrow?"

"I not go," the boy replied emphatically, and dodged through the gate, while a group of bystanders roared with laughter at his expense.

"What was the joke on A'Wai?" I asked later, when I met the woman alone.

"Oh, nothing, only he doesn't worship the hills, that is all," she replied with a sneer. I related this incident to the teacher.

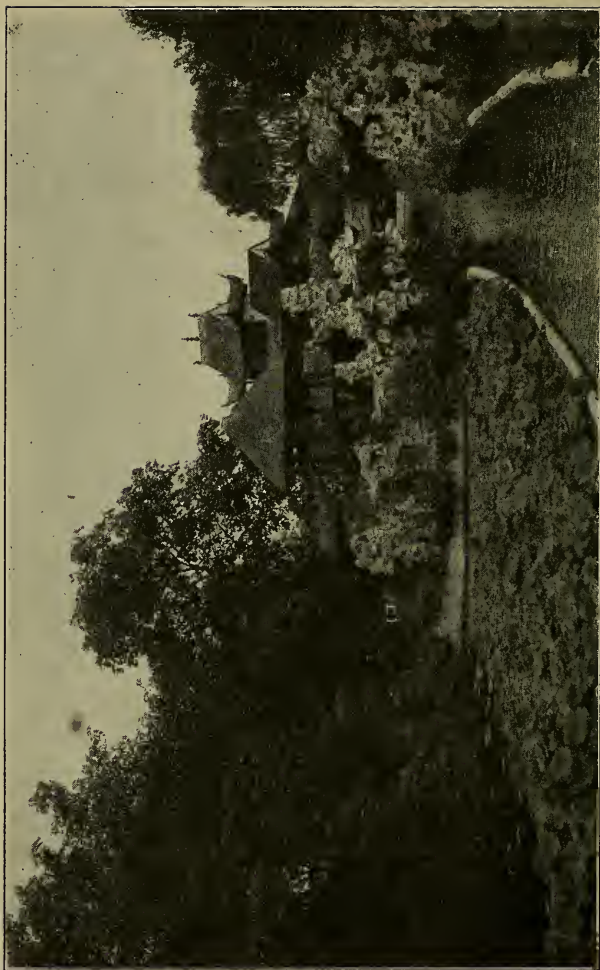
“Yes, the man who becomes a Christian is persecuted on account of his disregard for ancestor worship more than for any other reason,” said the teacher. He becomes the object of ridicule, and is pointed out as ‘the man who has no ancestors.’ To the Chinese this is a more stinging insult than to be called a thief or a bad man of any other sort.

“Ancestor worship,” he continued, “is the most deeply rooted custom of Chinese family and national life. No matter whether a man worships the idols or not; that does not greatly concern his neighbors. He may neglect them, scoff at them, spit on them,—no one is seriously offended. But the man who neglects to worship his ancestors excites the highest contempt of his countrymen. An opium smoker or a gambler may neglect his family; but he is a bad case, indeed, who does not worship his ancestors.”

I was deeply interested in what my teacher told me that morning, as we watched the family groups on their way to the hills to worship, as they supposed, the spirits of the dead men buried there. Later, I realized that, as the teacher had said, ancestor worship is the greatest barrier to the progress of the gospel in China.

The custom of ancestor worship has been handed down from the early days of the nation. At first its rites and ceremonies were performed merely to show honor to parents. At the present time the Chinese are noted as a nation for the reverence they show to parents. So long as a parent lives, father or mother, his or her wishes are respected by all the household, by both married sons and their children alike.

No aged person may be treated slightly by any respectable Chinese. The aged stranger is spoken to



AN ANCESTRAL HALL

with courtesy, as, "My aged sire," or "My honored mother." A coolie carrying a heavy burden halts in the narrow street before the slow steps of an aged person, and calls, "Be careful, make way, venerable father, for my burden is heavy." The elder person returns a good wish, and steps aside to allow the laborer to pass. The most severe punishments to be thought of, are inflicted on those guilty of dishonor to parents.

However, in the long course of years the Chinese have changed their ideas respecting the object of ancestor worship. They have now come to believe that the forefathers who have died possess far greater power in the spirit world than when they lived. They also believe they are able to use this power so as to bring everything that may be desired to those who serve them; or they may choose to bring calamity upon those with whom they are displeased.

Many of the people are very poor. They must bear the heavy taxes of unjust rulers and the high rents of greedy landlords. One who sees their need cannot wonder that they should turn to worship almost anything they think can help them out of their pitiful poverty.

But there is another side to ancestor worship. Spirits that are not served and feasted by their children are thought to become evil, vicious, spiteful, and revengeful toward those who neglect them, in that darker, less happy land of spirits. The living are in danger from the revenge of evil spirits. Therefore the spirits of the dead are served with tokens of love and devotion quite as much from fear of the evil they may do to the living as for any honor or service of love the living may desire to show to their dead ancestors.

The Chinese believe man has three souls: at death one spirit goes to the dark world; a second hovers over his grave; the third takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet, which is a piece of wood prepared to receive it.

If he is an ordinary person, this token will be placed at the side of the altar or before it, in his family home. If he is an important person or the leader of his clan, the tablet will be set among those of the honorable of his ancestors in a building erected for this purpose. Such a building is called an Ancestral Hall. Wealthy and influential families take great pride in their ancestral halls. Visitors are shown through these places as a mark of respect.

The tablet is spoken of by the name of the person whose spirit it represents, as, "This is ——. He is my father's great-grandfather." He is praised for his virtues, or whatever may have entitled him to a place in the family roll of honor.

The spirit which goes to the dark world is supposed to find there much the same conditions he left here. He needs there much the same things he required in this life. But in the spirit-world he is dependent upon friends to provide these things for him. No matter how powerful he may be to help others, he cannot secure for himself the things he requires. If he were poor here, he may not become rich there. If he were lame or blind here, he must bear that infirmity there. Was he a bad man on earth, and beheaded for his crime? Then he must wander headless in the spirit world. His heart may long to speak a word, to hear the sound of a human voice. This he may not do, for he has lost his head.



As soon as the old witch at the right finishes her mummery, the house will be burned, and so pass on for the use of the person who has died.



Pouring oil around the paper house so it will burn well.

PAPER HOUSE FOR THE DEAD

To provide for the personal needs of the spirit, houses, furniture, sedan chairs, boats, clothing, or whatever may be required, are made of bamboo and paper. These are burned, and in this way are supposed to be sent with the spirit to the dark world.

Sometimes real garments are offered instead of sham paper clothes. On one occasion the widow of a merchant brought out to a shrine under a spreading banyan tree all the good clothes her husband left at his death. A pile of rich silk brocade garments and clothing of other materials were all sent up in its sacrificial flame to the husband in the spirit world. A quantity of gilded red paper was also burned to be used as money in the land of darkness.

The spirit which resides at the grave is worshiped once a year in the Feast of Tombs. This feast occurs in early spring, corresponding somewhat to our Easter, and is one of the most important events of the Chinese year. All the men, women, and children able to walk the distance, turn out to visit the graves of their dead.

While the men and boys repair and decorate the graves, the women and girls spread a feast for the spirit upon the stone slab before it. When everything is ready, the father stands before the grave and speaks to the spirit. He says, "Your children have brought you a gift of food." He apologizes that the feast is not richer, and explains that because they are so very poor this is the best they can possibly afford. He begs that it shall not be refused.

While the spirit is supposed to be enjoying the feast, the father goes on to tell all his troubles. He relates how sickness, failure of crops, and other misfortunes have come to his family in the year since they last vis-

ited this tomb. He begs the spirit, or ancestor, to use its great power to bless them with good gifts, prosperity, and wealth.

By the time this ceremony is over the spirit is supposed to have feasted and been satisfied. Then the family sits down in the warm sunshine flooding the mounds, and themselves join in the feast. What is left belongs to them. The country air has given them splendid appetites, and from the way the boys and girls eat one would judge the fruits, cakes, and cold roast meats have lost none of their flavor in the spirit's feast. After the feast they tell stories, play games, and have a general good time. As the sun settles down in the west, the crowds scatter. The worshipers go back to their homes in family groups as they came.

The third spirit, which is believed to reside in the tablet at home, is also worshiped at set times, and must not be neglected.

A missionary who rented the house of a Chinese family, was obliged to sign a contract to reserve for the old ancestral tablets the room where they were kept. The contract also provided that the son should have the privilege of coming to the house in person for the purpose of paying homage to his parents. The son had become wealthy, and had built for himself a fine new house, where he now lived. The fact that he had prospered led him to believe that his ancestors had blessed him because they were satisfied with the resting place of their spirits. Nothing could induce him to remove their tablets from his father's house. The few dollars' rent, or even thousands of dollars, would have been as nothing to the rich young man, in comparison with the favor of his dead ancestors.

But what about those spirits whose families have died out, who are without living descendants to carry on the ancestral worship? The Chinese have been keen enough to provide against danger from this source. A special time of feasting has been arranged for these beggar spirits. The god set to guard these spirits confined in the dark world, is supposed to let them out to roam over the earth in the Chinese moon, corresponding to our month of August. At this time the whole nation unites in providing a feast for desolate souls.

Feasts of all the good things Chinese love to offer their own dead are spread out in the open for the wanderers. Money is also provided, and though boys and girls scramble after it and with nimble fingers gather up the last copper thrown out for the spirits, yet it is imagined that in some mysterious way the spirits have absorbed its value for their own use. Thus the beggar spirits are feasted and made satisfied to return to their appointed place. People feast them for fear of the calamities they may inflict, Men do not love them, only fear their power to do harm.

Ancestor worship in all its forms is a barrier against the gospel of Christ, because it puts men — *dead men* — in the place God has reserved for himself; as it is written, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

THE FUNG-SHUI

A MYSTERY OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

MEN of the Middle Kingdom have never learned to worship God as the creator of all things. Because of this they have shown little interest in his works. They have taken this world as it is, seeming to care little to understand the laws God has set to rule it. In this way their minds have been left open to foolish and vain thoughts about the things of nature.

Their imagination has pictured this world as peopled with invisible forms — fairies, goblins, ghosts of dead men, and all sorts of spirits. But beyond these there is another, deeper mystery going through the air and filling the earth. In fact, it is at work everywhere, in earth, sea, and sky.

This mysterious power, or influence, is called “fung-shui.” No one tries to explain what fung-shui is. Indeed, the Chinese appear to choose rather to think of it as a mystery. Everything they do not understand is likely to be attributed to the antics of fung-shui.

The name consists of two words, — *fung*, meaning “wind;” and *shui*, meaning “water.” But the power of fung-shui is by no means confined to wind and water. It races through everything in nature.

According to Chinese belief, fung-shui works through spirits to give them power over the affairs of the living. This is what they call “luck.” When bad luck comes to a Chinese, he lays it to a bad fung-shui. If his pigs die of cholera, fung-shui is at fault. If his grain does not fill out in the ear, it is charged to this mysterious influence. Fung-shui unites with peaceable, kindly spirits to shower luck upon their favorites.

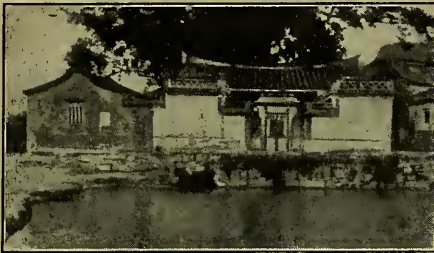


VIEW OF A STREET IN NANKING

The traveler climbs to the top of a hill, thinking he may get a better view of a Chinese city. He is disappointed. There is no variety of sights, nothing to be seen but an even level of roofs. Dwellings, places of business or amusement, temples, or what not, every building, excepting perhaps the pawnshop, is of the same one-story height, or at most a second low half story is added. Everywhere he finds the houses of this same low height, and with roofs much alike in design and color.

“ Perhaps,” he thinks, “ the inhabitants are afraid the taller buildings would be blown down by typhoons or shaken by earthquakes.”

He has guessed wrongly. They fear, rather, that a building of more than usual height will disturb the fung-shui. The winds blowing upon it from all quarters would gather spirits to the spot. This would bring disaster. The neighbors would never allow such a house to be built if they could help it, and probably would destroy the structure if completed against their



NATIVE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE

wishes. A chimney reared on an unlucky part of the roof, or a window in the wrong place, might stop the neighbor's hens from laying, or prevent the eggs from hatching. Some such calamity would be sure to follow any disturbance of fung-shui.

Every town and city has its object for controlling fung-shui. This object may be a mound of earth shaped like a turtle or a serpent. Better still, it may be a hill resembling in form some more powerful animal, as a lion or an ox. It may be only the form of the hill or the course of a stream that is the omen of good luck to its neighborhood. Such an object is supposed to gather up the harmful influences, and turn them into

blessings. Consequently it is regarded as sacred by the people. One who should disfigure its surface, either intentionally or by accident, would be punished severely.

Where no such natural object of protection exists, something is built to take its place. Many of the tall pagodas, which add to the quaint and picturesque beauty of Chinese landscape, have been erected for this purpose.

LUCKY GROUND

Because fung-shui is supposed to work in connection with spirits, the Chinese think the location of their burial places is a very important matter. A wealthy family will pay a large sum for a plot of ground where the fung-shui is said to be powerful. The natural advantage of its burial place will combine with the spirit to work for the prosperity of its living friends.

There is a class of men who make a business of hunting the country over to find such spots, or what are called "lucky ground." They often become rich at the business. The poor are obliged to bury their dead wherever they can secure a spot within their means, but the wealthy pay any price that may be asked for a grave in lucky ground.

The visitor to Canton will be shown by his guide through the City of the Dead, which lies in the suburbs. Here are rows of what look like small houses. They are open; and as his guide leads the way, he enters to find not a living soul within. The first room contains an altar with the customary spirit-tablets. Besides, there may be a seat or two where those who come to pay devotion may sit and rest.

The visitor is invited to enter the second room. This he finds occupied by one or more, or even several large,

heavy burial caskets tightly sealed. Here lie the only inhabitants of the City of the Dead. For these the city was built. For these it is guarded night and day, its streets are kept in perfect order, and its flowers are everblooming. Within its gates the air is heavy with the odor of perpetually burning incense.

What does all this mean? Will those thousands of dead wait in this quiet place till the great judgment



TOMBS FOR TEMPORARY INTERMENT WHILE WAITING FOR
“LUCKY GROUND”

day? “No,” the guide explains with utmost candor, “they wait here in the City of the Dead only till friends shall secure a spot of lucky ground for their final burial.”

In the neighborhood of villages and out in the country, coffins may be seen resting under temporary cover on the hillside, or without cover and perhaps near the family home. These also await a lucky day and a lucky spot to be laid to rest in a place where the fung-shui is powerful.

HIGH VALUE OF "LUCKY GROUND"

An incident that occurred in the experience of our own missionaries at Swatow may serve to illustrate the importance the Chinese attach to the power of *fung-shui*. When our mission work had become established in that region, it was decided to build two houses for the missionaries, a girls' school, a school for boys, and a dispensary or small hospital.

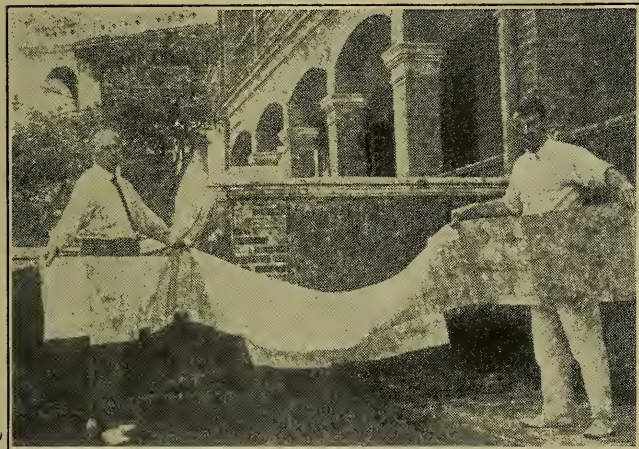
Upon careful search a very desirable location was found on a small island in Han River. This island lies at a point where the stream, having passed the hills, widens out in its course through the narrow coast plain, and not far inland from where the Han empties its waters into the great Pacific Ocean.

The larger part of this island was owned by an aged widow named Lee, together with her seven sons. The eldest son was himself some sixty years old. The Lee family agreed to sell this possession, reserving only a small plot on which a family tomb had been erected. As no body yet had been laid in this sepulcher, the ground had not become sacred, and the tomb could easily have been moved.

A price for two acres was agreed upon. The missionaries had sufficient money to buy only one acre. This amount they paid down, and received a deed for one acre of land, signed by all eight members of the family. They felt satisfied that part of the bargain was now quite secure. The Lees promised to give them time on the other half of the land, and so the missionaries eagerly awaited money from America with which to pay for the second acre.

The time for which the owners had agreed to wait had nearly expired. The missionaries, thinking it would

be a pity to lose their chance on this healthful location for their mission homes, went to talk with the Lee family, and if possible to persuade them to extend the time a little longer. How disappointed they were to hear that the owners now refused to sell this land at any price! Usually when a Chinese makes a bargain, he can be depended upon to fulfil it. But these



A CHINESE DEED

Each time property is sold, the new deed is pasted to the former one, in this case making "a stair carpet."

糊泥

men obstinately refused. More than this, they absolutely denied having sold the acre for which they had already received their price. Workmen sent by the missionaries to prepare the site for buildings were driven off and their cargo boats seized.

Swatow district was in a state of revolution at the time. There was no court of law, no magistrate of justice to compel this rich and influential family to

fulfil their bargain. After a great deal of polite talk and some haggling over the amount due, the Lees finally paid back the money they had received from the missionaries.

“Now what do you suppose was the cause of all this fussing?” said the missionary telling the story. “It was simply this: After the Lee family had sold us the land, they got the idea of building an ancestral hall where the tomb then stood, just back of the land sold to us along the water’s edge. They called a diviner, or more properly, a geomancer, who informed them that this whole island was a natural fung-shui. To prove his point, he drew a chart of the country showing the noble hills about Swatow Valley in the attitude of doing obeisance to the little island, much as Joseph dreamed the sheaves of his eleven brothers bowed before his own sheaf.

“The fung-shui professor marked his chart with characters of big meaning. He told the Lee family they should build an ancestral hall in the grove of green trees where the tomb stood. To do this and place in it the tablets of their family, would bring great good fortune to their clan. But, he warned them, the mission must not be allowed to keep the land purchased. Their tall buildings, erected between the tomb and the bowing hills, would destroy the fung-shui.

“When we heard this, we knew it was useless to think of trying to keep the land. They would give us no end of trouble. So we took back the money, and built our houses elsewhere.”

THE MYSTERY AN EVIL

Belief in fung-shui is not merely a foolish notion of the Chinese, to them it is a real mystery of evil, and is

at fault for the present backward condition of civilization in the boasted Middle Kingdom. It is the tap-root of a great tree of superstition. The bitter poverty that makes life a miserable existence to the great mass of the Chinese people, is its leaves and fruit.

China is the oldest nation with a continuous history upon the earth today. Her sailing junks carried woven silks to the south of Europe while Greece and Rome



While they trailed their fishing lines, there were fortunes in the hills.

were ruling kingdoms. Her people were thrifty farmers, prosperous merchants and manufacturers, while the British Isles were yet barbarous. Her business was carried on by the aid of banks while Europeans still swapped goods and the Americans traded with wampum.

After forty centuries of farming, the soil of China has not grown old. The forests abound in excellent timber, and the earth is stored with rich mines of

coal and metals. With a population of 400,000,000 in a country the size of that part of the United States east of the Mississippi River, there can be no lack of workers for mines at low wages. The country of China is very rich, but the fung-shui keeps her people very poor.

On a trip up West River the captain of our steamer called attention to the greenish tint of the rocks on the mountains at one side of the narrow river gorge.

"It looks as if there is copper up there," remarked a passenger.

"Copper! Why, those hills are full of copper," returned the captain with some exaggeration. "I have run this river twenty years waiting my chance at it. I'll wait twenty years more if I have to," he added with real Scotch determination. "There's no better chance in the world to get rich than up in those hills. See that hole?" he pointed eagerly. "That's where a fortune is waiting for me. I own shares in that hole."

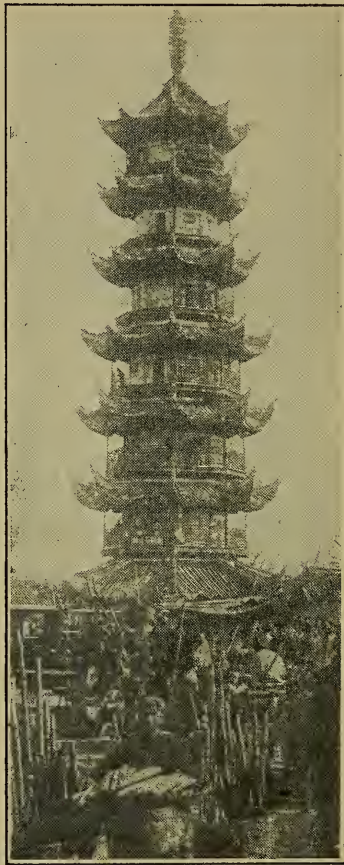
Then the captain told the story of that brown hole among the green-tinged rocks. Some years ago a mining company had been formed with permission from the Chinese government to open a mine in this place. Valuable machinery was brought from across the ocean, and work began. Almost immediately complaint was made by the local officials to the government at Peking. The digging had disturbed fung-shui, they complained, and the awakened spirits were bringing disaster upon their farms and villages.

Word was returned from Peking without delay, ordering the digging to cease. The workmen were compelled to quit the place at once, leaving their machinery where it had been set.

We looked to see where were the villages in that wild region that might have been in danger from this disturbance. There were none in sight. For hours we had passed no villages, only here and there a hut by the water's edge, with a speck of wilted garden scratched into the brown soil at its rear. While these half-starved "squatters" trailed their fishing lines, there were fortunes in the rough mineral nuggets lying on the surface of the overhanging hills. This is a fair illustration of what has taken place in China whenever an attempt at mining has been made.

China has but few railroads and telegraphs, and here again fung-shui is to be blamed. The digging of road-beds and the blasting of cuts and tunnels alarm the country people. They are distressed by fear of what may happen should the fiery-eyed locomotive be allowed to go snorting past the peaceful tombs of their ancestors. The Chinese imagine that terrible calamities would follow the tall telegraph poles and the long trail of wires.

Such is the power of this mystery of the Middle Kingdom against which the new government of China has set itself to encourage modern improvements. As more railroads are built, and no bad luck but better prices for their crops follow, men lose faith in their old whims. As more schools are opened and more people learn to read, more Bibles can be put into the poor homes of China. The love of God will conquer this evil mystery, as it conquers all other evils.



A FEAST-DAY SCENE
Seller of sugar cane in
foreground

*Real Troubles from Wrong
Imaginations*



CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILD

If the spirits themselves are only imaginary, the troubles they cause the Chinese as the result of belief in them are certainly very real. Indeed, belief in spirits is the great source of much that to us seems heartless and cruel in the conduct of the Chinese. The following incidents are related to show the effect of this belief in spirits.

WHERE WAS THE PEARL?

LITTLE Pearl was nowhere to be seen one morning when I called at a certain home. My friend was very proud of her little daughter. Usually she was brought in to say over the English words she had learned, and to go through all her cute pranks. At such times she was dressed in fine silk clothes, decked with bracelets on her arms and ankles, and other ornaments, some being charms and amulets of bright-yellow gold and green jade stone.

"Where is Pearl this morning?" I inquired.

"Pearl is not here," replied the mother, with emphasis on the child's name.

The woman was not inclined to talk, and very soon left the room. Through the open archway I saw her snuffing the lighted incense that hung in a spiral column suspended from the ceiling to just above the table before the altar and spread its odor through all the house. She did not return to the living-room where she had seated me, but busied herself with placing upon the altar fresh offerings of fruits, tea and cakes, meats and dainties. All the time her lips kept moving and sometimes her voice was heard pleading to the dumb idol in the gilded shrine.

"No, Pearl is not here. Only A'Hut [meaning "the beggar"] is here *this* morning," explained the husband with a movement of his hand toward the corner where a child sat in a crumpled heap on a low stool.

It was little Pearl. No mistake! The household pet, the only child left alive to the sad mother of seven children, sat in the corner alone. A torn and soiled cap covered her glossy black hair. Her delicate chin just

peeped above the bundle of old clothes that muffled her slender body. The big dark eyes looked out beseechingly from the shadow. They were the eyes of little Pearl, though all the laughter and play had died out of them.

"Beggar!" called the man boisterously. At sight of her flushed face his voice softened in spite of his will. "Beggar," he repeated very tenderly, "you feel bad, don't you?"

"She is very hot with fever," he said, turning to me and mumbling low. "This is the way Chinese women do," he explained, though it seemed very plain he was making no objection to the mother's way of treating the sick child.

Why should a child be treated so cruelly, you ask? In your home she would have been dressed in a clean, comfortable garment, and put to rest quietly in bed, while mother gave her cooling drinks and constant care till the fever was gone. This is the way sick children are treated in Christian homes.

But little Pearl's father and mother were not Christians. Their hearts were filled with a dreadful superstitious fear, stronger than the parent-love for their child. They thought the child was sick, not because she had eaten too much preserves and sweetmeats or roast pork or salt fish, but because an evil spirit was tormenting her body. Evil spirits would delight to torment to death a child loved by its parents and wanted in the home, but would not trouble themselves the least about an uncared-for, beggar child. So, to deceive the spirits, her mother had taken off the good clothes and dressed her like a beggar.

So they set her in a corner. No one in all the house speaks of the "precious gem," as they called her when she was well. Everybody puts on a make-believe way. They say, "Where did this beggar come from? Why is she here in this house?" just as if they did not own her at all, or even know who she was. If one should



A LITTLE BURDEN BEARER

wish to speak a word of pity, it must be done so slyly the spirits will not notice it.

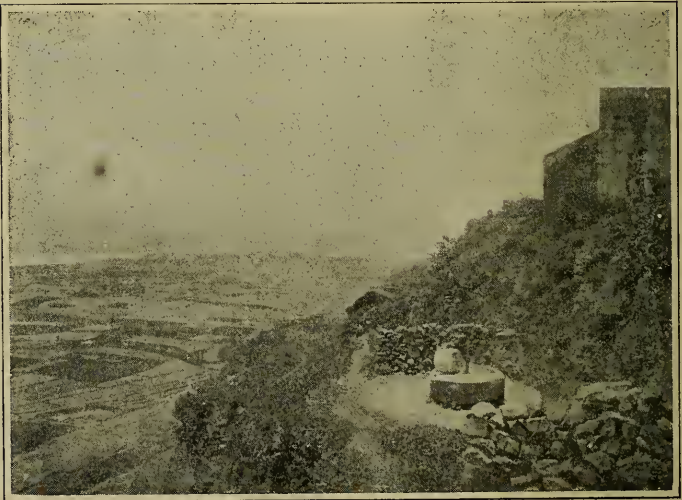
As her part in the game of deceiving the evil ones, little Pearl must sit in the corner bundled up to the chin in old clothes, with a cap on her hot forehead, while her little body is burning with fever and her head swims with the dizzying pain.

The mother suffers, too, for all night long she has not slept one little wink. She has been going back and

forth preparing dainties to feast the gods. She has bowed for hours at a time on the cold tile floor before the idol, begging it to spare and protect her child. She has burned, for an offering to the spirits, red paper cut into small pieces and covered with gilt to look like money. She has thrown out into the street handfuls of copper cash pieces, hoping the spirits will be attracted by the rattle of the money on the stones. Maybe, she thinks, they will be satisfied with the money, and take themselves off to have a good time spending it.

If in the morning her child is better, she will believe the idol heard her prayer. Then the ugly image will get another feast and plenty of thanks.

Thousands of children with their mothers, and old people too, are suffering this way in China, because they do not know the loving Saviour who forgives all our iniquities and heals all our diseases.



FLOUR MILL AND RICE FIELDS

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A MORE suitable place was needed for our boys' school in Amoy. It was hoped that the house might be a large one, with space for chapel and study-room, and smaller rooms for recitations. There must also be quarters for our boarding pupils to live in, as well as a home for the missionary, a young man who would act as preceptor and have charge of the school.

Many days had been spent in the search, when a house was discovered that in every way was well suited to the purpose. The rent asked was surprisingly low. The house had been empty a long time, the agent said, and the owner had concluded to reduce the price. That was singular. Usually we found landlords quick to raise the price when a foreign tenant applied for it.

The students were wiser in Chinese mysteries than we. They suspected there was a reason why the house had been so long unoccupied. A careful examination of the premises was made. Everything appeared to be in excellent condition. Indeed, judging from the condition of the woodwork and decoration of the walls, the house was not an old one, and probably had not been used for any length of time.

The furniture, of the sort usually rented with Chinese dwellings, was in disorder, as if the last moving-out had been a rather sudden flight. The rooms were littered with rubbish buried beneath dust and covered with cobwebs. However, we thought this but natural in a house vacant for years. It was the agent's refusal to have the place "cleaned up" that was most surprising. No allowance for labor that was offered tempted him to promise he would put the house in readiness.



BOYS' SCHOOL AT AMOY

This excited the suspicion of the young men of the school, and led them to inquire among the neighbors as to the reputation of the place. The neighbors said it was a dangerous place, inhabited by demons. They meant it was what our forefathers would have called a "haunted" house. "The wealthy man who built this home lost his wife there, and his children, too. Every family that has lived there since that time has suffered. Lots of folks have died there. Now people are afraid because everybody knows it is a spirit-house." Thus spoke the neighbors.

The students had learned better things. They believed in Jesus, and were no longer afraid of haunted houses. Under the direction of their preceptor, the older students set to house-cleaning. The rubbish was burned, and the cobwebs with it. The woodwork was cleaned and the walls whitewashed. Upstairs the board floors were given such a thorough treatment with soap and water as to make them turn pale. When the downstairs floors, in like manner, were scoured clean of several coats of drab, they turned up a cheerful surface of terra cotta tiles, each square outlined in white cement.

The court, or open space between the two parts of the house, was flooded with water and swept to a finish. The blue sky looked down into the court approvingly. The sunshine seemed to say, You have made it clean; I will keep it pure. It streamed over the whitened walls, and danced on the broad leaves of the green palms. The delicate blossoms of flowering plants, brought from the gardener's, lent their tints to brighten the spot.

The preparations were completed. Soap and water, paint and lime, well applied, had worked a wonderful

change. The rejected dwelling had become a fit habitation. School was announced to begin at once.

Then the preceptor was taken ill. He suffered severe pain in the head and back. His temperature ran higher. His mind wandered. The doctor examined



OUR FIRST HAKKA STUDENTS

These are the boys who cleaned up the "haunted" house.

him carefully — a tiny red speck on the forehead — another — two others — more on the chest. Next day he knew certainly that it was smallpox.

Soon afterward the student who had assisted in clearing away rubbish from the lady's chamber was taken

ill. After him still another student came down with smallpox.

Now we knew what it was that haunted the big house. It was not the evil spirits to which the Chinese had charged the misfortunes of its unhappy dwellers. It was rather the minute germs of a terrible disease, secreted in the dust and clinging to cobwebs, that had worked the mischief. Quite certainly, after the treatment it had undergone, the house would be haunted no more. The missionary got well, and so also did his students. But he will always bear some of the pitted scars received in this encounter with enemies in a haunted house.



NATIVE EVANGELISTS

THE TROUBLE THAT CAME TO THE CARPENTER'S WIFE



YOU may have heard that Chinese mothers sometimes throw away their little children. You have doubtless thought them very cruel and selfish, as I once did, till I understood why the carpenter's wife threw away her baby.

The carpenter's wife was a bright-faced, smiling woman, who seemed never to have had a trouble in her life. The first child was like his mother, good-natured and cheerful. No one heard the carpenter's baby cry.

One day a servant called with a present — bright-colored eggs, preserved ginger-root, and what not, in a basket. That was their way of sending the good news that another baby boy had come to the carpenter's home.

A week passed before I had time to call on our neighbor. I met the carpenter's wife walking about the workshop with the new baby in her arms. But there was a worry in her face I had never seen there before.

The new baby was a fine-looking fellow, plump and strong as the average child of a month old. It was easy to find nice things to say to the mother about such a boy. She made no reply to the compliments till, as I was leaving, she followed me to the door.

"He is no good," she said, "I will give him to you if you will have him."

I did not think she meant it seriously; for it was common pleasantry among the neighbor women to make believe to give their children to the foreigner, as well

as a great bugaboo to frighten the little folks into being good.

"Truly," she insisted, "take him; I do not want him. He will not eat."

Then I discovered something I had not seen before. The carpenter's baby had lockjaw. The untaught coolie woman who dressed the newborn baby the first time had used an ugly black plaster instead of clean, soft cotton to bind up the little body. Baby's blood had been poisoned. He would never open his mouth again, not even to cry. Inside, the lips were white and blistered, and not a drop of cool water could pass between the rigid jaws. The doctor said nothing could be done to help make him well. There was nothing to do but to ease his suffering by keeping him as warm and comfortable as possible.

That night, when the family and all the neighbors were asleep, the carpenter's wife took off the warm, soft clothes we had given her baby, wrapped him in coarse sackcloth, and put him out in an old, deserted shed. She intended to leave him there. But in the morning I sent a messenger to bring the child for a warm bath.

Poor little thing! His face was blotched and swollen from mosquito bites, and he was so hoarse he could scarcely moan.

"Why did you do it? How could you treat your own little child so cruelly?" I chided, not knowing how the poor mother suffered with fear.

"Ah, do not blame me! Have I not another child in my home?" she pleaded.

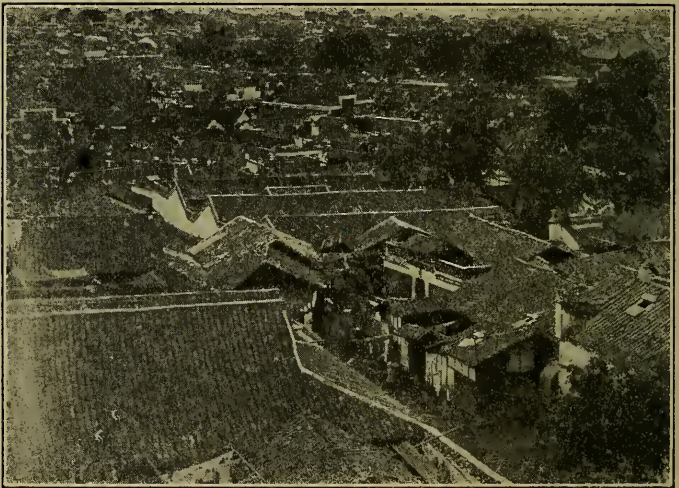
She thought the demons, attracted by the sick child, might seize upon the well one also. The fear of danger

to the older child had driven her to cast away this sick baby.

"But why did you not bring him to me? I would willingly have cared for your sick baby," I insisted.

"Ah, you, Madam?" She looked surprised. "You have two small children of your own. How dare I bring my tormented one to you?"

Then I understood. Fear, the terribly dark fear that beats down the mother-love, caused the carpenter's wife to throw away the sick child in order that the well one might be safe. Her generous heart would not impose on another family the danger from which she sought to protect her own. In such cases as this the missionary is comforted by the recollection that Jesus came to this world to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."



HOMES IN CHANGSHA

The Influence of the Gospel



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NATIVE BIBLE WOMAN, CANTON

THE SIGN OVER THE DOOR

OUT in the country, two or three miles from San-li-tien, we came across a farmhouse having this inscription in large Chinese characters over the entrance, "May the great truth come to this door."

It is quite common for these people to express their wishes for the New Year in sayings over the doors of their dwellings. Such expressions as, "May riches enter here;" "May peace reign within;" "May the five blessings—long life, riches including sons, a sound body, love of virtue, and a peaceful end—enter this door," are not far to see, but to find a desire for truth expressed on the gateway of a peasant home was far from usual, and attracted us. We decided to enter.

This house was much like the other dwellings of the plain. The walls were constructed of sun-dried brick laid in mud for mortar and sheltered by thatches of rice straw over bamboo rafters. Inside were all the necessities of a simple country life, in spite of the absence of any floor except the bare earth. As usual in such homes, no flue had been provided for the big brick stove where the two daily meals were cooked over a fire of twisted straw, dry grass, or stalks. The interior walls and roof were brown with smoke, but an atmosphere of neatness and thrift prevailed, not always found in these homes, while the blue cotton garments and white cloth stockings of the inmates were clean beyond what might have been expected. And yet, if one may judge from that mute, appealing witness over the door, temporal, bodily comforts were not the chief concern of the occupants. At least, these were not the things of chief importance to the wife, for it

was she, we afterward learned, who had placed upon the arch of her portal at the dawning of the New Year the sincerest wish of her heart—"May the great truth come to this door."

At our first visit the woman related to my companion the experience which had led her to long to know the truth. Her husband, she said, was a very good man. Though she had never borne him a child, yet he had not taken another wife, nor allowed this disappointment to make him cruel or unkind to her. However, being childless, she felt she really had nothing to live for, and often wished to die.

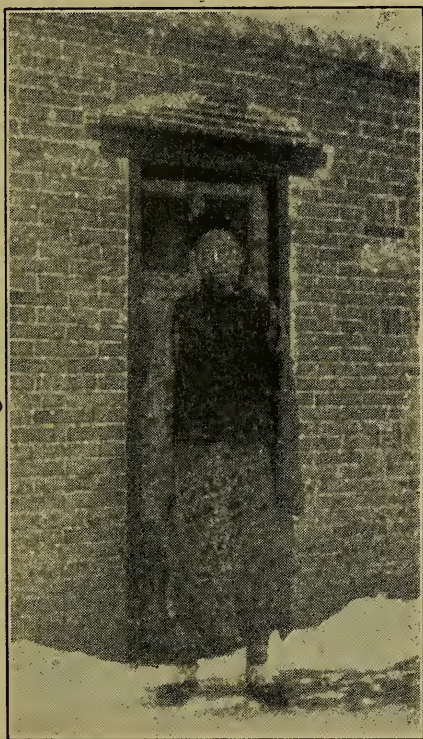


A COLPORTEUR

Sometime during the late summer a single book of the Scriptures had fallen into her husband's hands. He carried it home, and during his leisure evenings read from it aloud, as the Chinese love to read. All the time she sat near. She kept the tiny lamp full of oil. She snuffed the pith wick, and carefully lifted its tip above the oil, that it might burn its brightest. Very quietly she listened while her husband read on, and with true Chinese propriety said not a word when the reading ceased.

In this way she caught a suggestion of a new and better life, but how to follow the ray that had shone into her heart, baffled her. How, from where, through whom, might this everlasting life be obtained? She could not read, and though a kind man, her husband did not think it worth while to grant her earnest request to hear all the book said.

Moreover, what she did hear sounded so strange to her ears, so different from anything she had ever heard before, that she could scarcely persuade herself that she had heard aright. Most earnestly she desired to know



A SEEKER FOR TRUTH

this heavenly doctrine of the true way, as she called the Scriptures, but there was no one to teach her. With childlike simplicity she committed this yearning of her heart to the archway over her door.

No one who was present to see how eagerly she pressed to the missionary's side, gazing rapturously into her teacher's face, could for a moment have doubted her sincerity. As she listened to the words of Jesus, her expressive countenance became radiant with the light kindling in her soul. When the reading was finished and our missionary gave her a whole New Testament to be her very own, she stroked the book tenderly and folded it reverently to her heart.

Long ago her husband and she had ceased to worship idols, for they realized these were useless, more helpless than themselves. Looking out into the world of living, growing things about them, they became convinced that there must be some Great One over all, the source of life to all. Knowing no better way, they sent out their prayers to *earth, sea, and sky*. Out into the great universe of which they knew so little, had gone their petitions, lo, those many years, in search of the great God whom they knew not at all. For years she had been feeling after God. Now, past the noontime of her life, she had found him, and for the first time bowed reverently before the true God, the Creator of earth, sea, and sky.

Later we came again. At this second visit a number of women from the surrounding hamlets and neighboring villages came in, attired in their gayest holiday clothes and chattering like a flock of blackbirds. They were interested in our speech, our clothing, the color of our hair, our complexion, in everything but our teaching. The hostess remonstrated, begging them to sit down and listen to the "Good Book."

"Oh, we do not understand her words," they replied.

“But if you really desire to know, you may understand,” she urged. “Your hearts will be opened to hear. I now understand all that she speaks.” However, as the interruption continued, we decided to go on to the next village. She understood the situation.

“Please stop when you come back,” she whispered to the missionary. “They will have gone to the dragon shows or to the theaters in the city, and we can be quite alone then.”

Our work at the farther village was completed, and we were soon on the way home again. Out in the distance, across the fields, the woman was standing by the winding path, waiting for our return.

“Madam, they have gone, *altogether gone!* Now you will tell me more about this Saviour? My heart is so happy when I hear that he came to save one so unworthy as I,” she said eagerly.

As the wheelbarrow carrying our three children came to a halt before her door, she called a friend with whom she had been sharing her good news. The two women joyously led us by the hand into the house. We were given the chief seats, and offered the customary refreshments of knickknacks and tea. Then they placed their bamboo stools one at the side and the other directly in front of the teacher, and were ready to begin.

When the reading was over, we all bowed together. Never did the promise, “There am I in the midst,” seem more literally fulfilled than as we knelt on that beaten earth floor with the smoky rafters overhead. The “Great Truth” himself had indeed come to that door.

DELIVERANCE OF KEH CHENG SOAN AND HIS SON

KEH CHENG SOAN, the father of Pastor Keh Nga Pit, heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all men, from the early Scotch missionaries in the Fukien Province in the southeast of China. He heard the "blessed voice," as our word "gospel" is translated into Chinese, believed it, and openly professed himself a follower of Jesus.

At that time, more than a half century ago, Christian believers were few, and opposition to the gospel was very bitter. It took all the courage of a heart brave as Keh Cheng Soan's to say to the people of his village, most of whom were family relatives, "I am a Christian. I no longer burn incense to the idols nor worship the ancestors. From this time I will worship only the God who made heaven and earth."

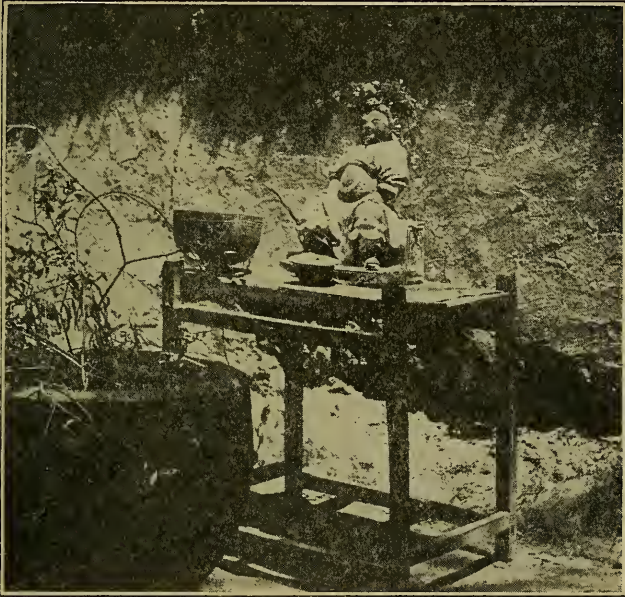
Most certainly the old men of the village looked upon him as a "smart one," an upstart indeed, who dared believe he had found a better religion than the worship of the gods which their forefathers had served for generations.

To be sure, there had been times when these same old villagers themselves had lost patience with the gods, but that, as they thought, did not prove them altogether useless and bad. These were times when the growing crops needed rain which the heavens did not send. Without rain there could be no crop, and without a crop there must be famine, suffering, and death among the inhabitants of the district.

At such times the old men acting as fathers of the village had declared a holiday. Everybody went

to the shrines and temples to plead for rain. They feasted the gods, and when they were supposed to be full of good things, prayed for rain upon their parched land, that the worshipers, too, might eat and be satisfied.

When rain did not come, they became disgusted with gods so careless of their needs. They then



LEFT OUT IN THE SUN

took measures to convince the idols of the intensity of the heat and severity of the drouth. The principal rain god was carried out into an open space and set in the sun without food or drink, sometimes for days, till he should feel what it is to be hungry and thirsty and scorched with heat.

I once knew of a village where the people, on occasion of a prolonged drouth, left their god in the sun without food or drink for three weeks, till the head of the wooden idol cracked with the heat. He was insulted with jeering and spitting, showered with fire-crackers and rockets, and serenaded with metal gongs to keep him awake till he could suffer it no longer, and would answer the people's prayers for rain.

But punishment of careless gods was a very different thing to them from forsaking their worship altogether. The idea that Keh Cheng Soan professed that he had found a better God or a more effectual worship, was beyond the best thinking of the very oldest men. They pronounced him a vain-headed upstart, deceived by the doctrines of the "foreign devils."

The younger men of his own age thought him crazy, while the women of the village were filled with terror that a home in their very midst had ceased to worship the idols. There was no telling, they whispered one to another in great alarm, what disaster of storm or pestilence of disease might come upon them from the anger of the offended gods. To avert such disaster these women applied themselves the more zealously to their heathen worship.

All this talk about one Jesus Christ, who saves from sin—what could it mean? Was not sin—the sin of a man like their clansman Cheng Soan, who had neither murdered, nor stolen, nor cheated the poor—only the neglect to worship the spirits of his dead forefathers with becoming devotion? Why should he be so afraid of his sins? Had he not always been foremost among the worshipers? What, then, did

he mean by saying that now the blood of Christ had taken away his sins?

After this manner the heathen reasoned over the new faith of their clansman Cheng Soan.

The fiercest struggle of all came when it was told about that Keh Cheng Soan and his wife had renounced the worship of ancestors altogether. We would think the man who left his old father and mother without food and clothing to follow the strange teacher of a new doctrine, a very ungrateful, unloving son.

The Chinese suppose that after death the spirits of their ancestors are in the same need of these things, and as dependent for happiness upon the love and care of their children, as they were while yet alive. Beyond that, they are more dependent upon them than are the living, who may beg, while those in the spirit world are utterly unable to get things for themselves by any means. It may readily be seen that the man who deserts ancestor worship is regarded by his fellow countrymen as ungrateful, undutiful, an altogether worthless, and even a dangerous fellow.

The wisest of old women predicted that in punishment for setting aside the sacred customs of China, and especially for deserting the ancestors, Keh Cheng Soan's posterity would be cut off. They meant that no more sons or daughters would ever be born to his family.

In spite of persecution, through falsehood and ill report, the new Christian convert continued a steadfast follower of Christ. He went to a mission school to study the Scriptures, and finally became a preacher of the gospel.

The sayings of the old women failed completely, for a son was born into their home, and afterward a bright-eyed baby girl came to gladden the mother's heart. In reading the words of Jesus Christ, Keh and his wife had learned that all souls are equally



KEH NGA PIT AND HIS FAMILY

This man is the boy in the story.

precious in his sight. Sons and daughters, alike, are gifts of his love.

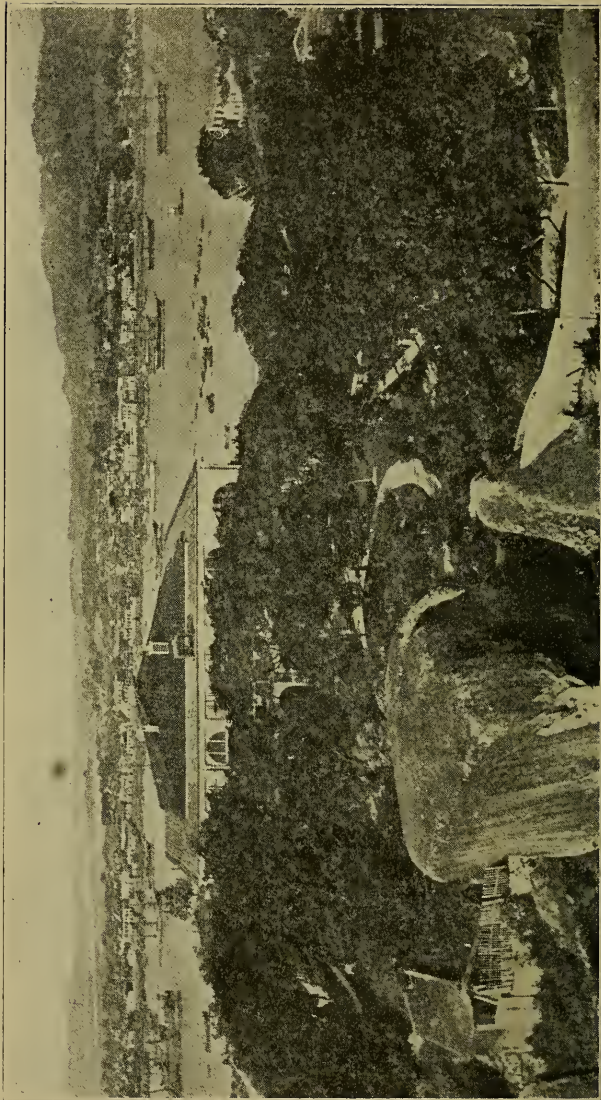
Keh Cheng Soan was sent by the missionaries to the village of Liong Bun, in the district of Chin Po. These names are not to be found on the map in our school geographies, but this place is not far inland from the great seacoast city of Amoy, in the province of Fukien.

There a little company of believers had taken their stand to follow Christ, and the young evangelist was appointed their leader.

At Liong Bun another son was born. There were almost no doctors or trained nurses in those days to aid the mothers of China. Alone, with only an untaught coolie woman for help, the wife of Keh passed her days of suffering. When at last the old woman announced, "A son is born," the mother quietly thanked God. In rejoicing over their child the parents did not wish to forget God's help in trouble. They called his name Nga Pit (or Jabez), "Because I bear him with sorrow," the mother said. 1 Chron. 4:9. Both father and mother dearly loved this child, perhaps even more than the brother and sister older than he.

In the year 1873, when Tsu Eng, as Nga Pit's household name was called, was eight years old, the people of the Chin Po district rebelled against the government of China. There was nothing strange about such an uprising, for the people of China were very much dissatisfied with its rulers. Rebellions from one cause or another were frequent in all parts of the empire. The ruling royal family of the time were the Manchus, a foreign race who sorely oppressed the native people. In rebellion against, and hatred for, their foreign rulers, the Chinese had unfortunately come to distrust all foreigners. Even the missionaries were suspected of evil intentions, and their Chinese followers were looked upon with suspicion.

Keh's village, Liong Bun, joined with a near-by village of Sio Si, in revolt, and together they hoisted a rebel flag at Tao Bo (Big Hat) Mountain as a



Photo, U. & U., N. Y.

VIEW OF AMOY, CHINA

signal to the country to join them. The people of both villages and the country around became greatly excited. Now that the fighting spirit was up, the rebel leaders decided to make a clean sweep of the foreigners and their followers, beginning with the zealous preacher of the Christian chapel at Liong Bun.

On the twelfth day of the Chinese ninth month, forty-nine strong men, armed with knives and fire-arms, entered the village as the sun was setting. Keh Cheng Soan stood by the door of his house when three strange-looking men passed that way. He greeted them politely, and they paused beside his door. As they were talking together, one of the men took up the boy Tsu Eng rather roughly in his arms.

"I beg you, do not tease the lad," said the father Keh. "These few days he has not been well, and only today has begun to get better."

These words had scarcely passed his lips when the whole armed band dashed into sight. Seizing both father and child, they hurried to get away.

Mrs. Keh was inside, preparing the evening meal, when the scuffle of feet and the loud tones of strange voices drew her to the door in time to see the angry mob seize her husband and child. At the risk of her own life she dashed into their midst to rescue her child, but the men threatened her with their swords and drove her back into the house. In the tumult of rebellion there was not a soul to hear her cry, so the helpless woman gathered her remaining children with her into the house to pray.

That evening Evangelist Keh Cheng Soan and his eight-year-old son, Tsu Eng, were taken to the neighboring village, where they were locked in a dark

room alone for the night. Next morning the captives were told that a great army was to be raised, and when all the towns and cities of the surrounding country had surrendered to the rebels, they would celebrate their victory by sacrificing the Christian



STREET IN A CHINESE VILLAGE

preacher and his son on the mountain top before their flag. This threat was repeated over and over to the victims for three days in succession.

Shut up in the dark room, with no way of escape, the captives were not alone. In telling this incident, which he still well remembers, Pastor Keh Nga Pit said, "My father prayed day and night,

beseeking God to open the way before us, to hear our prayers and deliver us from our enemies. He often spoke to me, 'Son, fear not. Our heavenly Father is able to save us. Only believe, and do not doubt his promises.'"

On the evening of the third day, being the fifteenth day of the Chinese month, the moon came up beautiful and bright. The rebels were in high spirits, and all the inhabitants of the village, both grown people and children, came out into the moonlight, and gave themselves up to merrymaking, with wild dancing and playing.

In the midst of their gayeties, suddenly a strange dark shadow began to creep across the moon. "An evil omen!" hoarsely whispered the old men. They had planned a great war of rebellion that would throw the yoke of foreign rule from off the neck of the Chinese people and exalt their native village to be the very capital of the empire. Now, lo, at the very beginning, the Lord of heaven and earth showed his displeasure with them by darkening the moon.

An order was given to bring the drums at once. All the gongs to be found in the village and all the drums that could be mustered were brought and beaten violently to save the moon. But the dark shadow crept silently on. The people were terrified at the sight, and in the darkness groped their way back to their homes. They were filled with fear of a terrible punishment to be visited upon their wrong-doings.

However, the eclipse passed over before midnight. Then the people cooked the small lunch customarily served at night on such occasions, and refreshed themselves.

Up to this time the rebels had been very cruel to their Christian captives. "Formerly they threatened to kill us," said Pastor Keh; "now they were changed, and begged us to eat with them the lunch they had prepared. Afterward they urgently besought my father to leave their village, and return to his home. On the seventeenth day, five days after our capture, they hired a comfortable sedan chair, and carried us home with a large escort of people."

In closing the recital of this incident, he said, "This is an experience I myself passed through when only eight years of age. Does not this plainly show that the true God hears and answers the prayers of his people?"



HOW A KIDNAPPED BOY WAS FOUND

WHEN Evangelist Tan Khi was a young man living in the city Chin Chiu, one of his sons was kidnapped and carried to a large city on the seacoast, where he was sold into the home of a very wicked woman. While far away among strangers, the boy remained true to what he had been taught. His conduct showed him to be a Christian child, and was at last the means of his being returned to his father's house.

This boy's name was Su Lai, which means "a gift come." The parents were Christians, and believed their children were God's gift to them. For this reason the child was named "Gift Come," to help them remember their duty to train him up to fear the Lord.

The village homes of China, as a rule, are small, dark, and damp. There are very seldom any fires for heating the rooms, and no glass windows to let in the sunshine. When the weather is chilly, the inmates go outside to get warm. Sometimes the children are tethered out with a strong cord fastened to the doorway at one end and tied around a wee ankle at the other end. The very tiny one may be locked in a rude gocart on wobbly wheels. He kicks and crows as if he were taking part in the play; and though his gocart never gets him anywhere, the sunshine and exercise keep him warm and contented.

One day Su Lai was allowed to go to the vegetable market with his sister. He was now four years old,



and on this occasion was left free to run about without a rope. He was not likely to wander far, and in a village like theirs everybody knew everybody else, and his children, too. No venturesome "sprout," as their name for "son" really means, of the family tree would get far away before some interested neighbor would spy him and bring him home again.

That afternoon when "Gift Come" went to the market, he was left to look around while his sister was busy buying things for supper. She did not notice how rapidly the time passed, nor that the child was gone, till she was ready to go home. The market was only a short way from home. In a few minutes the father and mother knew their child was missing. They ran out quickly, one this way and the other that, to inquire among their friends and neighbors, but no one had seen their child.

There were no police and no detectives to aid in the search. According to Chinese custom when a child is lost, the parents took drums and went throughout the village beating the drums and calling loudly the name of the lost child. In a very short time the word was passed from house to house, "Tan Khi's son Su Lai is lost." But no one had seen the missing child. Mothers looked scared. They drew their own little ones close into their houses, and fears were whispered from door to door.

Friends joined the parents, and every corner of the village, even out to the country about, was scoured in search of their child. But night came on and Su Lai was not found.

The parents were quite certain now that the child had been stolen. They were stricken with grief at the

thought, but determined not to give up the search. They prayed continually that God would bring him back to them. Large handbills describing the child and imploring aid in finding him were posted in all the public places.

Thirty days, with their long, sleepless nights, passed by, and no trace of the child was discovered. Then the father thought of writing a few lines to the church paper, asking all Christians to aid in searching for his son.

It happened that this church paper was published in the very same city on the seacoast to which the child, "Gift Come," had been brought and sold. A number of Christians who read the paper lived in the city. It happened, also, that one of these Christians lived next door to the woman who had bought the child. Many children come and go in a large Chinese house, and perhaps the Christian woman never would have noticed the little stranger in a great city, but that her neighbor called one day, bringing the child with her. His actions had puzzled her completely.

"Madam," she said to the Christian woman, "will you please take notice? Is not this child I lately bought a worship-God man? It is surprising to see the way he acts. When he gets up in the morning, he kneels to pray. We call him to eat rice, and place the food ready before him, but he stops first to pray. We leave him wait till he becomes very hungry, still he prays before he eats. Before going to bed at night he sings and prays. We are not able to turn him from his strange way of doing. Is he not a follower of your Christian doctrine?"

At this moment there flashed into the woman's mind a recollection of what she had read. Sorrowing parents

had asked all Christians to help search for their lost son. Without betraying her real purpose, she asked many questions about the child, and carefully took notice to see if it answered to the description given in the church paper. She believed this was the lost son, and immediately sent a letter to the father, asking him to come and see the child.

Evangelist Tan Khi at once took passage on a small boat down the coast to the great city, taking with him the sister from whose care the child had been snatched away. He soon found the home of the Christian family, and from the woman's description was convinced that her neighbor's adopted son was his own lost child.

A plot was laid by which he hoped to get into the house to see for himself. Dressed as a countryman, he led his little daughter from house to house, inquiring for some one willing to buy her. Of course he must have made one excuse and another why he could not accept the offers made for her. Finally he arrived at the big house. Here he appeared very anxious to sell the girl, and begged to be allowed to show her to the madam. While the father of "Gift Come" bantered with the woman, the sister kept her bright eyes keen, searching for the brother. Before they left the house, both were certain Su Lai was there.

However, the way was not yet clear for the father to get his boy back again. This family were heathen people, and besides, were well known to be cruel and wicked. They had paid their money for the boy, and were not the kind to care much where he came from, if only he might be taught to follow their ways. No telling what might happen if they should find out the rightful father was next door, waiting to claim his child. The father

could not go to the officers of the city and ask for help to get his child back again. This would require a large sum of money, more than he could possibly pay.

The father was in great distress. He now knew the very house where his son was confined, but seemed helpless to do anything to secure his return. In fact, he felt sure it was beyond the power of man to accomplish. He prayed with all his heart that God would in some way release his child, and give him back to the parents' loving care.

Ten days passed while he waited, praying, and then the answer came. Some of the Christians in that city knew a certain Chinese officer whom they believed to be very just and kind-hearted. One of these Christians spoke to this mandarin of the heartbroken father who had come a long way to find his son, but could not get him back. The mandarin immediately called out a band of armed soldiers, and sent them with orders to fetch the child and return him to his own father.

This son has since grown to manhood in his father's home. He attended our mission school, and is now preaching the gospel to his own people, as his father before him did.

Because Su Lai was taught to love the Lord and was faithful in prayer and worship before a heathen family, he came to be known as a "worship-God man." This was the sign by which he was discovered and brought back to his father's house.



CHAN SIT YIN, ANOTHER BIBLE STUDENT



WANG'S CHOICE

WANG is the son of a merchant in a walled city of China, Kaifeng Fu, capital of Honan Province. Being the eldest son, according to Chinese custom, he would be expected to succeed his father, not only as head of the family, but also in the business which provides the family support. In order that he might be prepared for this position, the father took particular pains to acquaint his son with all the details of his business affairs. Accordingly, when Wang was about fifteen years old, he accompanied his father on an unusually long and important business trip.

At that time the city of Sin-yang-chow marked the northern terminus of the new railway running from Hankow, the greatest city of central China, north toward Peking, the imperial capital of the empire. Leaving the railway at this point, father and son were delayed, waiting means of conveyance on their journey toward home.

Here they met Evangelist Lai and heard him tell how the Lord had found him, a proud Confucianist, — a Pharisee, — and had changed his heart and made him a disciple of the humble Jesus of Nazareth. Neither Wang nor his father had ever heard of such an experience before. They were interested, and resolved to become better acquainted with this new doctrine. By inquiry they found the way across the river to our mission at San-li-tien. There they took up their wait in a small native inn near the mission.

They spent their days reading from the Bible they had purchased, and every evening found them attentive listeners at the mission chapel. Some two weeks had

passed in this way when the pair went away as quietly as they had come.

On reaching home, the father's time and thoughts were fully occupied with business. The good seed sown in his heart seemed to have fallen among thorns. It was choked with the cares and riches of this life. For the time, at least, he put away thoughts of the heavenly doctrine, as they called the Scriptures, and gradually fell back into his old practices of heathen worship.

Not so with little Wang. His young heart was free from the responsibilities and cares of business, and therefore was more open to the influence of the Holy Spirit. He protested against the vain worship of idols in their home. He pleaded that, instead, they ought to believe on the true Saviour, and prepare to meet him at his coming.

Seeing that his father remained indifferent, the boy openly confessed to him that he had no desire to succeed him in business as a merchant. He begged to be allowed to choose for himself, for he very earnestly desired to be a Christian and to become a worker for Jesus Christ.

God must have touched the strong man's heart, for strangely enough, the father listened kindly, and granted the boy's request. Only one condition, he said, would he impose upon his son. If the boy left home, he must go directly to the mission, join himself to the foreign teachers, and be obedient to the Scriptures with all his heart.

Wang gladly accepted this condition, and prepared at once to follow his choice. He was clothed in a new suit of blue cotton homespun over the warmly padded winter garments. His feet were protected by straw sandals over white cotton cloth stockings. A string of cash

pieces, slung over his shoulder, was intended to meet his expenses on the way. With a blanket for a bed and another pair of cotton sox and straw sandals rolled in a bundle on his back, he made his way through the gates of his native city out across the great plains.

It was a long journey — some two hundred miles from Kaifeng Fu back to the humble village of San-li-tien. Like Jacob, he traveled on foot, across country, and without a companion. But on his arrival at the mission Wang testified that he had not been lonely nor afraid, for as he pursued his journey by narrow, crooked paths through the fields and around the vegetable gardens of China's great central plain, heavenly angels guarded his way, and the Spirit told him in his heart that his choice pleased God.

No one at the mission had asked the boy to come back, nor had any promise of a home, or even of help in earning a living, been made to him. When Evangelist Lai asked why he had returned and how he expected to get a living, Wang replied that he had come back to study the Scriptures and to become a follower of Jesus. As to food and clothes, he had read the words of the Lord, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Wang had been at the mission some two months when I visited the place. He was always cheerful and ready to do his part, which, as he was the youngest of the group of native students in the Bible class, was often the performance of the most menial tasks about the place. He was called to run errands, to sweep the bare dirt floors, to buy the vegetables and prepare them, to cook the rice over an open fire in a small cookhouse without

a smoke chimney, and to do many other duties performed by the servants in his father's house. Through it all he remained steadfast in his choice. By diligence and attention to duty, polite manners, and courteous bearing, he won his way among the older men at the station. They came to speak of him as Little Wang, and as tenderly as Jacob might have spoken of Benjamin.

On the last Sabbath of our visit, all the mission family gathered at the riverside to see six native believers in Christ baptized. Little Wang stood there, the rear one of the group, his short, stout figure quite in contrast to the tall, dignified form of the evangelist and the tall, angular figure of Mr. Ho. The snug black-satin cap was pulled well down over his clean-shaven head, from under it the queue fell down his back, a heavy, long, glossy black braid. His chubby hands were drawn up under the protecting folds of the cotton-padded sleeves.

When his turn came, Wang stepped out into the clear stream. Claspng his hands over his breast, he turned his round face toward the blue heavens, while big tears of joy and gratitude rolled down over his ruddy cheeks.

The last I heard of Little Wang he was still pursuing the fixed choice which led him to forsake his father's house in order that he might serve God. He had grown to manhood, and was foreman of a department in our publishing house in Shanghai. There he remains, sending out the printed gospel message, doing his utmost to lead his fellow countrymen to choose, as he has chosen, the riches of an eternal kingdom rather than the deceptive pleasures of this world.

THE SCHOOL AROUND A RICE SIEVE

PASTOR HUNG HEI YING once told a story that goes to show how much one Bible may do to free and brighten a whole neighborhood.

A Chinese farmer living in a small village far back in the country made a long journey to the chief city of his prefect. This city lay on the seacoast of China. Ships of foreign nations stopped to unload in its harbor goods of many sorts from distant lands. In turn the ships were loaded with products of the Far East and went on their way.

When the farmer had finished his business in the city, there was still a little money in his pouch. He decided to purchase some article from a foreign land which he might take home to show his neighbors. Very few if any of the villagers had been to the city. Quite certainly something of foreign make would be a curiosity to them.

He entered a shop where the sign in bold characters beside the door read, "Foreign and Chinese Goods for Sale." There were many attractive things he would have liked to take home. But the farmer's money was little and the shopkeeper's prices were big. So he left the shop to look elsewhere.

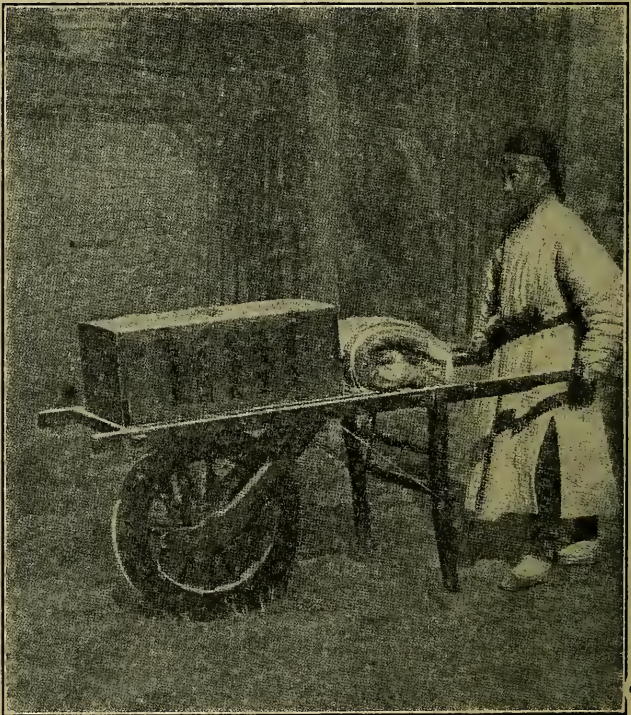
On the street two men were selling books from a pack. The farmer could read characters. He was proud of that fact. Only a very few men, and doubtless not a single woman, in his village could read. He stopped to examine the books.

"Don't be deceived," said a warning voice at his elbow, "that is a bad book for a man of our Middle Kingdom. It teaches the foreign religion." The speaker

cast a contemptuous glance at the men with the pack, and passed on.

"The foreign religion indeed!" mused the country villager. He was looking for something foreign. He opened a book at its first page.

"'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' This sounds strange. Perhaps, as the old man said, this is a foreign book," he reasoned. He asked the price. Yes, he could afford that price, so he bought the book and carried it home.



ITINERATING WITH WHEELBARROW, BEDDING, AND BOOKS

In this way a single copy of the Bible found its way into a village of China where no living voice had yet taught God's word. Here is Pastor Hung's story of the influence of that book as he told it in his own native speech:

"Some time ago," said the earnest preacher, "I was itinerating among the country villages back in the interior from my home church. On one occasion I was struck with the unusual appearance of a village where we stopped. It was much more cleanly than any through which we had passed. Both men and women were more friendly, and looked more hopeful and cheerful than the dwellers in the surrounding villages. Their children played together in the street with happy faces. On our arrival they gathered about my company of helpers, and inquired if we had come to teach them.

"I was surprised to find they already knew of the Bible, and could answer a great many questions about it. They were acquainted with the story of many men spoken of in the Scriptures. This was strange indeed. Very well I knew these village women could not read. Doubtless very few of the men were able to read. Where, then, had these children learned?

"I asked if they had a school in their village.

"'No,' they answered.

"'Do you have a gospel chapel here?'

"'No,' there was no chapel in that part.

"'Where, then, have you learned these things?' I asked.

"One boy answered that a certain man of their village—all the children respectfully called him 'Uncle'—had bought a book called 'The Holy Bible,' and that he taught them a little from it every evening.

"I made it my purpose," said Pastor Hung, "to search this man out, and this is what I found:

"He was a farmer. He lived in a little dried mud-brick house with a straw roof and no floor. He was a poor man, too. He rented the ground which he cultivated, and was obliged to pay a high rent to his landlord. But he had learned to love the Book, and every day, after the evening meal, he beat a gong at the door of his home. His own children came in, and as many others as were free from their work and wished to study.

"A broad rice sieve made of bamboo splints woven like a basket was turned upside down over a grain basket. The children clustered around, each scrambling for a place near enough to see the characters, and if possible to touch with their finger tips the leaves of their one lesson book.

"The rice sieve was their desk. The plain farmer was their teacher. The school went on merrily for an hour or more. The teacher pointed and named the characters, while all the children together repeated them after him. Then each child took his turn in standing in front of the precious Book and reading the lesson by himself. After this the teacher spent a few minutes explaining, as best he was able, the meaning of what they had read.

"The lesson over, their desk was turned right side up and again became a rice sieve. Their teacher was as quickly transformed into the farmer.

"'Come, children,' he would call gayly, 'we must work the harder to make up for the time we have spent in reading. All hands move swiftly.'

"The children flew to their work with the same eager spirit they had shown in their study. Nimble

fingers gathered out chaff and cockle and shriveled kernels of unripened grain from among the plump, white kernels shaken out on the broad bottom of the sieve. These they tossed into a hamper at the side. But the clean, picked rice was poured into strong sacks to be stored for market.

“These village people were too poor to spare the children from work during the daytime. They were too poor to support a school, or even to buy desks and books. But their earnestness and zeal made up the lack of these things.

“Only in eternity shall we be able to know the influence of that one Bible in the hands of a faithful farmer in his school around a rice sieve.”





SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHAPEL AND READING-ROOM, SHANGHAI



THE INFLUENCE OF A CHANGED LIFE

A GROUP of strange men sat around the study table before the open door of a mission chapel. They were talking earnestly with the pastor, who was trying to explain something out of the book lying before him on the table. It was evident from the quaint clothes they wore that these men were from the country.

Life in a mission station was new to me at that time, and every incident full of interest. Who were these odd-looking men, and why had they come here?

"They are inquirers from a village some twenty miles farther west up the river and some distance back in the country," explained our hostess, a young woman living alone at the mission.

That was not a very definite way to locate a village. But I remembered the Chinese are not very exact in their knowledge of geography and not definite in speaking of distances and locations. Perhaps, after all, that was as much as she knew of where they had come from.

"They are inquirers," our hostess had said. Those eager faces, crossed now and then by a look of surprise or wonder, did seem to show they were inquiring and learning, too, about something in which they were deeply interested.

"What are inquirers? What are they inquiring about?" I asked.

"Persons who have heard something about the gospel, and come to the mission to study further, are called inquirers." Then she related how these men had been led to inquire about the person Jesus Christ, and how he saves those who believe in him.

Some months before, a younger brother of the tall man seated at the table opposite the pastor had wandered into this same chapel. He had not liked to work on the farm; and becoming discontented with his home, came to the city, where he expected to get money easily. In the city he fell into bad company and all manner of temptations. His money was soon spent, and he was obliged to return to his home in the country. There he behaved so badly that the family were disgraced. They gave him more money, and sent him away.

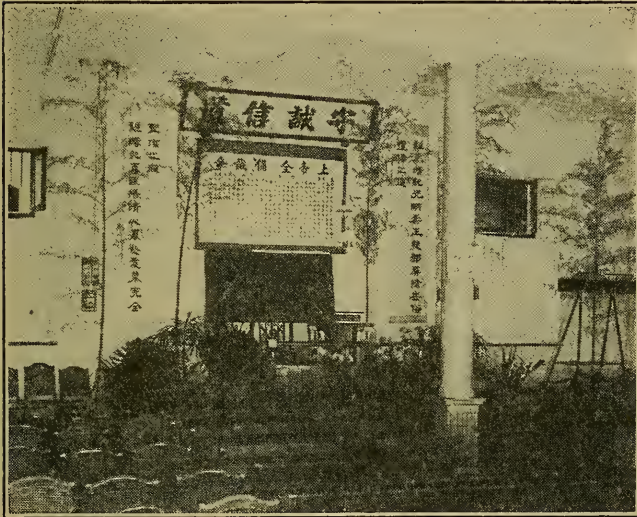
He then returned to the city, where he gambled and feasted and drank till he became a useless fellow. His new friends cast him out. Wandering about in search of a bite to eat and a corner in which to sleep, the spendthrift passed the chapel. Through the open door he heard the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden." He slipped inside and sat down. He heard the pastor tell of the Friend of the friendless, the Saviour of the helpless. He came again the next day, and after that every time the chapel door was opened, for four or five days.

A month or more later he came back, straight and clean in mind and body. For more than a week he studied earnestly with the pastor, then asked that he might be baptized and reckoned as a follower of Christ. The pastor advised him to wait a while, till they should become better acquainted, and promised to visit him at his village in the country for this purpose.

Before this promise was fulfilled, the young man's eldest brother called with a friend to visit the pastor. They had walked the long way from their country village to the city in order to purchase, at any price that might be asked, some of the magic potion with which

the Christians had worked such a wonderful change in this young man.

"Why," said the brother, "he is a new man! Before, he smoked opium, was indolent, and a spendthrift. He left his family to get its own living. He was a blasphemer, and an altogether bad man."

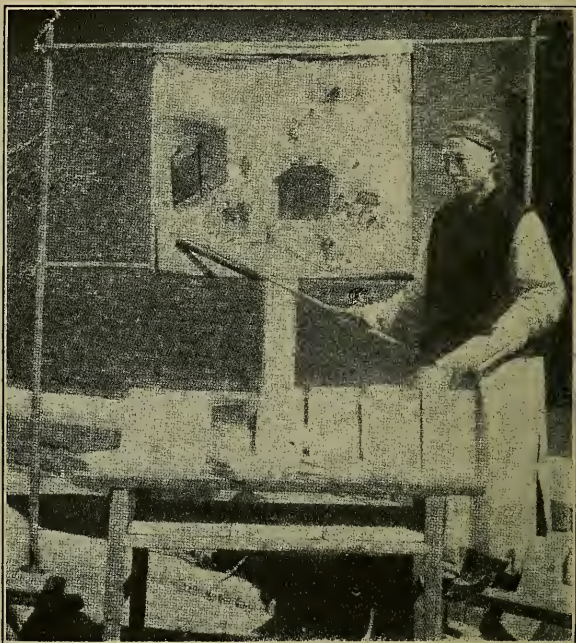


INTERIOR OF CHAPEL, SHANGHAI

"I did not know what to do with him," added the elder man with a fatherly air. "Since his visit to the Christians he is all changed. He has left off his bad habits, attends to business, and cares for his family. More than this, he continually labors to bring his neighbors to follow his good example."

"Give us of your Christian medicine, that we, too, may become kind and true men," they urged.

The pastor explained that no medicine had worked this change in their younger brother. "Though thou wash thee with niter, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." Instead, it was the power of a crucified and risen Sav-

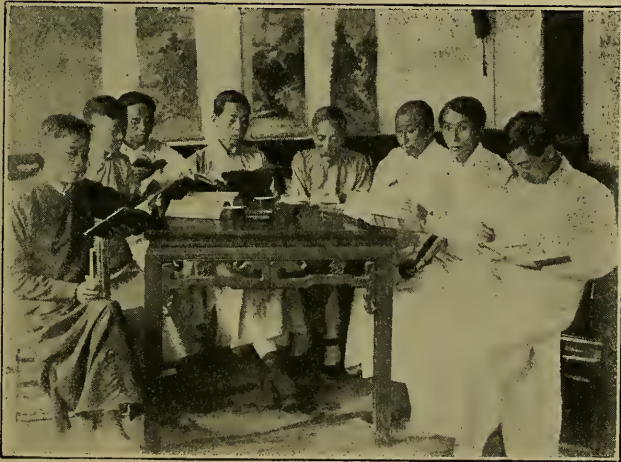


CHINESE EVANGELIST WITH BOOKSTAND AND CHART

jour that had changed his life. A little book which he would sell them for a few cents would reveal this truth to them. With the New Testament Scriptures in their pockets, they took their journey homeward, more astonished than when they came by what they had seen and heard.

Several weeks had elapsed since that visit. This company of inquirers, seated around the chapel study table, had been selected by their community as the best educated and most honorable men of the village to visit the mission. They were to stay and study the Christian faith. If they became convinced that it was really true, that is, if it could be trusted to do for others what it had done for their prodigal young man, then they were to bring back with them a teacher who would lead them all in the Christian way.

Such was the influence of one young man who had become converted to Christ.



STUDYING THE BIBLE



EVANGELIST DJOU AND HIS WIFE, OF GAN DJOU, KIANGSI

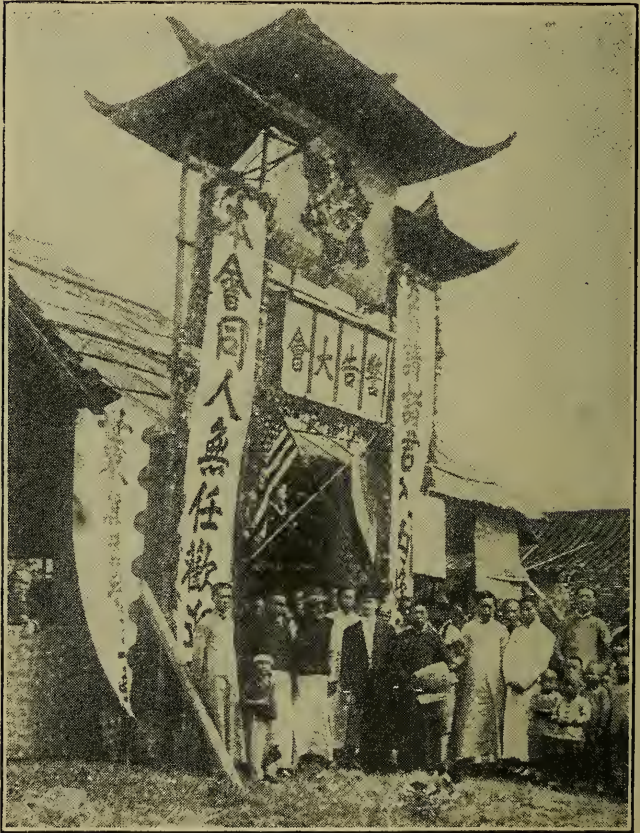
A STEADFAST CHRISTIAN

WHEN a certain Chinese young man became a Christian, he decided to spend all his strength in leading others to believe in Jesus. The old heathen name given by his parents was laid aside, together with many of his old habits of life, as betting, gambling, going to shows and theater plays. He would spend no more time on these hurtful and useless amusements, now that he knew of the better things concerning salvation and an eternal life. He took a new name, Chun Yee (preaching righteousness), to represent his new intention.

There was a great commotion in his home village when the people heard of the change in this young man's ways and of the new name he had taken. Greater still was the commotion when it was reported that he was about to be baptized in the open running stream on the outskirts of the village, and to join the Christian church. To save their village from riot and to prevent perhaps the death of some member of his family, Chun Yee left his home unobserved, and walked eighteen miles to a quiet spot in the country, where he was baptized.

Like most of his countrymen, Chun Yee had been married while still a very young man, perhaps not more than eighteen years of age. His wife was two or three years younger than himself. But though young, she had a mind of her own, and that mind was devotedly set on heathen worship. Between the nagging of a strong-willed wife and the scolding of a loud-voiced mother, the young Christian was doomed to a sorry time at home. His wife continually teased him for being so weak and silly as to forsake the gods of their

own "ancient and honorable country" to follow the "foreign-devil's religion." To show that she had no intention of taking up with his foolish notions, she doubled her service to the idols in their own home, and went twice as often as before to the temple.



THE BAMBOO MAT TABERNACLE

The mother, loud and angry, talked and talked of this absurd idea of her son to become one of those scorned and hated Christians, despised by everybody. She bemoaned herself that he would not worship at the tombs of their ancestors, and by this neglect would cut himself off from their blessing. He certainly would fall into poverty and disgrace.

One of his children became sick and died. At this both mother and wife mocked him with scorn. "See," said they, "what you have brought upon yourself, and what sorrow to us! This is the result of your worshipping the foreign-devil's God."

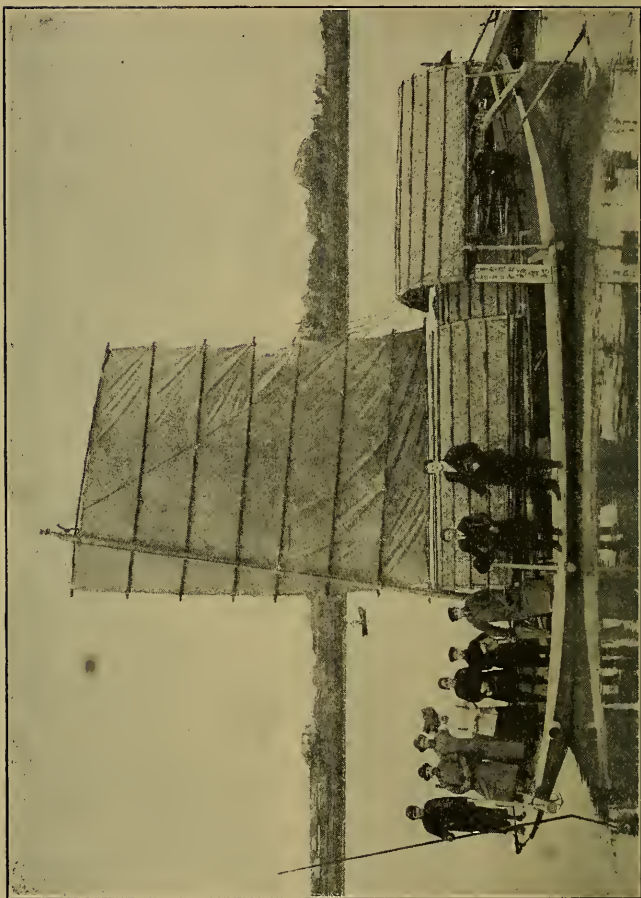
But none of these things affected his steadfast purpose to be a Christian. Indeed, all this trouble only made him more determined to cling closely to Jesus, who alone could give him comfort.

While visiting a friend one day, the mother heard how another Chinese woman had prevented her son from going to the mission chapel. She made up her mind to try the experiment on Chun Yee. This other mother had threatened to cut off her son's queue, which so frightened the young man that he never went near the chapel again.

That night Chun Yee's mother got a pair of big shears, and coming up to him, said, "Now, if you do not promise to stop going to that foreign-devil chapel, I am going to cut off your hair. You then will look like the foreigner you really are."

She had not realized the power and strength of purpose that had come to her son through faith in Jesus.

"Here it is. Cut it off, if you will," he replied, smilingly holding out with one hand the long, black braid of hair.



GOSPEL BOAT AT SWATOW



"What, can nothing turn you?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing, mother," he replied, and she heard him repeat softly, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

She had thought to frighten him. Horror upon horrors! he did not resist even her threat. No; she would not disgrace herself by making her boy more like the hated foreigners than he already was. She put away the scissors, saying sullenly,

"It is of no use; he has taken some of their Jesus medicine. Nothing can cure him. He is lost to me. When I die, he will not come and bring me food nor worship at my grave. Oh, oh! I shall become a wandering beggar, for whom no one has a care!"

At this she burst into loud weeping. She cursed the foreigners for coming to their land and leading her son away from the worship of China's gods. She became hysterical, and raved in frenzy. In desperation and anger she even cursed her son, and declared he was no longer her child.

Chun Yee quietly and patiently bore all the abuse his mother and wife heaped upon him. Day by day, week by week, he grew to be more like Christ. By and by they began to think more reasonably. Perhaps this religion of Jesus was not so bad as some people made out. For, see their man! He did not now visit the gambling house nor smoke opium any more. He never returned curses for cursing, but was kind and patient under all their ill treatment. "Perhaps we too had better learn this Jesus doctrine," they said.

When the missionary saw that Chun Yee had indeed become a staunch and steadfast Christian, he chose this young man for a colporteur to travel about through the country and villages for the purpose of selling Bibles and tracts teaching the Christian faith. Wherever he



SHANGTSAI HSIEN MISSION

went he preached the word of God, even as his name was now called, "Preaching Righteousness." He fully believed and trusted in Jesus, and rejoiced in making him known to others.

"How bold he is!" remarked one man who had long professed to be a Christian. "He is not afraid to speak to me about my sins. All men, high or low, are alike in his eyes."✕

Chun Yee had not been sent to school when he was young. He was very sorry to have missed an education, but he was very constant in the study of God's word. One day he was overheard in earnest conversation with another man who was quite a learned scholar. "All your learning from the writing of China's wise men cannot help you to lead others to Christ," he said reverently. "The Bible alone can teach one this secret. You must study the Bible more, and then you will be able to lead others into its true teaching."

In the colporteur work Chun Yee often walked thirty miles a day over uneven paths. Through the day he sold books by the wayside, on the mountain paths, or in the village inn, wherever he could persuade one to buy. In the evening he preached the gospel to groups of men who gathered to hear. Everywhere he had only

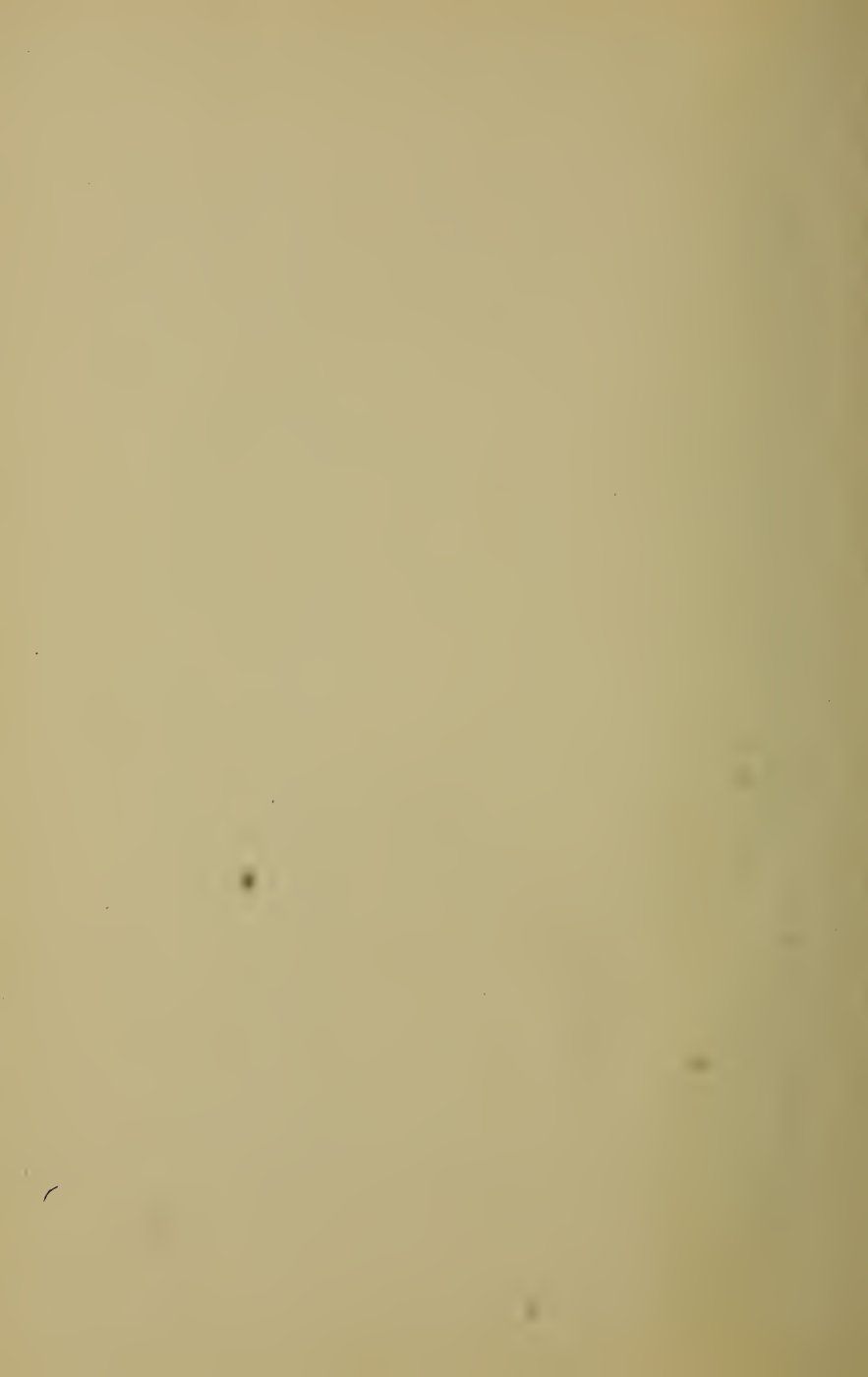


A CHINESE WRITING BOX

one story to tell, and that story was always of Jesus and his love. Though he never became great or learned, he loved the Lord with all his heart, and God gave him power to turn many of his countrymen away from their idols and toward the kingdom of God.

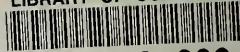


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